49

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 7 · 1964 25c

EXCLUSIVE:

WHY WE ARE STRONGER THAN RUSSIA

By Defense Secretary
ROBERT McNAMARA

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

A journey back to the start
of his tumultuous life

THE NEGRO MOVEMENT CANNOT BE STOPPED

By Nobel Prize Winner
MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

THE MAGIC OF WALT DISNEY / SPECTACULAR COMEBACK OF AIR RACING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An embossed kitchen floor that captures the look of bamboo, but is vinyl through and through! Grease can't harm it. Dirt and dust wipe right off. Long on wear. Comfortable underfoot. And it won't show spiked-heel dents. It's new Kentile® Bamboo Solid Vinyl in 4″ x 36″ tiles. Floor design and interior by Marvin Culbreth, A.I.D.

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

This floor lives happily with any décor! Whether a room is modern or traditional, new Kentile Bamboo Solid Vinyl blends in beautifully. Let Bamboo add majesty to your kitchen, fun to your playroom, richness to your den. Expensive? Bamboo's low price is the nicest surprise of all! Check your Kentile Dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages under "Floors."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new dryer that can't underdry or overbake your clothes.

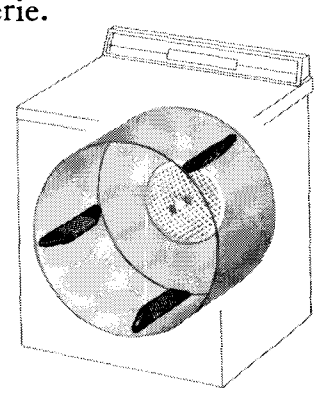
Remarkable machine, this Maytag Dryer.

When it says your clothes are dried just right, they are. When its job is done, it stops.

It can't be coaxed or persuaded to underdry or overbake your clothes. Its electronic "fingers," more sensitive than your own, feel your clothes throughout the drying period, shut off the machine at "dry" or "damp dry," depending on which button you pushed.

So a Maytag can be depended on not to bake in wrinkles, not to bake out fabric life. You can depend on Maytag for fast, gentle drying, too. For Maytag Halo of Heat® Dryers surround the clothes in a warm circle of low-temperature heat. You can even trust temperature-sensitive synthetics and elastic to your Maytag.

It's a good friend to all kinds of clothes—from rugged jeans and jumpers to your laciest lingerie.



And it has the same day-after-day, load-after-load, year-after-year dependability of its teammate, the Maytag Washer.

The three "hands" you see in the phantom picture of the Maytag Dryer each have 24 sensitive electronic fingers that "feel" the clothes continuously, and say "stop!" the instant drying is finished.

MAYTAG

Electronic Control Dryer

WALTZ THROUGH WASHDAY *with a dependable Maytag Washer and Dryer*

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA. SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Longines Credo

Every Longines watch, whatever its type,
today as for almost a century,
is manufactured to be the finest of its kind
and worthy to be called
the world's most honored watch.

WINNER
OF MORE
HONORS
AWARDS
CITATIONS*

LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines 5 Star Admiral 1485 Automatic All-Proof® Calendar Watch with Deluxe Mesh Bracelet, $150.00. Other models from $105.00

Probably the most honored product in use today—Longines made by craftsmen who aspire to perfection

LONGINES
The World's Most Honored Watch

Since 1867
10 World's Fair Grand Prizes
28 Gold Medals
More observatory honors for accuracy than any other watch.
Official watch for Sports and Contest Associations the world over.

Why is a Longines watch so very much better? Simply because it is made better...with scrupulous attention to every minute detail...hand-finished by Longines master watchmakers who are guided by a tradition of quality which dates back to the founding of our factory, almost 100 years ago. Longines has never compromised quality! Positive proof of this superiority lies in the fact that, during this decade alone, *Longines has won more Official Government Observatory citations for accuracy than any other watch! And—Longines is the only watch in history ever to win 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes and 28 Gold Medals in open competition with the world's costliest timepieces.

Longines watches are sold only by select Franchised Longines-Wittnauer Jewelers—highly experienced watch experts who are eminently qualified to help you choose your Longines. This Christmas give the World's Most Honored Gift— LONGINES, THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY
Leading Maker of Watches of the Highest Character for Almost a Century
LONGINES-WITTNAUER BUILDING, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *Chairman and President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*
MARVIN D. KANTOR, *Chairman, Magazine Division*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CLAY BLAIR JR. *Editor*
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. *Managing Editor*
Assistant Managing Editors:
OTTO FRIEDRICH (*Articles*)
NORMAN RITTER (*Administration*)
HANK WALKER (*Photography*)

ASGER JERRILD *Art Director*
FRANK KILKER *Associate Art Director*
DON McKINNEY *Chief Articles Editor*
WILLIAM EWALD *Assistant Articles Editor*
STEWART ALSOP *Washington Editor*

ARTICLES

Senior Editors: JOHN APPLETON (*Books*);
CHARLES N. BARNARD (*General*);
HILLEL BLACK (*General*);
SANDFORD BROWN (*Business*);
THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (*National Affairs*);
WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK (*National Affairs*);
LESLIE HANSCOM (*Entertainment*);
JOHN HUNT (*Speaking Out*);
ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (*National Affairs*);
DAVID A. LYLE (*Foreign*);
MICHAEL M. MOONEY (*General*);
JEANETTE A. SARKISIAN (*Women*);
STEVEN M. SPENCER (*Science*).
Associate Editor: FREDRIC C. APPEL.
Assistants: GLADYS ANN MÜLLER, BARBARA J. POSEN, RICHARD A. RAND, JANE DENIS SMITH.

EDITORS-AT-LARGE

JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT SHERROD.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, BROCK BROWER, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, MYRON COPE, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, PETE HAMILL, C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, MARVIN KITMAN, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, RICHARD LEMON, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, PETER MAAS, ROBERT K. MASSIE, CHARLES McCARRY, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR., WILLIAM TROMBLEY.

FICTION

L. RUST HILLS, *Chief*
Senior Editors: BERNARD FARBAR, MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL.
Associate Editors: LOUISE DUDLEY, SUSAN STANWOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Senior Editor: MARSHALL LUMSDEN.
Associate Editors: ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, ROBERT MOORE, SALLY A. REUKAUF, ROGER VAUGHAN, SAMUEL H. YOUNG, JUDY GUROVITZ.
Contributing Photographers: JOHN BRYSON, BURT GLINN, JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER, JOHN ZIMMERMAN.
Regional Photographers: OLLIE ATKINS (*Washington*); BILL BRIDGES (*Los Angeles*); LYNN PELHAM (*Miami*).
Photo Lab: JOHN HARM, *Chief*

COPY

Senior Copy Editors: RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER.
Associate Editors: LINDA GRANT, NORRIS RANDOLPH.

LAYOUT

ZEN YONKOVIG, *Chief*
Associates: JOHN DAXLAND, DAVID HANNUM.

EDITORIAL PRODUCTION

THOMAS R. MARVEL, *Chief*
Associates: FERD D'ESPOSITO, DAVID BASCH.
Assistant: FLORENCE CONWAY.

RESEARCH

LIA SMITS, *Chief*
AYSE GÜRSAN, MYRA L. BLUESTEIN, MARILYN FLAIG.

CURTIS EDITORIAL BOARD

WILLIAM E. BUCKLEY, HUBBARD H. COBB, WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR., OTTO FRIEDRICH, L. RUST HILLS, ASGER JERRILD, FREDERICK J. MOFFITT, NORMAN RITTER, DON A. SCHANCHE, CASKIE STINNETT, DAVIS THOMAS, HANK WALKER, FRANK ZACHARY.

JESS L. BALLEW *Publisher*

POST

NOVEMBER 7, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 39

Articles

Negroes are not moving too fast (*Speaking Out*) *Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.* **8**

The President (*Affairs of State*) . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* **12**

Why we are stronger than Russia . . . . . *Robert S. McNamara* **15**

The early life of Nikita Khrushchev . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* **18**

What really happened to Khrushchev? . *Stewart Alsop and Edmund Stevens* **81**

The recent changeover in the Kremlin has raised serious questions about what is happening in the Soviet Union and how it affects the United States. *The Post* calls on top officials in Washington and on its own team in Russia to answer some of these questions: Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara evaluates America's military strength. Harold H. Martin retraces the steps of Nikita Khrushchev from his birth until he started his climb to power—and Stewart Alsop and Edmund Stevens chronicle Khrushchev's final defeat.

Hell's angels fly again . . . . . *Joseph N. Bell* **28**

The fantastic Walt Disney . . . . . *Bill Davidson* **66**

Where did she come from? Why did she go? . . . . . *P. L. Travers* **76**

Fiction

The monument and the shadow . . . . . *William Humphrey* **33**

Departments

Letters **4**

Post scripts **64**

Hazel **78**

Editorials **86**

The authors. Editor-at-large **Harold H. Martin,** accompanied by contributing photographer **John Bryson,** spent two months traveling thousands of miles throughout the Soviet Union last summer, digging into the past of now-deposed Premier Nikita Khrushchev. Martin talked with Khrushchev's former schoolmates, and with men who worked with him and watched him begin his rise to the top of the Soviet hierarchy. Most of the research was conducted in Khrushchev's Ukrainian homeland, a land that molded a personality and shaped a philosophy that was to have a lasting effect on the entire world. . . . For a special report on the effects of the Russian political shake-up, *The Post*'s Washington editor, **Stewart Alsop**, flew to Moscow to collaborate with **Edmund Stevens**, a Denver-born journalist who has spent most of his life in Russia since graduation from Columbia University in 1933. Stevens has been a correspondent for various American and British publications since 1937 and has written several books about the Soviet Union. He won the Pulitzer Prize for international reporting in 1950. . . . California free-lance writer **Joseph N. Bell**, who describes the exciting revival of air racing, was a flight instructor for the Army Air Forces during World War II. . . . Editor-at-large **Bill Davidson** portrays the fantastic Walt Disney, whose most recent motion-picture hit is **Mary Poppins.** In an accompanying article, Australian-born author **P. L. Travers** tells how her famous character, the heroine of the Disney movie, came into her life.

The cover photograph of former Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev was taken inside the Kremlin walls by **Lynn Pelham** following a meeting between Khrushchev and 45 visiting American businessmen. Behind Khrushchev on the left is the Kremlin wall. At right is the building in which he had his office.

© 1964 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. ***Unconditional Guaranty.*** *We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to* the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, Chairman and President; J. M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Clay Blair Jr., Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Marvin D. Kantor, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; John Miles, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher and Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Changing your address?

Don't forget your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before *the first issue to go to the new address, send us* your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

***POST* Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105.**

Postmaster:
Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

Rebellion in Canada

It is good to see that at least one American magazine has taken the initiative to report on the mounting problem of separatism in Quebec [AN ANGRY WELCOME FOR A QUEEN, October 10]. Congratulations to Robert Sherrod for a well-written article on this subject so vital to Canada.

MICHAEL GOODMAN
Montreal, Que.

• Canadians can't say they weren't warned about Quebec. In our Declaration of Independence we condemned King George of England for sanctioning certain actions of Parliament, among which was "abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies."

LESTER L. KIMBLE
Clarksburg, Md.

• Thanks for filling in the people of the U.S.A. about the situation in Canada, so that they might know there are people here who have ideas of their own, and not only deer and ducks. Thanks for telling us that we will possibly one day merge with the United States and fly Ben Franklin's kite. If we do, we won't be one more star but 10 more, as we have 10 provinces, Quebec included. Perhaps this is our destiny in North America—to make a remarkable change in the stars and stripes.

GEORGE M. ADAMSON
Toronto, Ont.

• Apparently no French Canadian has been indiscreet enough to mention the Quebecers' second objective (after separatism)—liberation of the French-speaking states of Vermont, New Hampshire and northern New York.

MARION PERRON
Montreal, Que.

• Your recent report on Quebec leaves the impression that Canada is likely to fall apart shortly. Mr. Sherrod gave prominence to spokesmen of several small groups of French-speaking Canadians, but almost ignored the views of leaders of the majority of Quebec's citizens.

We Canadians have great faith in our ability to overcome present cultural difficulties, which are by no means new. Most of us "stand on guard" for Canada.

DENIS P. FITZGERALD
Saskatoon, Sask.

• Your article on Quebec manages to omit the simple fact that for most of the last 50 years, and for all but six of the last 29 years, the Quebec-dominated Liberal Party has governed Canada. In fact, Quebecers tell us, "You can't run Canada without Quebec." If they have complaints, their plight is their own fault, and no one else's.

Also, Quebecers have privileges in Canada that they lose by emigrating to the U.S.: French as an official language in Parliament, in the law courts and in the Quebec legislature; exemption from military service since there is no draft in Canada; large rebates in income tax (so that French-Canadian fishermen and farmers are virtually untaxed); church schools supported out of taxes.

DAVID MACDONALD
Vancouver, B.C.

• Congratulations, I'd say. For every paragraph, of course, a Canadian could write a piece. But I don't think you were *wrong* anywhere. Since from my special position I go on looking for you Yankees to distort everything, that's the highest compliment I can pay.

From the inside of a complex subject, I thought you were spot on.

PETER GZOWSKI
Toronto, Ont.

Teen-age drinkers

In reference to your recent editorial TEEN-AGE DRINKERS: A PROBLEM IN MORALS [October 17]—yes, something has to be done about the sinking morals of today's youth. If the older generation would only realize that they have a responsibility to us to make us able and prepared to take over their positions in the world, perhaps we would shape up.

The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." I don't think this means "teach him how to hold his liquor." This attitude, taken by *The Post*, has done nothing to help raise teen-age morals.

DAVID WELLS
Shreveport, La.

Alla salute

In looking into the reasons for the longevity of the Italians of Roseto [THE HAPPY TOWN WHERE HEARTS STAY HEALTHY by Robert K. Massie, October 10], don't overlook what they drink. I remember that we were started very young drinking watered table wine at all meals except breakfast. By the time we were in our 20's, we tolerated wine full-strength on any occasion.

Perhaps the light alcohol content and juice of the grape helped control whatever fatty foods and starches we ate. I too, at 67, still have four aunts and two uncles all over 80 years of age. I regret that the third and fourth generations are becoming all-American as far as Italian tradition is concerned. Too bad!

ROSA RISPOLI
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Choice of freedoms

My most sincere thanks and congratulations to Stewart Alsop for his incisive exposé of Proposition 14, California's attempt to write bigotry into its constitution [THE CITY CAGE, October 10]. Here's hoping that many California voters in reading it are

Old Spice – with that crisp, clean masculine aroma! | SHULTON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How come 46 of the 100 largest U.S. corporations insure their employees with Metropolitan Life?

All told, 42,000 U.S. businesses insure their employees with Metropolitan—including 46 of the 100 largest industrial corporations. That adds up to the greatest amount of group insurance ever entrusted to one company. A nice testimonial.
One reason so many of the nation's top businessmen and their employees like doing business with Metropolitan is the way we take care of even the smallest details.
Fast. Friendly. And without delay.

You'll find this service works for your personal insurance, too.
Why not call your Metropolitan adviser for a chat? First thing he'll offer to do is give you Metropolitan's famous Family Security Check-Up. This makes your family's financial security picture crystal clear. Right down to the last penny.
And there's no obligation—*except to those you love.*

More choose Metropolitan Life

millions more than any other company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

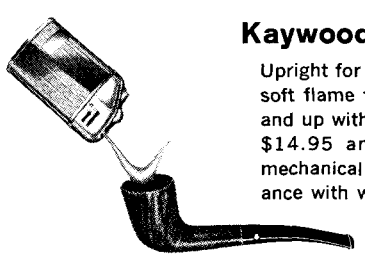
there's
no smoke
like
a pipe

—no pipe
like
Kaywoodie

Pipes and sets $5.95 to $2,500

Kaywoodie Butane Pipe Lighter

Upright for cigars and cigarettes. Tilt for large, soft flame that won't scorch your pipe. $9.95 and up with free miniature refill. Table models $14.95 and up. Guaranteed against any mechanical defect for life of lighter in accordance with written guarantee.



KAYWOODIE

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog and sample of new imported Kaywoodie Tobacco. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows all shapes and styles. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc. N. Y. 22, Dept. E2.

Letters

stimulated to search their conscience and refrain from becoming citizens of the first state to give constitutional sanction to racism.

DAVID CHEAL
Los Angeles, Calif.

• If the Rumford Act is retained, why do a halfway job? Shouldn't a clause be added prohibiting owners from refusing to rent to couples with children? And what of the animal lovers? Shouldn't we protect them from being refused a rental merely because they own a dog, or a cat about to have kittens?

Mr. Alsop has missed the whole point of the initiative to repeal the Rumford Act, Proposition 14: Whether the entire American population, regardless of race, religion, creed, etc., is to retain freedom of choice in this great country.

MRS. SHARON L. MILLER
Garden Grove, Calif.

To tell the truth

William F. Buckley Jr. in WE WANT OUR POLITICIANS TO BE HYPOCRITES [October 17] has struck another blow for the individual. Let us heed him well. The socialist society toward which we are plummeting will be the end of the true American, the nonconformist who has always been this country's strength. What can we expect from the man whose life has been spelled out for him by the Government from cradle to grave?

KENRICK L. DAY
Middletown, Conn.

• Instead of making my heart bleed for the good Senator Goldwater, who was forced to say what he didn't mean, William F. Buckley Jr. pinpointed my main objection to the senator: Anyone who is strong enough to be our President should be strong enough to resist such pressures.

If the majority of the people in the country do not agree with his *honest* convictions, he should *not* be elected, and if the majority of the people do agree, he has nothing to worry about. If Senator Goldwater is of presidential caliber, he should be willing to take that chance.

MRS. LESTA L. PETERSON
Morrowville, Kans.

• How abysmal to have to be voting for *ghosts*.

R. M. SEAVER
Marblehead, Mass.

Triennale tribute

We were delighted with the article DESIGNS ON YOUR FUTURE by Evelyn Jablow [October 17] and John Launois's excellent photographs of the American exhibit at the 13th Triennale de Milano.

The U. S. exhibit was awarded a Grand Prize, and one of the articles displayed in it, a stacking chair designed by David Rowland, received the only Grand Prize awarded to an object (as opposed to an entire exhibit). The exhibit also won three gold medals and five silver medals for objects as varied as a surfboard, an ice bucket, a racing driver's helmet and a fireplace. The United States may properly be proud of this recognition of American design talent.

LEE EPSTEIN
Executive Secretary
Committee for American Participation in the Triennale, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

COMING SOON... in The Post

INSIDE RED CHINA
The ominous mood of a new nuclear power and a rare visit with Mao Tse-tung

The unbelievable Mae West

THE MURDERER'S BEST FRIEND
Profile of a defense lawyer

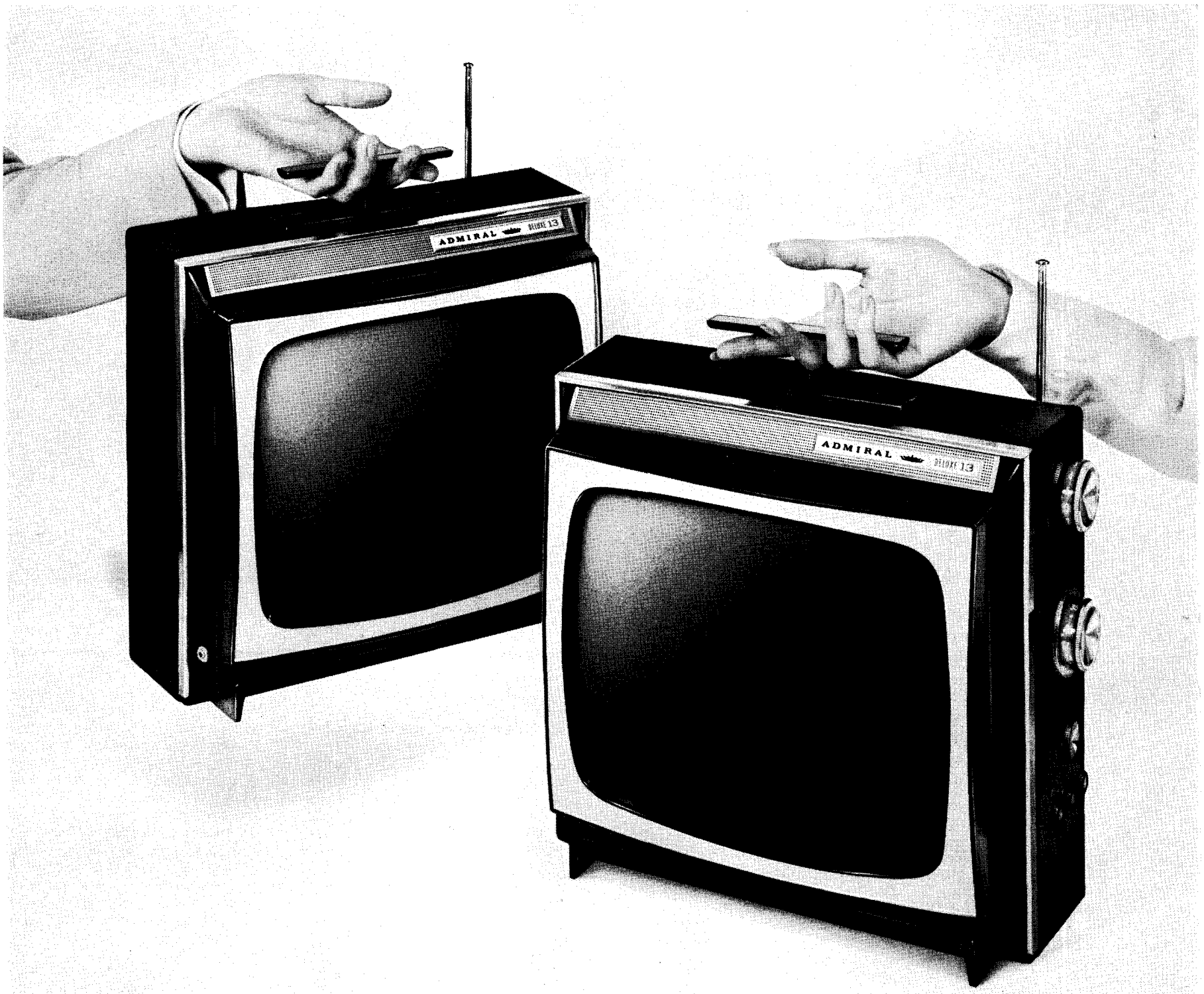
DON'T SEND JOHNNY TO COLLEGE

The bizarre story of
A NEW YORK CITY FIREMAN'S
$250,000 BONANZA

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

8–Lynn Pelham. • 12, 15–Ollie Atkins. • 16–U.S. Navy. • 17–Bill Bridges, Larry Fried. • 18–John Bryson. • 19–Pictorial Parade, John Bryson. • 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26–John Bryson. • 28, 29, 30, 31, 66, 67, 68, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75–Lawrence Schiller. • 76–Helen Piers, Buena Vista. • 81–John Bryson. • 82–Pix, Black Star, Keystone. • 82, 83, 85–John Bryson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New 13-inch Playmate

Only from Admiral. The new 13-inch (overall diagonal) Playmate gives you the Big Picture in personal portables. It has 30% more picture area than the popular Admiral Playmate 11. Yet the cabinet size is the same! Perfectly personal. Rugged, light. It's the most powerful personal portable made . . . with 82-channel tuning at no extra cost. There's nothing finer at any price, so . . .

take two, they're small!

$99.95* buys a precision-quality Playmate 11.
New Playmate 13 from just $10 more!

Admiral®
MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Shown above, Admiral Playmates, PD1310 Series. Private listening jack, telescopic monopole antenna. Two-tone styling in black, white, red or sandalwood-brown; all with golden-finish trim.

*Mfr. suggested list price. Slightly higher in some areas. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ont.

'7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking Out

NEGROES ARE NOT MOVING TOO FAST

Denouncing claims that the black American expects special favors, a renowned civil-rights leader proposes a "grand alliance" between the races.

Winner of the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize, the author serves, without salary, as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and is co-pastor, with his father, of Atlanta's Ebenezer Baptist Church.

By Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

America is fortunate that the strength and militancy of Negro protest have been tempered by a sense of responsibility. This advantage can be dissipated if some current myths are not eliminated. The first such myth is that the Negro is going ahead too far, too fast. Another popular, erroneous idea is that the Negro will happily take whatever he can get, no matter how little. There also are dangerous myths about the "white backlash," which was so much talked about in the campaign just finished. And then there are myths about how the Negro riots occurred last summer. The white leadership—the power structure—must face up to the fact that its sins of omission and commission have challenged our policy of nonviolence.

Among many white Americans who have recently achieved middle-class status or regard themselves close to it, there is a prevailing belief that Negroes are moving too fast and that their speed imperils the security of whites. Those who feel this way refer to their own experience and conclude that while they waited long for their chance, the Negro is expecting special advantages from the government.

It is true that many white Americans struggled to attain security. It is also a hard fact that none had the experience of Negroes. No one else endured chattel slavery on American soil. No one else suffered discrimination so intensely or so long as the Negroes. In one or two generations the conditions of life for white Americans altered radically. For Negroes, after three centuries, wretchedness and misery still afflict the majority.

Anatole France once said, "The law, in its majestic equality, forbids all men to sleep under bridges—the rich as well as the poor." There could scarcely be a better statement of the dilemma of the Negro today. After a decade of bitter struggle, multiple laws have been enacted proclaiming his equality. He should feel exhilaration as his goal comes into sight. But the ordinary black man knows that Anatole France's sardonic jest expresses a very bitter truth. Despite new laws, little has changed in his life in the ghettos. The Negro is still the poorest American—walled in by color and poverty. The law pronounces him equal, abstractly, but his conditions of life are still far from equal to those of other Americans.

More important than all of these facts is that the gap between Negroes and whites is not narrowing as so many believe. It is growing wider. The technological revolution expressed in automation and cybernetics is edging the Negro and certain poor whites into a socially superfluous role, into permanent uselessness and hopeless impoverishment.

In 1964, the nation's production has hit historic heights. Yet U.S. Government statistics reveal that the unemployment rate of Negro youth averages 33 percent. In some of the northern ghettos the rate of unemployment of youth is 50 percent. These figures of unemployment dwarf even those of the depression of the 1930's, and they shed some light on why there was such a high proportion of young people in last summer's riots. Despair made them active participants.

Charges that Negroes are going "too fast" are both cruel and dangerous. The Negro is not going nearly fast enough, and claims to the contrary only play into the hands of those who believe that violence is the only means by which the Negro will get anywhere.

Another, more enduring myth is that the Negro has waited so long that any improvement will satisfy him. A beginning sincerely made is one thing, but a token beginning that is an end in itself is quite another thing, and Negroes will not be deluded into accepting one for the other. The tragedy of the present is that many newly prosperous Americans contemplate that the unemployable Negro shall live out his life in rural and urban slums, silently and apathetically. This thinking is wrong. Walter Lippmann has summed up the facts behind the folly in these words: "The Negro minority is too large to be subdued. . . . Negro grievances are too real, their cause too just, to allow the great white majority to acquiesce in the kind of terrorism and brutality that would be needed to silence them."

Federal, state and municipal governments toy with meager and inadequate solutions while the alarm and militancy of the Negro rises. A section of the white population, perceiving Negro pressure for change, misconstrues it as a demand for privileges rather than as a desperate quest for existence. The ensuing white backlash intimidates government officials who are already too timorous, and, when the crisis demands vigorous measures, a paralysis ensues.

And this exposes the folly of so much that has been said about the white backlash itself.

The most popular explanation for the backlash is that it is a response to Negro "aggressiveness" and "excessive demands." It is further attributed to an overzealous government which is charged with so favoring Negro demands that it has stimulated them beyond reason.

These are largely half-truths and, as such, whole lies. A multitude of polls conducted during the past two years reveals that even during the buildup of the white backlash, a majority of Americans approved the reforms Negroes have sought. The high point of white support occurred at the time of the historic march on Washington in 1963. Significantly, there was no white backlash then. Instead, there was respect and sympathy which resulted in substantial white participation in the Washington march. It is therefore demonstrable that militancy is not the basis for white resentment on a mass scale. Something happened after the summer of 1963 which must explain the backlash. It is here that Negro acts of commission and omission contributed to the ugly result in various communities.

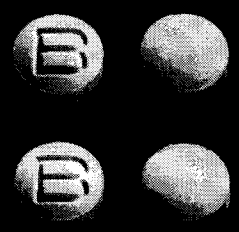
Whites must bear the heaviest guilt for the present situation, but it would be both unwise and unjust to gloss over Negro culpability. In the first place, it must be admitted that the principal Negro leadership in effect abruptly abdicated, though not intentionally. For many years Negro actions had a sporadic quality, and as a result, the leadership neither planned ahead nor maintained itself at the helm at all times. All leaders, including myself, continued to work vigorously, but we failed to assert the leadership the movement needed. Into this vacuum there flowed less-experienced and frequently irresponsible elements. For month after month the initiative was held by these people, and the response of the main leadership was either a negative reaction or disdain.

The irresponsibles were free to initiate a new, distorted form of action. The principal distortion was the substitution of small, unrepresentative forces for the huge, mass, total-community movements we had always organized. Our reliance on mass demonstrations, intended to isolate and expose the evil-doer by the mass presence of his victims, was a key element in our tactics. It showed to the white majority that Negroes in large numbers were committed and united. We also designed in each case a concrete program which was expressed in clear terms so that it might stand examination.

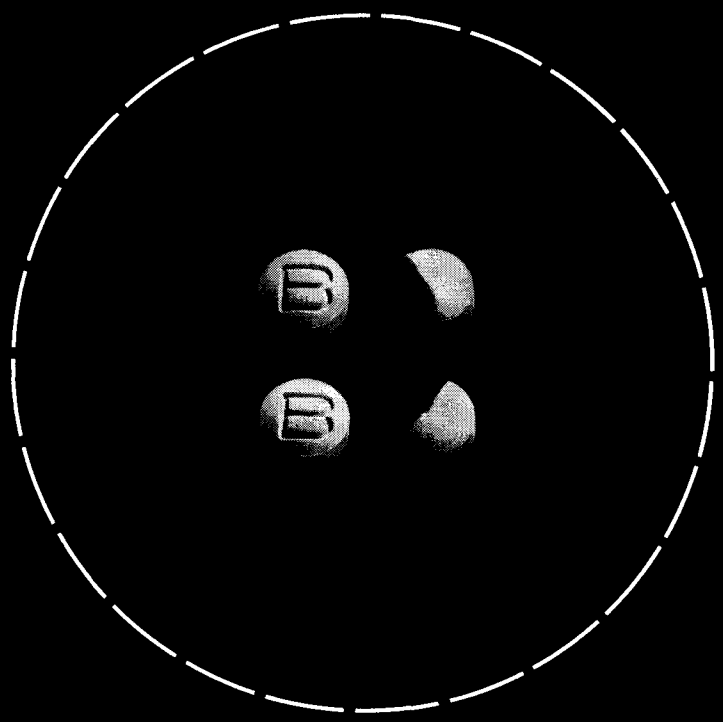
In contrast, the sporadic, fragmentary forays of the new groups had no perceptible objectives except to disrupt the lives of both Negroes and whites, including whites who were our friends and allies. When a mere handful of well-intentioned but tragically misguided young people blocked the doorways to New York City's Board of Education, or threatened to stop traffic to the World's Fair, or charged into the streets to spread garbage, and to halt traffic on bridges, they were reducing the imposing grandeur of the movement to cheap chaos. The mass movement of millions was overnight exposed to ridicule and debasement.

On reflection, it was insufficient, at the time, for the principal leadership merely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Two Bufferin...two aspirin look alike



until they get to your headache.

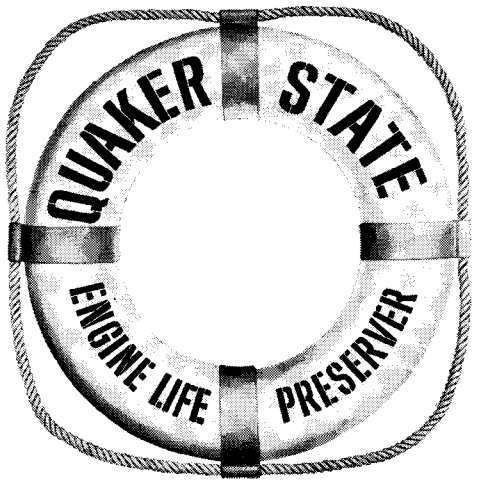
Two Bufferin deliver twice as much pure pain reliever as two aspirin

Recently, doctors attending a national medical convention heard results of a report measuring how much pure pain reliever a tablet gets to your headache, in the first critical minutes.

Blood samples showed: simple aspirin loses much of its pure pain reliever before it goes to work because it trickles into your bloodstream so slowly.

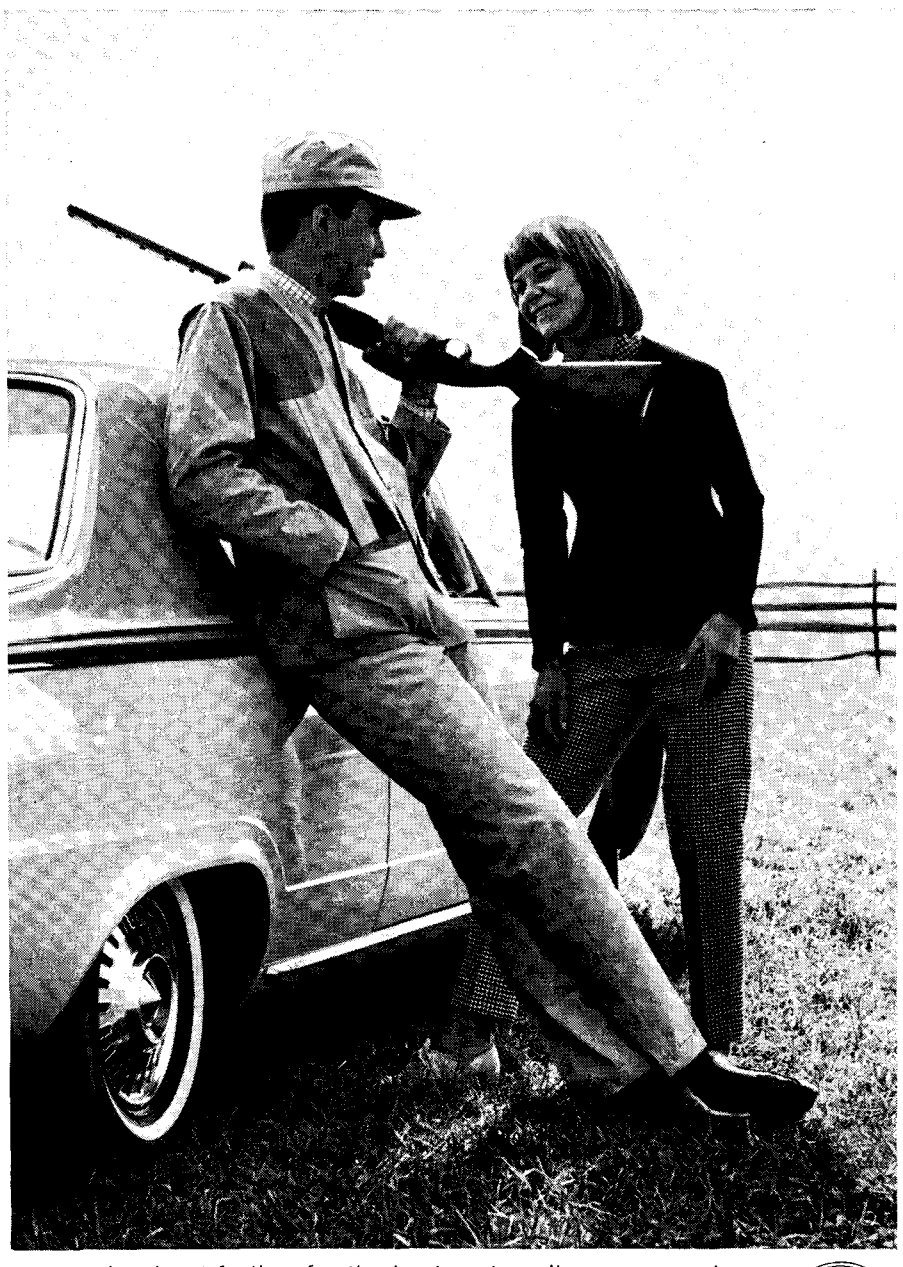
But because Bufferin® rushes to work, in the first critical minutes two Bufferin deliver twice as much pure pain reliever as two aspirin. That's why two Bufferin and two aspirin look alike in your hand... not to your headache. Bufferin...the modern drug for pain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Quaker State Motor Oil
the best
engine life preserver

KEEPS CARS RUNNING YOUNG



No need to hunt further for the best motor oil money can buy. Insist on years-ahead Quaker State to keep your car running young. It's refined from 100% Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and fortified with special Quaker State additives. For the best engine life preserver—always ask for Quaker State by name.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Speaking Out

to withhold support of such conduct and perversion of our aims and methods. We were under a duty to attack it boldly and vigorously. Action is not in itself a virtue; its goals and its forms determine its value.

In a period of turbulence, mistakes, which under other circumstances might have been contained, are frequently made worse by unexpected developments. This occurred when some elements who had never been a part of the civil-rights movement erupted in violence in the subways and on the streets in New York and other cities. The headlines of a sensation-seeking press enlarged essentially small events to the level of catastrophes.

These exaggerations obscured the fact that crime lives in the heart of all large cities. The irritating deeds of certain irresponsible civil-rights forces, and the senseless violence in which the perpetrators were Negro, merged in the minds of many people. For a large section of the population, Negroes became a menace. The physical safety of people who must use the streets and subways is closer to them than the abstract questions of justice for a minority, however appalling its grievances. Civil-rights leaders cannot control crime. They can control the demonstrations they initiate, however. They have a responsibility to maintain discipline and guidance so that no one is able to confuse constructive protest with criminal acts, which all condemn.

The ghetto has hidden many things from whites, and not the least of these is the rampant racketeering that has a sanctuary in the slums and corrupts the ghetto's already miserable life. The mayors of troubled cities who look only into Negro excesses for the causes of unrest would do well to look critically into their own law-enforcement agencies.

In 1963, at the time of the Washington march, the whole nation talked of Negro freedom and the Negro began to believe in its reality. Then shattered dreams and the persistence of grinding poverty drove a small but desperate group of Negroes into the swamp of senseless violence. Riots solved nothing, but they stunned the nation. One of the questions they evoked was doubt about the Negro's attachment to the doctrine of nonviolence.

Ironically, many important civic leaders began to lecture Negroes to adhere to nonviolence. It is important to recall that *Negroes* created the theory of nonviolence as it applies to American conditions. For years they fought within their own ranks to achieve its acceptance. They had to overcome the accusation that nonviolence counseled love for murderers. Only after dozens of Birminghams, large and small, was it acknowledged that it took more courage to employ nonviolent direct action than impetuous force.

Yet a distorted understanding of nonviolence began to emerge among white leaders. They failed to perceive that nonviolence can exist only in a context of justice. When the white power structure calls upon the Negro to reject violence but does not impose upon itself the task of creating necessary social change, it is in fact asking for submission to injustice. Nothing in the theory of nonviolence counsels this suicidal course.

The simple fact is that there cannot be nonviolence and tranquillity without significant reforms of the evils that endangered the peace in the first place. It is the effort of the power structure to benefit from nonviolence without yielding meaningful change that is responsible for the rise of elements who would discredit it.

Is the dilemma impossible of resolution? The best course for the Negro happens to be the best course for whites as well and for the nation as a whole.

There must be a grand alliance of Negro and white. This alliance must consist of the vast majorities of each group. It must have the objective of eradicating social evils which oppress both white and Negro. The unemployment which afflicts one third of Negro youth also affects over 12½ percent of white youth. It is not only more moral for both races to work together but more logical.

One argument against a grand alliance holds that the shortage of jobs creates a natural climate of competition which tends to divide, not unify. If those who need jobs regard them as bones thrown to hungry animals, a destructive competition would seem inevitable. However, Negroes certainly do not want nor could they find the path to freedom by taking jobs from the white man. Instead, they want the white man to collaborate with them in making new jobs. This is the key point. Our economy, our resources are well able to provide full employment.

It has also been argued that while alliances for economic advancement can be achieved, several "subjective questions" such as housing and schools will be more stubborn. But these questions are based upon a myth, not reality. Just as Negroes would be foolish to seek to overcome 90 percent of the population by organizing their 10 percent in hostile combat, whites would be equally foolish to think that the Negroes' 10 percent is capable of crowding the schools and neighborhoods of 90 percent.

The majority of Negroes want an alliance with white Americans to tackle the social injustices that afflict *both* of them. If a few Negro extremists and white extremists manage to divide their people, the tragic result will be the ascendancy of extreme reaction which exploits all people. For some Americans deluded by myths, the candidacy of a Goldwater seemed a solution for their ills. Essentially he identified big government, radicalism and bureaucracy as the cause of all evils. Civil-rights legislation, in his view, is not a social necessity—it is merely oppressive big government. He ignored the towering presence of discrimination and segregation, but vividly exaggerated crime in the streets. The poverty of the Negroes, he implied, is due to want of ambition and industry. The picture that emerged to delight the racist was that of undeserving, shiftless, criminally dangerous radicals who have manipulated government for their selfish ends, but whose grievances are largely fanciful, and will wither away if left to the states.

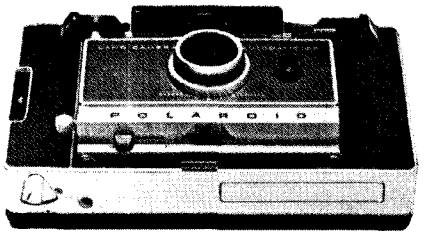
Our nation has absorbed many minorities from all nations of the world. In the beginning of this century, in a single decade, almost nine million immigrants were drawn into our society. Many reforms were necessary—labor laws and social-welfare measures— to achieve this result. We accomplished these changes in the past because there was a will to do it, and because the nation became greater and stronger in the process. Our country has the need and capacity for further growth, and today there are enough Americans, Negro and white, with faith in the future, with compassion, and will to repeat the bright experience of our past.

Martin Luther King Jr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

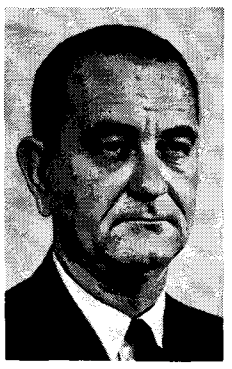
"POLAROID"®

THIS PICTURE WAS MADE IN A MINUTE. Once you've peeled off a 60-second color picture, it seems a little odd to take pictures any other way. Sort of like eating a steak today and having to wait a week to taste it. Nice thing is, you don't have to make compromises in order to enjoy your pictures right away. The Polaroid Color Pack Camera is lighter than many 35mm cameras. The electric eye makes it almost ridiculously easy to use. Loading takes all of 7 seconds. And the color is delicate, rich, real. Why wait for Christmas? See the new lower-priced model right away.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The President



WASHINGTON: This issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* appears on the newsstands on November 3, 1964. The writer all too vividly remembers a newspaper article, signed by his brother and himself, which appeared on the newsstands on November 3, 1948. The first paragraph read:

"The first post-election problem is how the Government can get through the next ten weeks. Events will not wait patiently until Thomas E. Dewey replaces Harry S Truman."

Any political writer who lived through 1948's astonishing political upset is a bit gun-shy still, for in that year we were all wrong, every reporter in the United States and just about every human being except for Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Harry S Truman. The reader of this issue of the *Post* knows, or soon will, what the writer cannot—who won, and by what sort of margin. But what follows is written on the bold assumption—which seems bolder than it did before the unhappy episode of Walter Jenkins became public knowledge—that Lyndon B. Johnson will continue to be President of the United States for the next four years.

What sort of President will he be?

Lyndon Johnson is unique. There has never been anyone quite like him, and there never will be again. But there are certain characteristics which run straight and true throughout his astonishing career. One characteristic is suggested by the remark of a charming Greek lady, when she applied for American citizenship. In their nosy way, the naturalization officials inquired about her political affiliations. Had she ever belonged to the extreme right or the extreme left? "No," she replied, annoyed. "I am of the extreme center."

Lyndon Johnson is of the extreme center, and always has been. In his private and human capacity he is extremely extreme. His personality is so overpowering that he seems to reduce the people around him (except Mrs. Johnson) to so many human molehills.

The men who work directly under him—like Bill Moyers, Jack Valenti, until recently Walter Jenkins, until less recently Bobby Baker—have worked under almost intolerable pressure. In recent weeks the President's aides have rarely slept in their own houses—they had time only for catnaps on White House couches. Johnson himself, being unique, thrives in an atmosphere of pressure and tension. But, as one old acquaintance of the President remarked, "Lyndon doesn't know he's doing it, but he either reduces the people under him to ciphers or he drives them round the bend."

And yet the pressure which the Johnson personality generates can also usefully serve the national interest. The American political system is a manifestly unworkable system, which has worked longer than any other. But sometimes it almost stops working. Only a year ago, the deadlock between the executive and legislative branches was total. A few weeks ago, the 88th Congress adjourned with one of the most remarkable legislative records in history.

It is no insult to the memory of John Kennedy (who had qualities of greatness which Lyndon Johnson lacks) to suggest that the difference was in part a difference in the personalities of our 35th and 36th Presidents. John Kennedy kept a distance between himself and all others, except his family. Even in a physical sense, there is very little distance between Lyndon Johnson and someone with whom he wants to "reason together," and he can be oddly hypnotic even over a telephone. Hubert Humphrey once remarked that the only way he could resist Johnson was to behave like Ulysses, who tied himself to the mast to escape the seductions of the sirens. Humphrey would simply refuse to answer the telephone when Johnson called.

Senator Abraham Ribicoff tells a story which illustrates how Lyndon Johnson works his wonders to perform. Johnson wanted Ribicoff's vote on a crucial tariff issue before the Finance Committee. To vote Johnson's way was politically painful to Ribicoff, who had economic interests at home to protect. But after an exposure to the hypnotic Johnson treatment, he voted Johnson's way.

Immediately after the vote, the President telephoned, to spend half an hour thanking Ribicoff and chatting on other issues of the day. "Jack Kennedy would have called me if he had to," Ribicoff says. "But he would have hated to do it, and we both would have known it. Lyndon Johnson loved every minute of it—and above all, only Johnson would have called me *after* the vote."

Johnson likes to run everything—the Congress, the love life of his farm animals, the country. But he is very good at running things—we have a first-rate professional country-runner running our country.

And although Johnson is, in his private capacity, an extreme man, in his public capacity his every instinct leads him to the "extreme center," to the "great consensus." Government by consensus is not always good government. To make much-needed changes in the social and economic order, it is necessary to defy the consensus and make enemies, which Johnson hates to do. But there are times for healing scars and binding up wounds, and this, by all the signs, is such a time. The luck of the United States has made a natural scar-binder and wound-healer, who is also a first-rate country-runner, President at this time.

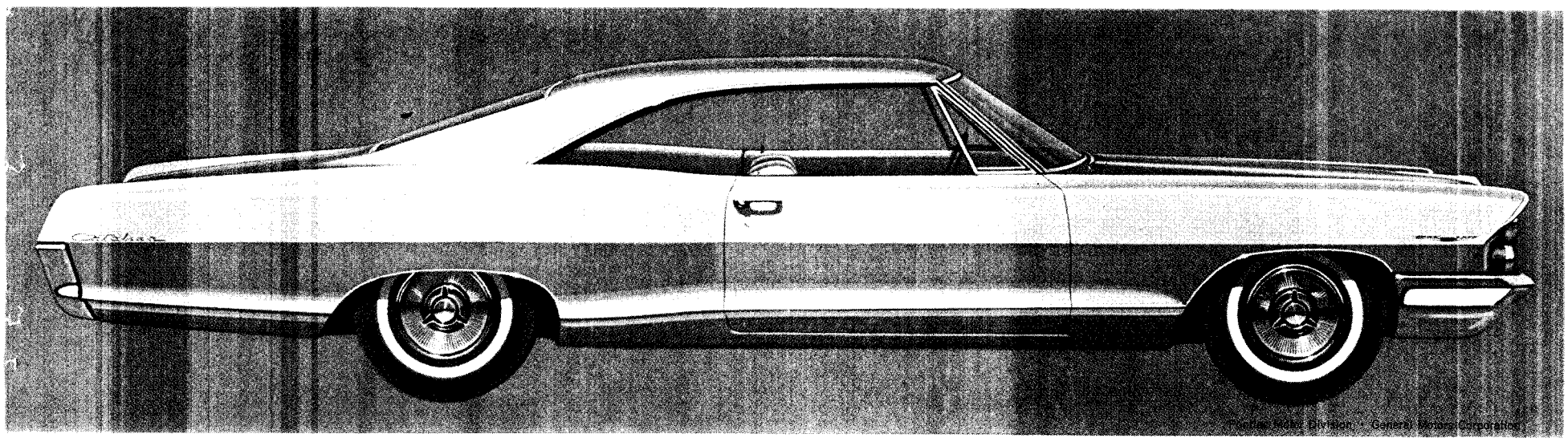
And yet two questions remain about Lyndon Johnson. He has himself been wounded and scarred in this campaign, perhaps worse than any other man. The campaign—above all, the Baker and Jenkins episodes—has left in millions of minds the feeling that there is "something wrong," that there is indeed a "shadow on the White House." Johnson's first task is to restore, not only his political authority, but his moral authority as the nation's leader. To this end, in his private and human capacity, the President must somehow achieve the serenity and inner certainty he has lacked in his brilliant but frenetic career.

The second question concerns this country's relations with the rest of the world. In foreign affairs, Lyndon Johnson lacks the instinctive expertise which makes him a brilliant political leader at home. But if he is faced abroad with some great test of his mettle, as seems almost mathematically predictable in the years to come, and if he passes the test, Lyndon Johnson could turn out to be a great President—perhaps, even, one of our greatest.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are we extravagant for lavishing all these looks on a car all this quick and agile and driveable?



Of course not. It's the '65 Pontiac, and we couldn't hide such a quick and nimble car under a what's-that body. So we don't, as you can plainly see. Everything you can't see is new, too, Wide-Track excepted. Our Trophy V-8s breathe deeper now, step off just a little quicker. Then you can specify Turbo Hydra-Matic, the new automatic transmission that shifts smooth as cream but sure as taxes. You're worried the quick new Pontiac won't get along on your budget? Don't fret. Our economy rear axle gobbles up so much highway on a tank of gas, you'll wish your credit card were good at toll booths. Try a '65 at your Pontiac dealer.

Pontiac for 1965

The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great new taste: pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!

You get pleasing aroma—and a great new taste! The secret? This filter cigarette is packed with America's best-tasting pipe tobacco—famous Half and Half! Smoke new Half and Half Filter Cigarettes. There's a cargo of contentment in store for you!

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus H. K. Curtis

The recent shake-up in the Kremlin raises serious questions about the state of our national security. In an exclusive article, the Secretary of Defense reveals

WHY WE ARE STRONGER THAN RUSSIA

By ROBERT S. McNAMARA

Some of the controversy of recent weeks regarding matters of national defense gives me cause for concern. It appears that there may be need for a better understanding of the major national-security problems which confront our nation and the dominant goals, obstacles and risks affecting the choices we are obliged to make.

The principal threat to our security is, and has been since the end of World War II, the obvious determination of Communist nations to expand their domination through resort to force, or the threat of force. The current debate between Moscow and Peking represents no change in the ultimate aim of either nation; it is, rather, merely a quarrel over tactics, and over ultimate control of the world Communist movement. While this falling-out among our adversaries may someday produce a situation which we can look upon as favorable to peace, it has not done so yet. In the immediate future, in fact, competition between the two major Communist powers may actually have the effect of increasing pressure for Communist expansion in various parts of the world. So we must recognize that this is not the time to either lower our guard or relax our alertness.

At the same time, we must also realize that the military challenge confronting the United States has changed profoundly during the past 10 to 15 years. At the beginning of

Robert McNamara, widely regarded as most powerful cabinet member, before Senate committee in 1962.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

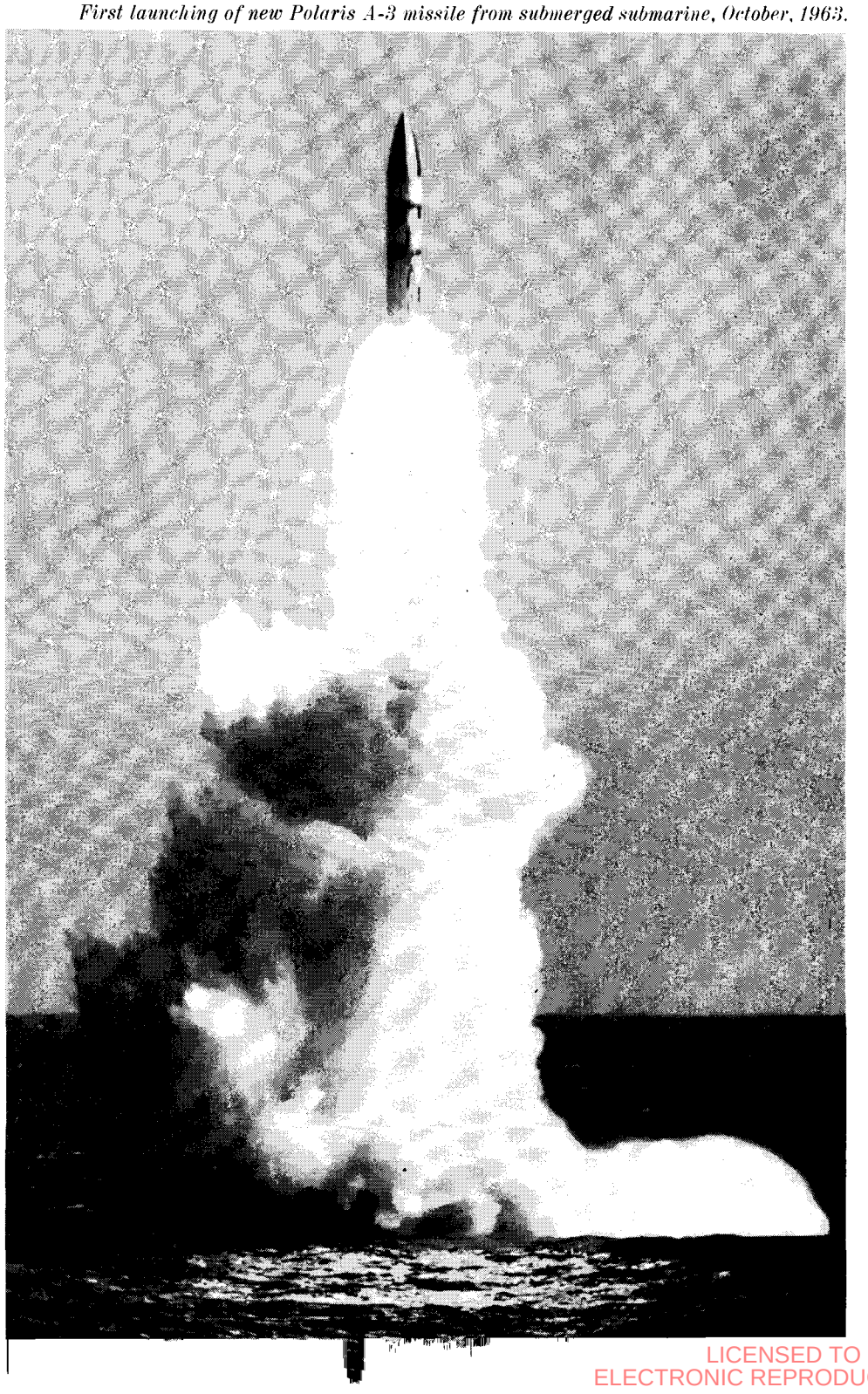
'A COMPARISON OF OUR NUCLEAR FORCES WITH RUSSIA'S MAKES OUR SUPERIORITY INCONTESTABLE.'

the 1950's we had a near-monopoly on nuclear weapons which could be delivered accurately on target over great distances. With the development by the Soviet Union of its own nuclear capability, and the means to deliver nuclear warheads to the heart of our own country, our monopoly disappeared. Since the 1950's the Soviet Union has maintained strategic nuclear forces which, although inferior to our own in numerical strength, could nevertheless inflict enormous destruction upon the entire North American continent.

As President Johnson pointed out only recently, the total number of Americans killed in battle from the Revolution until today is a little over 526,000 people. A full-scale nuclear exchange between the United States and the U.S.S.R. would kill 100 million Americans during the first hour. It would kill an even greater number of Russians. I doubt that any sane person would call this "victory." Every President in the nuclear era has stated emphatically his belief that there can be no victors in full-scale nuclear war.

We can—and must—agree, therefore, that the only way to "win" a full-scale nuclear war is to prevent it. So far we have prevented it. We have prevented it by leaving no doubt in the mind of any enemy that a nuclear attack on the United States, under any circumstances, would be an act of national suicide for himself. We can agree, therefore, that America must have a strategic nuclear force big enough and strong enough to survive a surprise attack on this country and still retaliate with enough power to destroy—totally destroy—the attacking nation.

First launching of new Polaris A-3 missile from submerged submarine, October, 1963.



Can we also agree that we do, in fact, have such forces? I believe that we can. A comparison of our own strategic nuclear forces with those of the Soviet Union, even when necessarily limited for reasons of military security, makes the superiority of our forces incontestable.

Our Strategic Forces now have 1,100 bombers, including more than 500 on 15-minute alert, equipped with decoy missiles and other penetration aids to assure that they will reach their targets. The Soviet Union could, with difficulty, place over this country on two-way missions slightly more than 100 heavy bombers, plus 150 medium bombers capable of striking only Canada and the northwestern corner of the United States.

We now have more than 800 fully armed, dependable I.C.B.M.'s deployed on launchers, almost all in hardened and dispersed silos. The Soviet Union has fewer than one fourth this number, and fewer still in hardened silos.

Our Navy now has 256 Polaris missiles deployed in 16 submarines; 25 more Polaris submarines are under construction. The Soviet Union's submarine-launched ballistic-missile fleet is, by comparison, small and ineffective.

Each of our Polaris missiles is carried in a nuclear-powered submarine—but only a small percentage of Soviet ballistic-missile submarines have nuclear power.

Each of our Polaris missiles has a range of 1,500 miles or more. The range of operational Soviet submarine-launched missiles is less than one third as much.

The power of our own strategic forces will soon be further increased by the addition of the new Polaris A-3 missile and the new Minuteman II. The Minuteman II is as great an improvement over the Minuteman I as the B-52 was over the B-47. It will be more than eight times as effective against the best-protected military targets as its predecessors.

In the light of these facts, I believe we can agree, also, that full-scale nuclear war is the form of aggression we are least liable to encounter in the foreseeable future. The leadership of the only nation capable of launching a surprise nuclear attack on the United States is rational enough to anticipate the disastrous consequences to itself.

This strategy of deterrence depends, of course, not only upon our present superiority but also upon our ability to maintain that superiority throughout the foreseeable future. Our strength tomorrow will be largely the result of the research and development we are conducting today. Are there grounds for agreement that our present weapons-research programs will, in fact, fulfill the needs of tomorrow's defense? I believe there are.

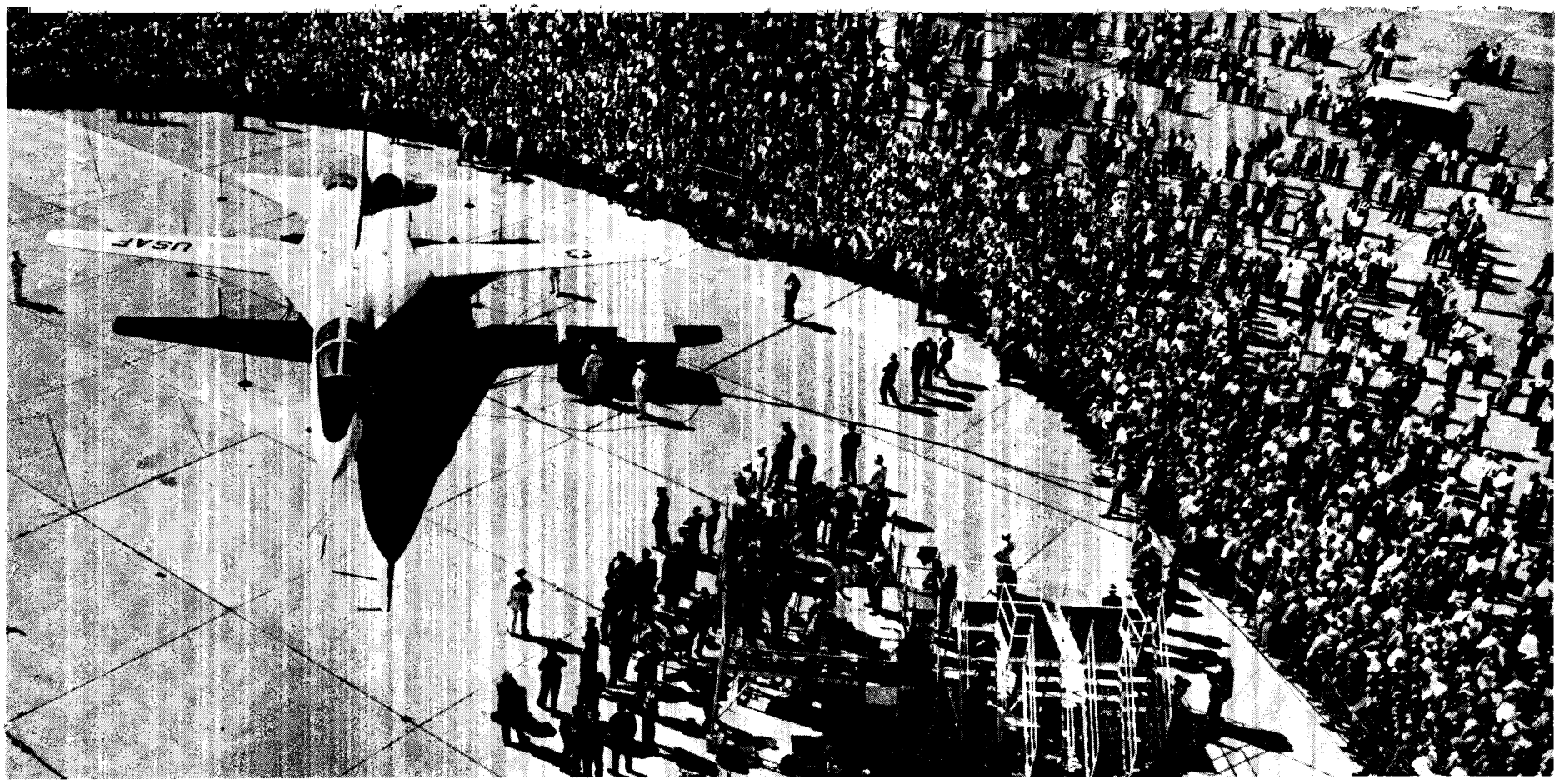
First, there is the very size of that program. During the past four years we have initiated more than 200 new research projects, including 77 costing $10 million or more each. During that period there has been a 50 percent increase in funds expended for military research and development. We are today spending over six billion dollars per year for such programs.

Second, there are the results which our research and development have already achieved. Here are some of the projects initiated or carried to completion during the past four years:

- The SR-71, a long range, manned supersonic strategic military reconnaissance aircraft, which will employ the most advanced observation equipment in the world and fly at over 2,000 miles per hour and at an altitude of over 80,000 feet. It is capable of scanning 60,000 square miles in a single hour of flight.
- Two antisatellite systems that can intercept and destroy armed satellites circling the earth in space.
- A family of over-the-horizon radar that will look around the curve of the earth, alerting us to aircraft, and especially missiles, within seconds after they are launched.
- The new Nike-X, which will give us the option to deploy—if the national security requires it—the most advanced anti-ballistic-missile system yet conceived by any nation.
- The new A7A aircraft, which will give the Navy superior attack capability at more than double the range of the A4E that it will replace.
- The EX-10, a heavy, new type of torpedo for use against deep-diving, fast, nuclear submarines.
- The new Main Battle Tank, which will give our ground forces armor superiority throughout the 1970's.
- The revolutionary variable sweep-winged F-111 fighter-bomber, a supersonic aircraft which has double the range and several times the payload of any previous fighter-bomber.

Our current research-and-development program, incidentally, will make available to us designs for three different bombers, any one of which could be completed and put into production before our present bombers reach the end of their useful life. Our present five-year program includes a force of more than 700 strategic bombers in 1969. These plans permit us to maintain strategic bombers in operation throughout the remainder of this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Revolutionary new fighter-bomber, the F-111 (formerly the TFX), makes its debut at General Dynamics Corp. plant in Fort Worth, Tex., October 15.

decade and as far into the future as a requirement for them exists.

It is possible that some of the confusion which appears to have arisen relates not to any decision we have made, but to one we have *not* made. Whether it will be wise to move from research to production for the purpose of replacing our present bombers in the 1970's remains an open question. Any one of the three options available to us is going to cost approximately nine billion dollars for about 200 bombers. But surely we can agree that no decision should be made to invest such a tremendous amount of our resources until we are satisfied with the product and convinced that the need is clear.

Wise allocation of our resources is, in fact, a key factor in production planning for national defense. A better appreciation of how decisions are made in this area would, perhaps, correct any lack of understanding which may exist.

There are, after all, only two ways in which we can decide the type and quantity of weapons and forces to be procured; we can either determine how much we are willing to spend on defense and instruct our military planners to do their best with the money we give them, or we can forget arbitrary budget restrictions, calculate the military forces required for a firm foundation for our foreign policy and pay the price to obtain them.

It seems to me that Americans can agree that the richest country in the world must be prepared to spend whatever is necessary for its defense. I do not believe that any major decision regarding our defense should ever be made in terms of a predetermined budget ceiling. During the past four years we have increased defense spending by more than $30 billion over the previous level. We have done this because the continually changing strategic situation, throughout the world, has obliged us to make significant increases in various aspects of our military-force structure. Since January, 1961, for example, there have been:

- A 150 percent increase in the number of nuclear warheads and a 200 percent increase in total megatonnage in our Strategic Alert Forces.
- A 60 percent increase in the Tactical Nuclear Force in Western Europe.
- A 45 percent increase in the number of combat-ready Army divisions.
- A 44 percent increase in the number of tactical fighter squadrons.
- A 75 percent increase in airlift capability.
- A 100 percent increase in general ship construction to modernize our fleet.
- An 800 percent increase in the Department of Defense Special Forces trained for counterinsurgency.

Many of these increments in our military strength were made necessary by the current strategy with which the Communists pursue their ambitions. It is a strategy of covert aggression, in the form of externally inspired and directed guerrilla warfare against the lawful governments of independent nations. The principal threat with which Communism now confronts us is not nuclear war but a series of small aggressions, each carefully calculated to stay below the threshold of all-out war. To counter this, we have sought flexible, usable forces, enabling us to respond with appropriate power to political and military aggression at whatever level it may be attempted.

To acquire and maintain such forces is, as I have said, expensive. Our current defense budget is about $50 billion a year, which represents more than half of every tax dollar paid into the federal treasury. But while we must agree to spend whatever is necessary for our national security, I believe we can also agree that we should not spend one cent more than is necessary. There is nothing about the decision to ignore predetermined budgets in planning our defenses which prohibits us from buying what we need as economically as possible. Nor is there anything about the need for a strong military establishment which says that it must be operated inefficiently or uneconomically.

I believe, and I would hope that all Americans can agree, that there is no conflict between sound national defense and intelligent economy. During the last fiscal year, for example, through improvements in operating efficiency alone, we were able to save more than $2.5 billion. By reducing the number of cost-plus-fixed-fee contracts, which provide neither penalties for poor management nor rewards for good management, we are able to save at least 10 cents on every dollar of defense purchases. We have now reduced the annual volume of cost-plus contracts by more than six billion dollars.

A large portion of the savings in the cost-reduction program results from terminating unnecessary or obsolete operations. About three years ago we began a carefully phased program to identify installations which could be diminished, consolidated or closed, to permit more efficient allocation of our military resources. As a result of this program we have so far:

- Eliminated 81,600 job positions.
- Reduced our annual operating costs by $568 million.
- Turned back to the civilian sector of the economy 1,100 square miles of real estate. Land once tax-consuming is now tax-producing.

We have been criticized for some of these base closings, and I am aware that they sometimes result in temporary dislocations. We will continue in the future, as we have in the past, to do everything in our power to soften the impact of these decisions on the people concerned. I am not sure that the American people are aware of how much we have done. For example, we are guaranteeing job opportunities to career employees affected by such actions. We work closely with community leaders so that they may anticipate and prepare for temporary economic dislocations. But our sole test in making these decisions is, and will remain, the military security of the United States. I do not believe that the taxpayers want to see our military establishment run as a WPA for the defense industry, for government employees or for anyone else. I do not intend to run it that way.

By these and other means, we expect to be saving $4.6 billion each year, every year, by 1968. And all of this has been accomplished during the same period which saw the increases in our total military strength which I have enumerated above.

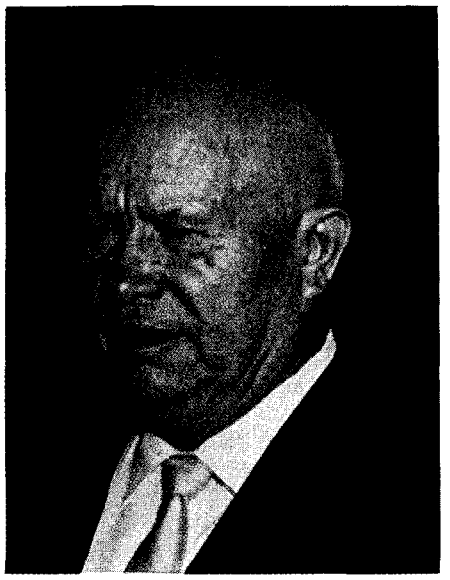
In all these areas of our military affairs, it seems to me, we should be able to move from controversy toward consensus. This does not mean that there should be no debate or criticism of defense policies; on the contrary, without such controversy democracy could not function. But it should be informed controversy, based on a knowledge of the facts of our situation and a comprehension of the challenges confronting us as a nation. THE END

Special Forces—specialists in counterinsurgency—on maneuvers at Fort Bragg, N.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back to the beginning of the tumultuous life of NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV



Deposed Premier Khrushchev: From lowly beginnings he rose to highest Soviet post.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN
Photographs by JOHN BRYSON

On a map of the Soviet Union as wide as a man's two hands, the land that shaped and molded the character of Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev can be covered with a thumb print. A rough oval lying on the western boundaries of the vast sprawl of the Russian empire, it includes the little mud-hut village where he was born, the mining towns where he worked, the cities of the Ukraine where he first acquired political power as Stalin's pro-consul.

It is also the land that shaped Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev, his protégé and his successor as chairman of the Communist Party Central Committee. Although Brezhnev is 13 years younger than his 70-year-old mentor, both men were born during a time when oppressive czarist rule was breeding the popular resentment that broke out in the Bolshevik Revolution. Brezhnev is the steelworker son of a steelworker, Khrushchev the mineworker son of a farmer who worked in the mines. From the lowest proletarian beginnings, both men moved up through the Ukraine party hierarchy before World War II to reach ultimately the highest position of power in their country.

In the days before his comrades announced that he was too old to remain as the leader of the Soviet Union, Premier Khrushchev was already showing frequent signs of an old man's nostalgia for the scenes of his youth. He often delivered grimly humorous discourses on life in a Russian peasant village in czarist times, recalling with satisfaction the days when he was a wild young Bolshevik, harassing the czar's police. A casual query was enough to set him off:

"You ask me to tell you about myself?" he said to a group of foreign visitors not long ago. "I am a Russian of peasant stock. My grandfather was a serf, the property of a landlord who could sell him if he wished, or trade him for a hunting dog. He could neither read nor write, and he had a hard life. He had a bath two times in all his years—once when he was christened as a baby, again when the neighbors prepared him for his burial.

"My father was a farmer who worked in the mines in the winter in the hope that he would some day earn enough money to buy a horse, so that he could raise enough potatoes and cabbage to feed his family. He never got the horse.

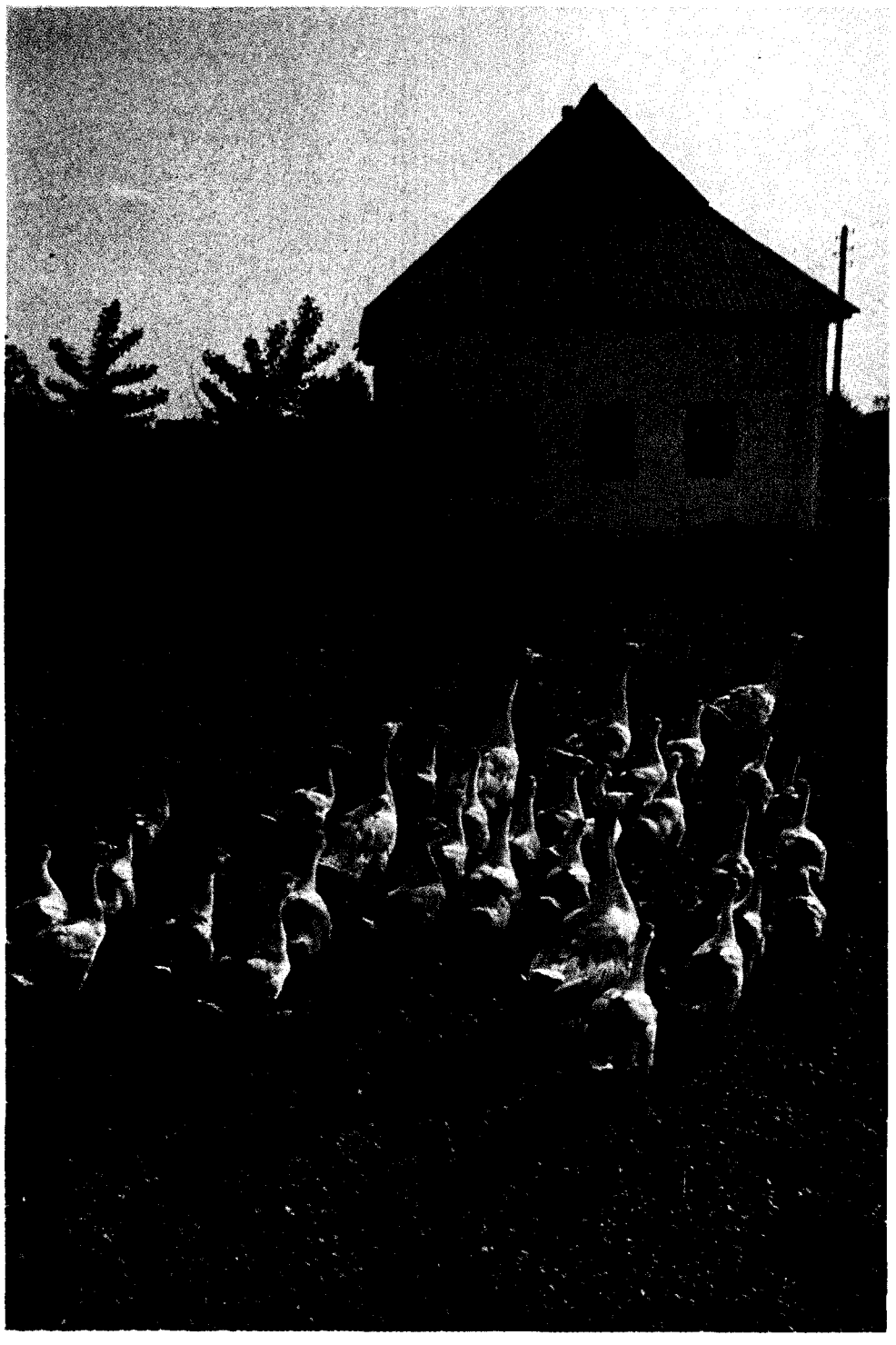
"Life did not coddle me any more than it coddled my parents. I was born in Kalinovka, a farming village so poor that only one man in it was able to own a pair of boots. He was a kulak known as Soft Ears, and when a boy of the village got married he would go to Soft Ears and rent his boots to be married in. There was nothing soft about Soft Ears except his name. His heart was like flint, for he charged the groom three days' work for the rental of the boots.

"As for myself, I began working as soon as I could walk. I herded calves, then sheep, and finally the landlord's cows, until I was 15. Then I went with my father to the coal fields of the Donbas to work in the shops and mines. I worked at a factory owned by Germans, at coal pits owned by Frenchmen, and at a chemical plant owned by Belgians. There I discovered something about capitalists. They are all alike, whatever their nationality. All they wanted from me was the most work for the least money that would keep me alive.

"So I became a Communist, and all my conscious life I have worked with my whole heart and all my energy for my party. I was not born a Communist any more than you are born members of your own parties. But life is a great school. It thrashes and bangs and teaches you."

This summer a *Post* writer-photographer team traveled backward in time to pick up the threads of Khrushchev's life at the beginning, talking to the men and women who knew him as a boy on the farm, as a youthful factory worker, and as an ambitious young Communist beginning his climb to power. Our purpose was to learn something about the character and personality of this tough, stubborn, cunning, crudely belligerent but somehow curiously appealing man whom the Western world grew to regard with mingled affection and distrust. In the process we also learned something of the forces that shaped him, and how he changed the lives and the thinking of 223

A flock of geese forages for grass growing on the site of Khrushchev's birthplace. His grandfather's house has disappeared.



Nikita's schoolmates Pimin Belkin and Eugen Bashokov still live in his village.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now all the men have boots instead of the straw shoes of Khrushchev's boyhood.

Khrushchev's Homeland

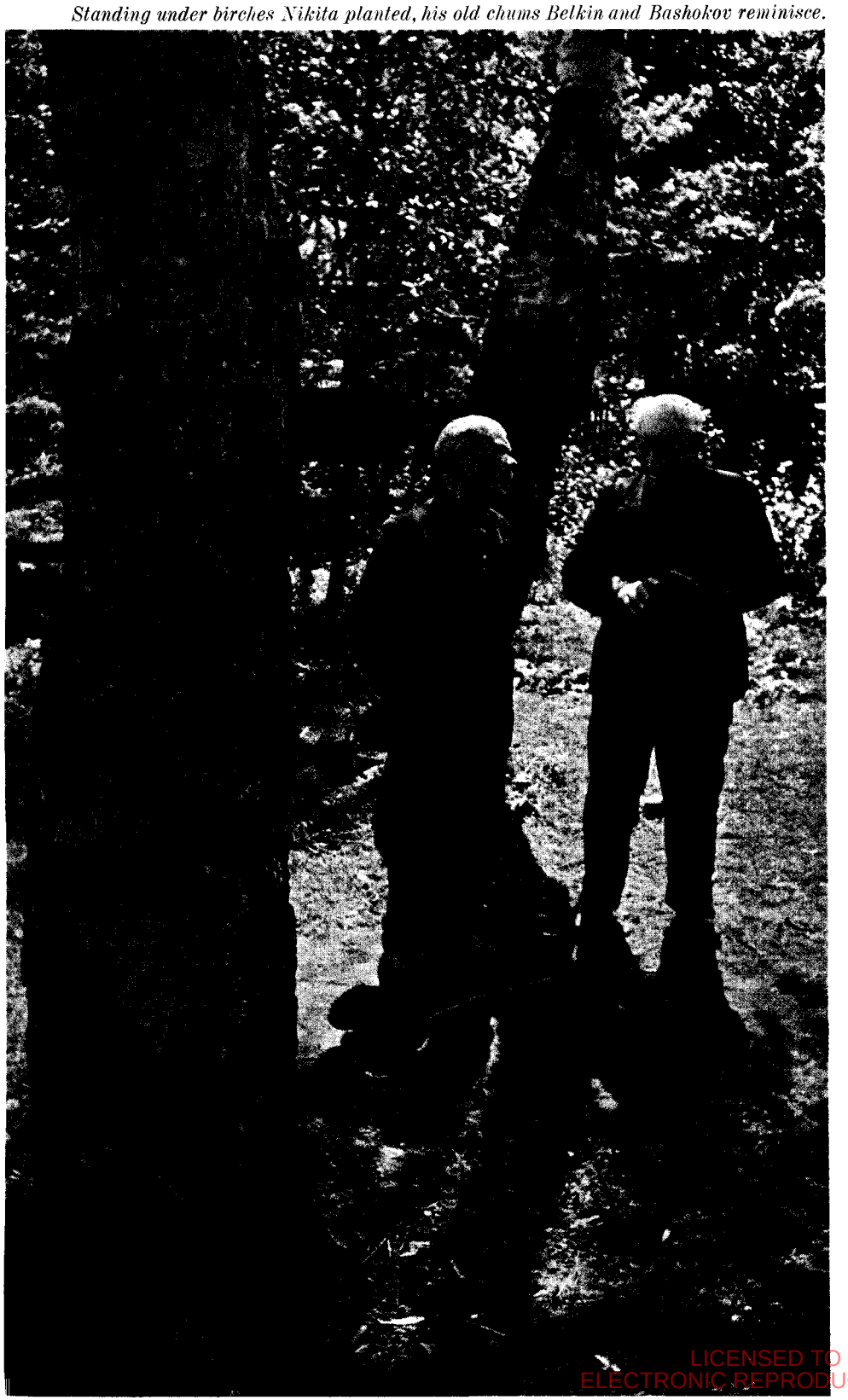
million people in the 11 years of his rule.

The journey back to Khrushchev's youth began on the gleaming blue-and-yellow electric train that pulls out of Moscow's Kursk Station at 12:40 every night, southbound through his native region to Sochi on the Black Sea coast.

In summer it is a vacation train, carrying the old and ill from Moscow and Leningrad to the seaside sanitoria, and transporting students, workers and administrators to month-long vacations at the Black Sea watering places. They travel light, carrying small shiny-new fiberboard suitcases, and string bags containing the food they will eat en route—loaves of black bread the size of a man's head, glistening fat sausages, oranges, onions and hard-boiled eggs. For the well-to-do there is a diner, and "soft" sleeping compartments, with mattresses on the fold-down beds, and a polished writing table on which stands a pink-shaded lamp with a tasseled fringe which Queen Victoria might have admired.

At dawn the conductor, a chubby woman in a neat gray-blue uniform, woke us as the train neared Kursk, the city nearest to Khrushchev's remote birthplace of Kalinovka. The land was a great spread of broad fields reaching into infinite distance. Outside the windows little vignettes of Russian country life flashed by. Far off, on gentle rises of ground, little villages of close-packed, whitewashed houses floated like ships on the blue-green sea of grain. Between the railroad and an endless line of young trees planted as snowbreaks, peasants with heavy hoes of antique shape tilled little plots of radishes, cucumbers and onions. Overhead great flights of wild geese etched white V's across the blue morning sky, and on the ground the spring hatch of ducks and goslings swam in fuzzy flotillas in little ponds of peat-brown water. Close beside the tracks rough-coated, heavy-boned cattle grazed on the grassy banks, guarded by barefoot, towheaded small boys, their task in no sense different from Mr. Khrushchev's 60 years ago.

Standing under birches Nikita planted, his old chums Belkin and Bashokov reminisce.



From Kursk, a huge bleak town of massive structures the color of wet elephants, the road toward Kalinovka runs straight north for miles along the flat tableland of the great central Russian plateau. On either side of the concrete strip the vast fields of sugar beets and grain, blue-purple in the hollows, yellow-green on the crests, stir gently under a little wind, giving the traveler the feeling that he rides on a concrete causeway over an infinite shimmering sea. Only the gigantic towers of the power lines, the symbol of modern Russia, stand out against the vast arch of the sky, seemingly coming from nowhere and going nowhere.

Far ahead on the empty horizon a huge gray-brown, loaf-shaped mountain jutted up from the flat green plain. It was the piled earth from a new iron mine, the overburden stripped from a vast ore deposit. Near it, floating like a mirage on the sea of green, rose the massive apartments, the shops, cinemas, schools, palaces of culture, parks and gardens of a new city called Zhelnogorsk—a by-product, strangely, of the war. During the great battle that raged around Kursk in 1943, pilots of both armies had noticed that in certain areas their compass needles went crazy. Exploration after the war revealed that this magnetic anomaly was caused by vast deposits of iron ore lying close beneath the surface. Once this was established, Mr. Khrushchev waved his wand, the huge earthmovers came in to uncover the ore, and in that frenzied rush with which the Russians build their new towns, a city of 20,000 sprang from the plain. Building was still going on. Huge cranes lifted the prefabricated walls and floors of new apartments and schools—Mr. Khrushchev looked upon the bricklayer as an obsolete artisan—strongly built women in overalls were pouring the concrete for new streets, and along the wide central boulevard unpaid volunteers from the Komsomol, the young Communist organization, were planting grass, trees and flowers. There was a frontier rawness about the place, but already there was an air of solidity and permanence. Blond babies played in the yard of a new nursery; a new library offered 30,000 books; the cinema was advertising an old American movie, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*; and as we drove past the palace of culture, a half dozen slim little girls were entering, carrying their tutus for ballet practice.

At the mine, huge trucks toiled up inclined ramps with their loads of brown ore. The manager, a tall, blue-eyed, ruggedly handsome man of 43, with the build of a light-heavyweight boxer, said that the deposit was supposed to be one of the most extensive in the world. It is now producing 2.5 million tons of ore a year, he said, but as more miners are brought in, output will increase to 17 million tons, and the town will grow to 100,000.

Khrushchev visited the mine two years ago, peered into the gulch, and praised the manager highly for his efficiency as a miner. He then scolded him severely for his neglect of the town.

"You have paid too much attention to the iron, and not enough to other things that are also important," he told the mine boss. "Construct your palace of culture immediately, and plant your parks and gardens with more trees and flowers. It is not good to pay too much attention to industry and too little to cultural matters."

Two hours later, just at twilight, we pulled into Kalinovka, Khrushchev's native village. From a loudspeaker poured the strains of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique"—a mass application of culture that no doubt would have pleased Khrushchev. The manager, V. V. Grachov, a short, heavy bullfrog of a man with his trousers tucked into knee-high boots, met us in front of his office. Here was no bright young mine manager with an engineering degree, but a ham-handed old farmer whose agricultural education consisted of "three months in technical school and a lifetime working in the earth." Nor was the town around us a modern city newly sprung from a beet field, but a peasant village of the past.

Along the wide main street the little houses stood close together behind unpainted picket fences. Flowers grew in the tiny front yards, and beside the houses and in the back were garden plots of vegetables. Ducks and chickens wandered about, cows mooed mournfully from sheds, and against each back fence stood a gray and weather-beaten privy. Birds twittered in the old chestnut trees along the unpaved side streets, and ancient wagons pulled by heavy-footed shaggy horses rumbled by. The only car in sight was the big black Intourist sedan we had come in, and my first impression was that I had been transported 50 years back in time to a little American farming town of the early 1900's. Even the people looked the same—the towheaded, barefoot small boys, frankly staring; the men with lined, still faces murmuring low comments to each other, showing as much interest in the car as in the strangers themselves; the women, shawled and long-skirted, passing quickly by, but casting curious glances back over their shoulders.

I asked the manager if the town had changed much since Khrushchev's day. He looked surprised. Of course, he said, there had been many changes. The houses were good strong houses now, with electric lights; the main street was paved with asphalt. Just over there, a new grocery store, with an all-glass front, was being constructed. The dress of the people was completely different, he said. Now all the men had boots instead of the straw shoes of the old time. There was the palace of culture and the new school. . . .

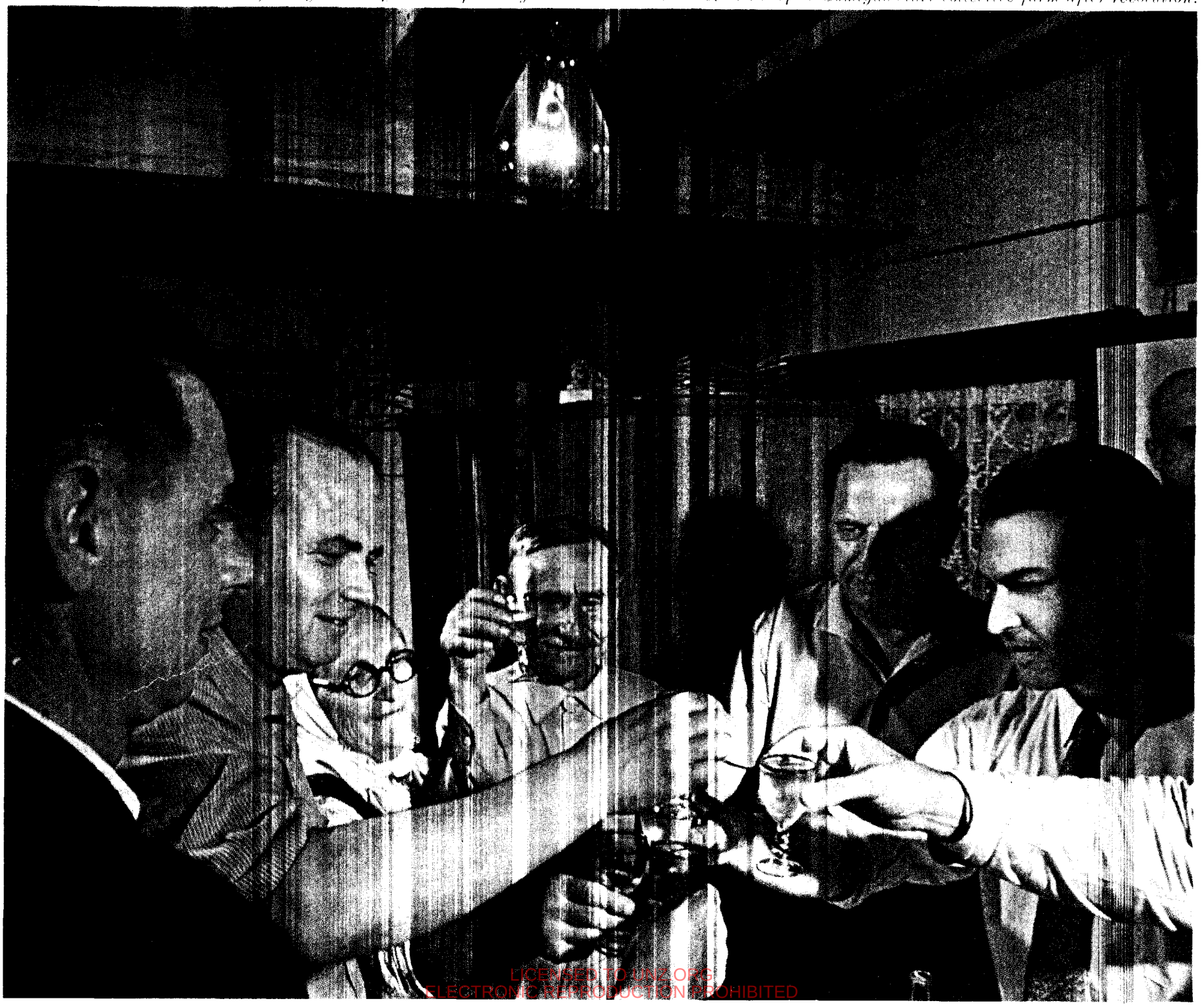
I realized then my judgment had been warped by my own memories. This was not the town that Khrushchev had left in 1909, preserved intact until today. That town had been a medieval village of log huts plastered with mud, sitting beside a rutted dirt road. This town, so reminiscent of America a half century ago, was the modern Kalinovka.

Few traces of Khrushchev's 15-year

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wearing their holiday best, ironworkers who joined Khrushchev in early Bolshevik strikes gather outside Donetsk plant where they worked together.

In their tiny house in Mar'inski, Emilyan Gomlya, his wife and guests toast Khrushchev, who helped Gomlyas start collective farm after revolution.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sometimes peasants wept in fear of the mines, but Khrushchev soothed them.

Khrushchev's Homeland

sojourn in the village still remain. The church where he was christened has been replaced by the massive yellow-painted imitation Greek temple that is the local palace of culture. The parochial school, where for three years he learned "the laws of God and church songs," and a modicum of reading, writing and arithmetic, has long since been replaced by a larger building. The only mementos of Khrushchev's boyhood here are two old birch trees, which he planted in the schoolyard at the urging of a teacher who wanted to beautify the grounds. The years have dealt harshly with the trees, as with Khrushchev; the birches are rotting near the ground, though crude surgery has been performed on them, and their hollow places have been filled with concrete.

Though his own presence left little trace, the things that Khrushchev learned while under the tutelage of the priests stayed with him. He frequently dropped Bible quotations into his speeches, for, as he explained, "I had these things pounded into me when I was young." In Sweden, for example, addressing a group of shipbuilders, he said, "Though I am a Communist and an atheist, and do not believe in such things, I hope you will ask God to help you get your price down so we can continue to buy your ships."

The house of Nicanor Ivanovitch, Khrushchev's grandfather, has long since fallen down, and the place where it stood is now a vacant lot, inhabited only by a flock of geese who like to eat the tender grass that grows there. Here, on April 17, 1894, Khrushchev was born to Ksenia Ivanovna Khrushcheva and her farmer-miner husband, Sergei Nicanorovitch. There were no doctors and hospitals in those days, and birth was without anesthetics, a practice the Soviets still follow in their hospitals today. The baby was immediately wrapped so tightly that only his eyes could move. This practice also is still widely followed in Russia, and even in the most modern maternity hospitals the babies lie in their cribs as stiff and straight as logs of wood. Unswathed briefly at nursing time, they become violently active, kicking, stretching and thrashing their arms about.

Across the street from Khrushchev's birthplace stands a lone surviving house of that time. Mud-walled, thatch-roofed, dirt-floored, its low ceiling stained with soot of a hundred years of smoky cooking fires, it is a monument to the misery which the peasant of an earlier time endured. Across the street from it are the houses the farmers of the collective have built themselves. Communism, the farm manager pointed out, does not deny a man the right to own his own house, though he cannot sell it for a profit, for that would be capitalistic exploitation of his fellow man. The collective assigns him the land and lends him half the price of the house—usually around 2,000 rubles—and he does his own masonry and carpentry. The result is a structure rude by American standards but palatial in comparison to the old hovels.

The impression the visitor gets is of a kaleidoscope of brilliant color. The floors are painted red, the ceilings white, the walls bright blue. The door and window frames are painted a darker blue, and lacy embroidered curtains hang at the windows. A fine embroidered spread covers the sofa, so fragile looking a stranger is reluctant to sit down, and the narrow beds against the walls, separated by shoulder-high panels for privacy, are also covered with embroidered spreads.

In one corner where it will get the light from the window, a giant philodendron reaches to the low ceiling, a touch of living green to brighten the long winter days when, from November to March, Kalinovka is blanketed by 15 inches of snow. In the other corner stands an icon, draped in lace, or a picture of Lenin, the choice of images depending on the attitude of the owner. Books lie about on shelves and tables, for the Russians are omnivorous readers. In the house of a milkmaid, whose husband was a tractor driver, we saw books on engineering. The farm manager saw nothing strange in this; many of his milkmaids, he said, leave the farm to go to technical schools, and several today are holding high positions in industry.

Kitchens still are dark and primitive. Electricity is available, and an electric samovar may share a place of honor with a television set on a table in the living room, but no electric stoves, toasters, mixers, or other kitchen gadgets have yet appeared in the peasant villages. Water must be drawn from a communal well in the street, and there is no indoor plumbing. The Russian peasant still believes that a toilet in the house is unsanitary, and given the present state of Russian plumbing, he is right.

In the nearby village of Homutovka, which means "horsecollar" in Russian, stands the mansion of the landowner who before the Revolution owned the 16,000 acres that now make up the collective around Kalinovka.

"Her name was Olga Alexeyevna Schomburg-Schauchus, née Levsin," said an old peasant named Pimin Belkin, a boyhood friend of Khrushchev. "She was a friend of the czarina and was married to a general of German blood." "The poor man was most unfortunate," said another old man named Eugen Bashokov. "He fell from his horse one day while riding over his fields, and his foot was caught in the stirrup and he was dragged to death."

"Nikita Sergeyevich had cause to remember the great house of the landlord and the pond nearby," said Belkin. "He went there early one morning and was busily catching fish when the landlord's gamekeeper caught him and flogged him with a leather whip of many thongs, weighted with bits of lead. He then took Nikita's fish, and carried him to the police. The policeman flogged him again and took his fishing pole."

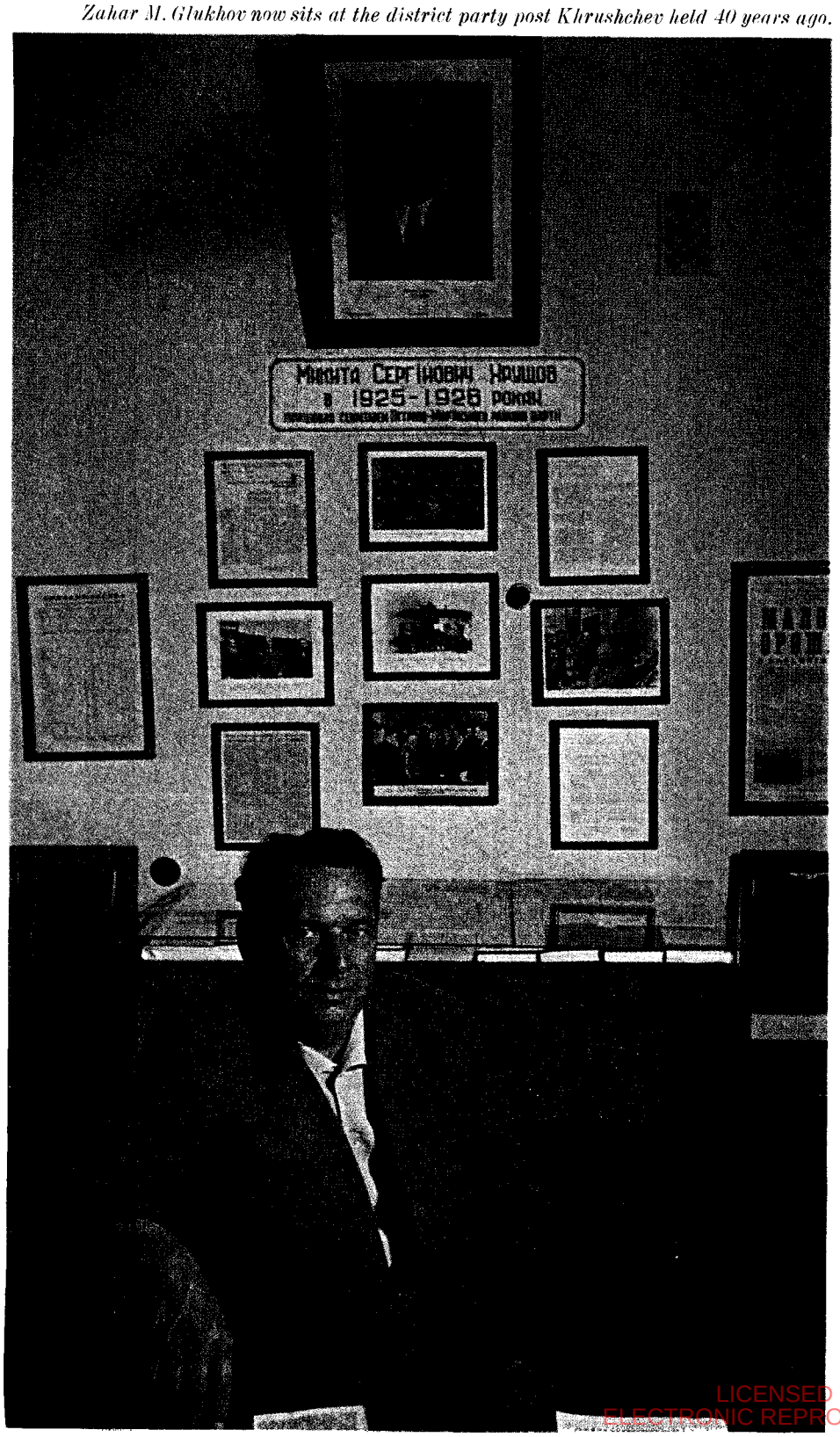
The great house of the landlord still stands on a grassy slope above the little lake, a massive structure, domed and many-windowed. It now houses a school where milkmaids and tractor drivers are trained. Behind ornate iron gates the beautiful gardens of the old estate have been preserved as a public park. Paths wind between the fine old trees, and concrete statues of heroes and heroines of Soviet labor peer from the lilac bushes. Young lovers are fond of strolling here in the long summer twilights, but they are not allowed to forget, even in tender moments, that it is man's destiny to work. Huge signs in red letters hang over the main path. One says: MAN IS MADE HANDSOME AND GLORIOUS BY HIS LABOR. Another merely orders: INCREASE MILK PRODUCTION 20 PERCENT.

In Kalinovka itself the biggest sign of all hung between the massive columns of the palace of culture. It bore a trumpet call by Khrushchev: LET US WORK, COMRADES, FOR NEW VICTORY FOR COMMUNISM, TO BUILD A SOCIETY THE BANNER OF WHICH WILL READ PEACE, LABOR, FREEDOM, EQUALITY, BROTHERHOOD AND HAPPINESS. The manager looked at it and sighed. "It has not been easy," he said, "to manage the farm that was once the home of Nikita Khrushchev. He has always kept his eye on us, insisting that we be the best. We have increased production by four times since 1955, but still it is not enough. He made speeches about us in the Congress, urging others to come and see how we work."

Later I asked an old peasant how the land produces today, as compared with the old times. He shrugged. "It is good land," he said. "It produced rich harvests when we plowed with oxen—as great as we produce today with tractors. But then the landlord got nearly all the grain. Today the peasant gets much more."

The next day, after a luncheon at a farm-workers' canteen, at which toasts were drunk to everybody from "Johnsone Leendon" to the man who supervised the artificial insemination at the Kalinovka cattle barn, we came out to find 40-odd villagers, dressed in their Sunday best, lined up to watch our

Zahar M. Glukhov now sits at the district party post Khrushchev held 40 years ago.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

departure. Staring silently, they said nothing as we walked down to the car. Then one old man came up, took off his cap, placed his hand on his heart, and began to speak. As he spoke, he grew more emotional, and when he finished he seemed on the verge of tears.

As we drove off, the manager explained what the gathering meant. "They came to look at you," he said. "Few of them have ever seen an American before. The old man was their spokesman. He asked me to tell you that you are welcome here. He asked that you go back and tell your people that the people of Kalinovka are their friends. And that it is our hope that you shall always have happiness, and that there may never be war between us."

A long day's train ride from Kalinovka lies the city of Donetsk, formerly Stalino, heart of the great coal-mining region of the Ukraine known as the Donbas. Here, as a jug-eared, semiliterate peasant boy of 15, Khrushchev, with his mother and his sister Irina, rejoined his father, a part-time carpenter at the mines. Today Donetsk is a handsome city of massive buildings and snug houses. Its streets are broad and tree-lined, and clean-swept. Greenbelts of grass and olive trees, whose leaves gleam like silver in the sun, separate its living areas from the gaunt structures of the mine shafts and the massive "terracones"—sharp-topped mountains of gray slag dug from the coal veins. When Khrushchev arrived here in 1909, it was called Yuzovka, named for an Englishman named Hughes, who in 1869 came here at the behest of the czar to build an iron works. It was two towns then—the English colony where the managers lived, and a squalid swarm of barracks, huts, and caves called "Dog Town," where the miners lived.

If Khrushchev's boyhood as a peasant cowherd had made him a rebel against the landlords, his days in Yuzovka turned him into a dedicated Communist. Here he developed the traits of character that marked him in later years—aggressiveness, blunt humor, a truculent impatience with all who crossed him, a rude eloquence that captured and held a peasant audience, the capacity to reduce a complex ideology to simple words an ignorant man could understand, and above all the power to awaken in the dulled mind of a Russian muzhik a gleam of hope, a vision of a happier world.

A young man of Khrushchev's rebellious bent could not have chosen better ground than Yuzovka and the grimy mining towns around it. For 30 years the miners of the Donbas, ex-serfs freed from bondage to a landlord, now held in deeper bondage to a mine owner, had fought fierce battles with their bosses.

Sitting in the garden of his little house in Donetsk, a tall, gray, gentle-voiced old man named Ivan Alexseyvich Strelchenko recalls Khrushchev's first entry into this fierce conflict.

"We were apprentices together," he said, "working at adjoining benches in the Bosset Machine Works, a German firm that made and repaired mine equipment. It was a small firm, employing few men, and on Saturdays the apprentices had to clean the boilers. It was a miserable, man-killing job, for the fires had just been drawn, and the furnace's walls were still so hot your skin blistered, and you could barely breathe when you crawled inside.

"I recall vividly the day that Nikita Sergeyevich rebelled. Petro Molalenko had crawled on his belly through the open hole, and for perhaps three minutes he chipped away at the slag with an iron bar. Then he fell out half alive, gulping air greedily. Then Nikita Sergeyevich entered. For a moment we could see him, thrashing about on the hot bricks like a live fish in the pan. Then he too scrambled out, choking for breath and covered with soot and gray with ash.

"'To hell with it,' he said, throwing his cleaning rod on the ground. 'The boss can clean his furnaces himself.'

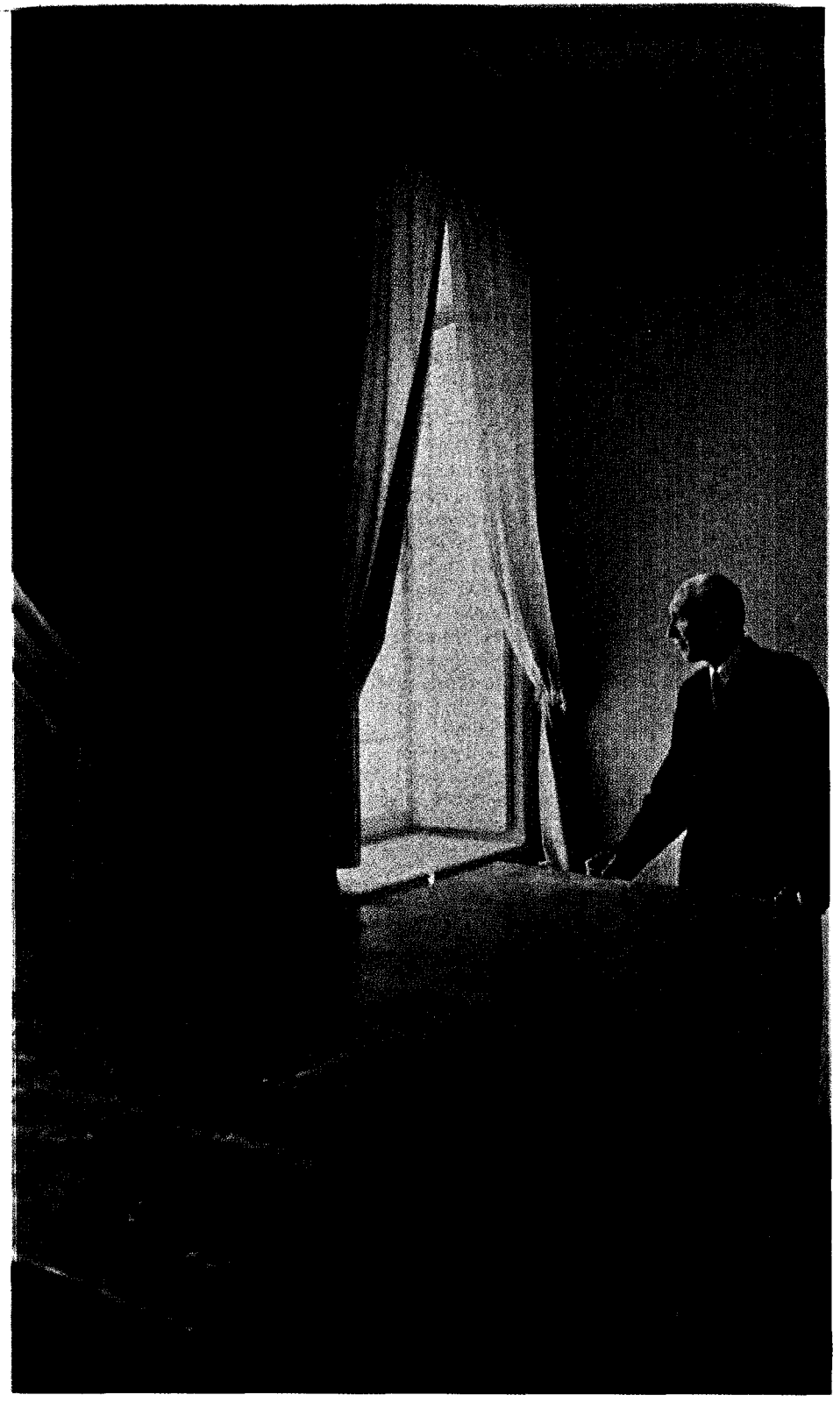
"The foreman came up shortly. 'Back to the boiler,' he told Nikita, 'or you are fired.' 'No,' said Nikita. 'I go to the boss.' We went to the boss, a German named Wagner. He did not let Nikita finish speaking. 'Go to all the devils,' he said. 'You are all fired.'"

Curiously, neither Khrushchev nor the other apprentices were fired for this revolt. The next Saturday a special crew came in to clean the boilers. Khrushchev went on working as an apprentice under a mechanic named Golovatch, who remembers him as being extremely bright, competent and eager to learn the trade—but having fallen in with a Bolshevik group, he was constantly carrying on a campaign of agitation against his employer. Two years later this troublemaking cost him his job. On the Lena River in Siberia, gold miners had been killed when they went on strike, and in all the mining towns in Russia there was a rumble of unrest. In Yuzovka, Khrushchev was leader in the protest, passing out vitriolic pamphlets and raising money for the widows and orphans of the dead gold miners. He was fired for this, and thereafter carried in his passport the "wolf ticket," a secret symbol that told employers that he was a dangerous agitator. Finally, after several hungry months, he got a job maintaining the air blower at Coal Mine 31. Here, with his father, mother, sister, and another family of six, he lived in two small rooms of an old brick house that contained the ventilating machinery. The place became a minor shrine, with pictures of Khrushchev at various stages of his career. The first one, taken when he was 16 and newly arrived in the coal country, showed him looking as capitalistic as Herbert Hoover, in a coat, tie, and a high stiff collar.

Many old Bolsheviks, fleeing from the czar's police in St. Petersburg and Moscow, came to Yuzovka to find refuge among the miners, and they naturally drew the rebellious young men to them.

"There was nothing to do in those days," said Strelchenko, "no sports, no games, no baths, no cinema—no outside interests at all except the church or the vodka taverns. You came home from your twelve to fourteen hours in the mines or in the shops, washed your eyes, ate a bite of cold potato, and then went to find a friend. We would meet somewhere and sing a few songs, and read aloud, and talk, and sometimes we would go into the streets and find somebody to fight. With the old Bolsheviks there, of course, the reading was of illegal literature, smuggled in and hidden from the police, and the talk was of revolution."

One of the older revolutionaries who seems to have had a great influence on Khrushchev was a Ukrainian named Makhinya, a poet of sorts, who provided him with books, among them Marx's *Communist Manifesto*. More a dreamer and thinker than a bomb thrower, Makhinya implanted in Khrushchev's mind the idea that, though bloody revolution was necessary, out of it must come a better world—a fuller life in which even the lowest peasant would be a man of culture, capable of being deeply stirred by great music, art and literature.



Ivan Strelchenko worked side by side with Khrushchev at a bench like the one above.

One of Makhinya's poems especially inspired Khrushchev, and he committed it to memory. In rough translation it reads: "It is my goal to fight with darkness to the grave . . . to light the bright lights of emotion in my heart so that I may light them in the hearts of men. Oh, comrades, thus we may burn and burn and not be burnt. . . ."

Khrushchev himself was adept at making up jingles, mainly satirical, and was frequently called on to recite. Once, at a party, he found the sister of a friend sitting in the corner, crying. She told him that she was to be married, and that her parents, at great sacrifice, had provided a cow as her dowry. But the cow had died and now the marriage was off. Khrushchev consoled her with an impromptu rhyme which went, "Do not bewail the passing of the cow, for the fair cheeks and the bright eyes still remain."

Khrushchev, of course, did not spend all his evenings reading Marx and reciting poetry. His old companions remember him as an eager skirt chaser who would sometimes walk miles in the snow to court a girl friend. One of them, a Miss Surkova, married him and bore him two children—a daughter Yulia, who is now one of the editors of a scientific journal in Kiev, and a son, Leonid, a fighter pilot killed in battle with the Nazis. His first marriage reportedly ended in divorce—"He was too much interested in politics," his old companions recall—and the first Mrs. Khrushchev died in the great famine that struck the Ukraine in 1922. In 1924 he was married again to Nina Petrovna Kukharchuk, the matronly, shyly smiling symbol of Mother Russia who is his wife today. With her he had two daughters, Rada and Elena, and a son, Sergei. They in turn presented him with four grandsons, two of them named for him.

Cop baiting also occupied a great deal of Khrushchev's spare time. As a man with a wolf ticket in his passport he was kept under regular surveillance. Once, Strelchenko recalled, Khrushchev decided that something special must be done to mark the celebration of May Day. On the night before May Day, he, Strelchenko and a couple of other kindred souls obtained a supply of vodka and a harmonica, and went off into the woods. As they expected, the local gendarme, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nikita spoke to the workers of cities rising from ruins.

Khrushchev's Homeland

somewhat dull-witted man named Bespalov, sneaked after them to see what they were up to. Hearing him coming, they started singing love songs, and drinking loud toasts to the czar. When Bespalov came up he naturally could not refuse to drink a toast to the Little Father, and by midnight they had him passed out and snoring. They lugged him home and dumped him in his yard, and then the laughing conspirators ran a red flag up the tallest smokestack in town.

"The crowning touch was Nikita's," Strelchenko recalls. "He broke the spout off a clay teapot, blacked it with soot, and raised it alongside the flag. It had exactly the appearance of a bomb."

At other times Khrushchev used more direct measures to harass the mine police. Once, Strelchenko recalls, when the miners were on strike, a policeman drew a small, shiny sword. Khrushchev grabbed his arm. "Put up your little herring," he told the policeman.

Despite this show of bravado Khrushchev had a healthy respect for the cops, who were known as "God and Czar" to the miners. He once described his feelings when it was announced that the czar's government had been overthrown. "I wished to cry and laugh at the same time," he said. "I went to the public square. Speakers were already there, shouting openly what every worker had in his soul but had been afraid to say. Looking on, with their sabers sheathed, were the policemen, saying nothing. I realized then that I had not the slightest fear of them. The victory was won. The old bad days were over. Now there were no more masters, only citizens."

For Khrushchev and the miners of the Donbas the new bad days were just beginning. In the savage civil war that followed the October Revolution, White Guards raided the Donbas region, killing revolutionaries and sabotaging the mines. One group led by a man nicknamed Silver Fang seemed particularly eager to seize Khrushchev. Sometime before the Revolution, Khrushchev had taken a job in a machine shop repairing mine machinery and pumps, and as a mechanic he had often had to go into the mines. This had made him familiar with the web of mine tunnels deep in the earth, some of which were connected, and when the White Guards got too close on his trail he would duck down a mine shaft and come out at the entrance to another mine miles away. After some months of this ducking and dodging, Khrushchev had organized and obtained arms for a company of Red Guards, who stood their ground against the White raiders. In 1918 he became a member of the Communist Party, and for his zeal was rewarded with the post of political commissar, working with Red Army regiments fighting in the Crimea.

Khrushchev came back from the civil war to find the Donbas in ruins. Miners were scattered, the mines were water-filled. All over Russia shattered factories needed Donbas coal to get started again, but miners could not work without bread, and the farms of the Donbas were in as sorry shape as the mines. Peasants had been killed, their plow animals stolen, their tools taken away.

Khrushchev, as the political man on a four-man council of mine workers, was responsible for getting the mines in the area going again. Frequently he found himself in the position of the old mine managers—backed up against a wall while angry miners shouted at him, demanding bread and more pay. An old man named Mayakovsky told how he handled himself.

"'Miners, everything begins with coal,' Khrushchev would tell them. 'How can the factories produce boots and shirts if they do not have coal? All you demand you must get with your own hands. No manna from the sky is going to come down to you. So, beat with your picks with all your force. . . .'" When angry complaints came from an ignorant man, Mayakovsky said, Khrushchev was very patient with him, explaining all things clearly. When he spotted a political enemy, his tactics were different. "'Hold up your hands and let us see them,' he would shout. 'Those are not the hands of a miner. Those are the hands of a shopkeeper. Your shop is gone. Your profits are gone, and you are angry. Miners, do not listen to this man.'"

Then a grim warning.

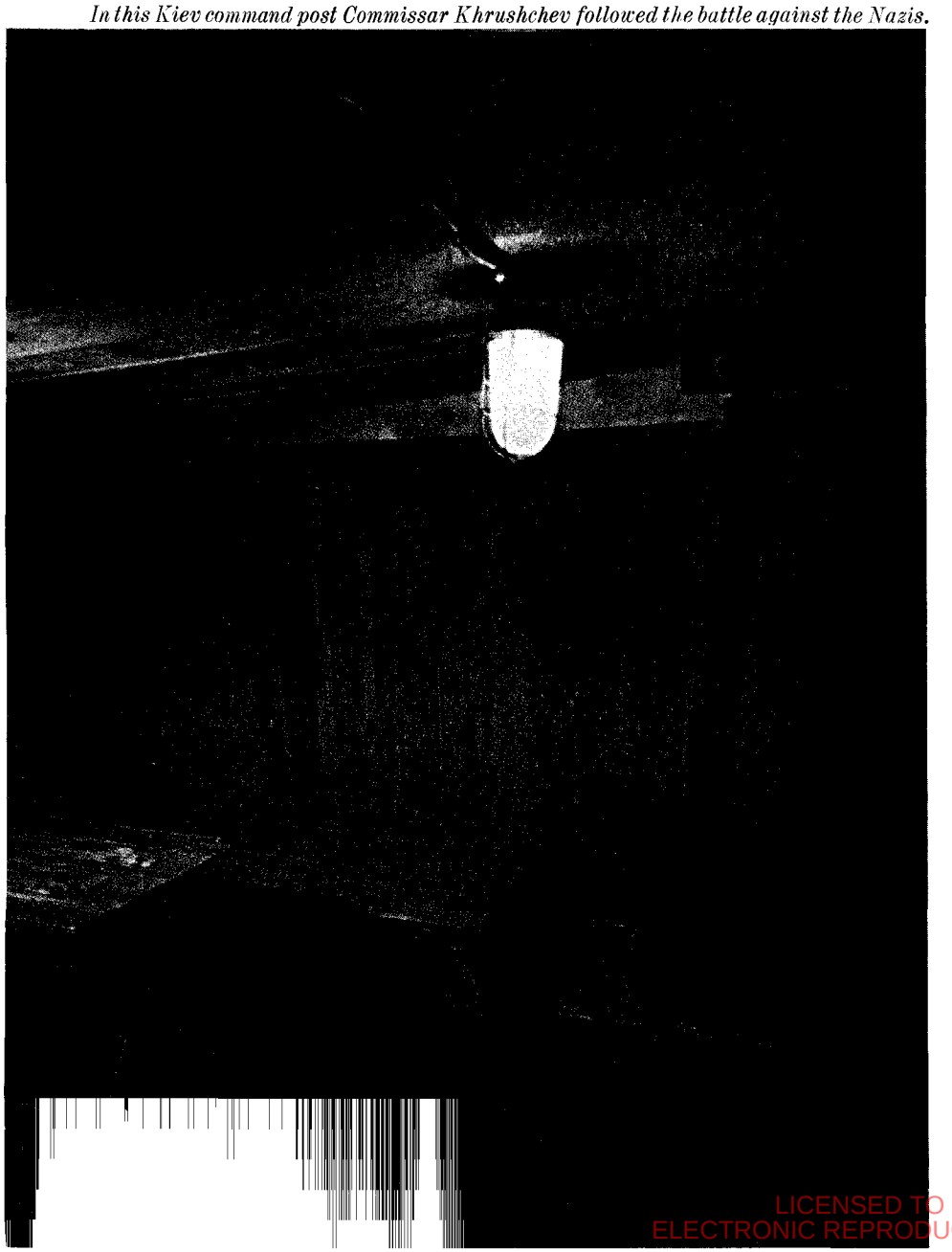
"'We Bolsheviks do not desire victims. But anybody who goes against our demands will be regarded as an enemy, and we will fight them with all the means we have. We shall protect socialist government with our last breath.'"

Then, jovially to old friends of his home region: "'You nightingales of Kursk, why do you gather here croaking like ravens? Back to the pits. The coal is strong, but the men of Kursk are stronger.'"

Khrushchev didn't rely on his eloquence alone. When the Red government finally shipped some food to the miners, he did not let it all be distributed. He took two sacks of flour and a can of sunflower oil to a machine shop, and swapped the food for repair jobs on mine pumps. Pumps that were less severely damaged he repaired himself, leading crews deep into the water-filled mines. Prodding, urging, kidding, threatening, he brought farmers in from the fields to work when farm work was light. In return he took miners to the farms to help with the harvests.

"Sometimes," an old miner recalled, "a peasant from the farms would cry in fear when ordered to go into the dark mines. He thought there were earth demons waiting to devour him. But Khrushchev would soothe the ones who showed fear. 'The earth is our mother,' he would say, 'and in the mine you are close to her heart.' And he would put an experienced miner to work with the peasants so that they would not be afraid."

In this Kiev command post Commissar Khrushchev followed the battle against the Nazis.



A war-gutted building stands alone in

By late 1921 the mines were producing again, and in 1923 Khrushchev, again as a reward for his zeal, was chosen to go to the Workers Faculty in Yuzovka, a school the party had set up to teach bright but unlettered peasants of all ages. Here he met Nina Petrovna, one of the teachers, and married her. He was nearly 30 at the time and was as much a teacher as a student, grading his fellows on the degree of their political indoctrination.

He came out of school marked for greater things. His next job was as party secretary of the Petrovski-Mar'inski district, a mining and farming area covering 400 square miles, with a population including 17,000 farmers and 20,000 miners. Here he was the boss. His round head crowned by a fur cap, his chunky body protected by a rough sheepskin jacket

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stalingrad, now renamed Volgagrad. Stalin's name was erased; Khrushchev's role in the battle here, once called heroic, may soon be officially forgotten.

with the wool side turned inward, he traveled his district day and night, by sleigh, truck and on horseback.

In the cramped dining room of their tiny house in Mar'inski an old couple recalled the first time they ever saw him.

"There were 13 of us, the poorest peasants of the region, trying to start a collective farm," said Emilyon Gomlya, a tiny, beady-eyed old man of 84, with fuzzy hair standing up on his head like the down on a baby chicken. "We had pooled all we had, a few cattle, a few plow oxen and some old and broken plows. Nikita Sergeyevich came and saw what we had, and congratulated us that we wished to start a collective.

"'But you must all now forget the old ways,' he said. 'You must now do new things in a new way. I will help you.'

"Not long after that a marvelous machine called a Fordson arrived at our farm. It pulled great plows and had the strength of many oxen. All the peasants came to watch it work, and Nikita Sergeyevich, too, was there. They walked behind it, and they marveled at its strength, but it gave off a peculiar smell. The peasants shook their heads.

"'Grain will never grow again,' they said. 'The machine is poisoning the land.'

"Nikita Sergeyevich was angry at such stupid talk. He berated them for their ignorance. 'Old ways will never build a new society,' he told them."

Khrushchev was also having trouble in the mines under his supervision. The miners were at work again, but the lumbering bureaucracy of the new Soviet state was slow in sending the miners their pay. Strikes threatened and Khrushchev had to bring all his persuasive talents into play. Bulldozing, bluffing, cajoling, threatening, he talked them into going back to work.

"They would come angry and shouting," an old miner said, "and soon he would have them laughing. Wherever Nikita Sergeyevich was, there was always merriment. Even in the worst times he brought laughter and joy to us, though there were times when he could be very rude and strong. A miner who would not work, a peasant leader who cheated a farm worker, he would fire at once."

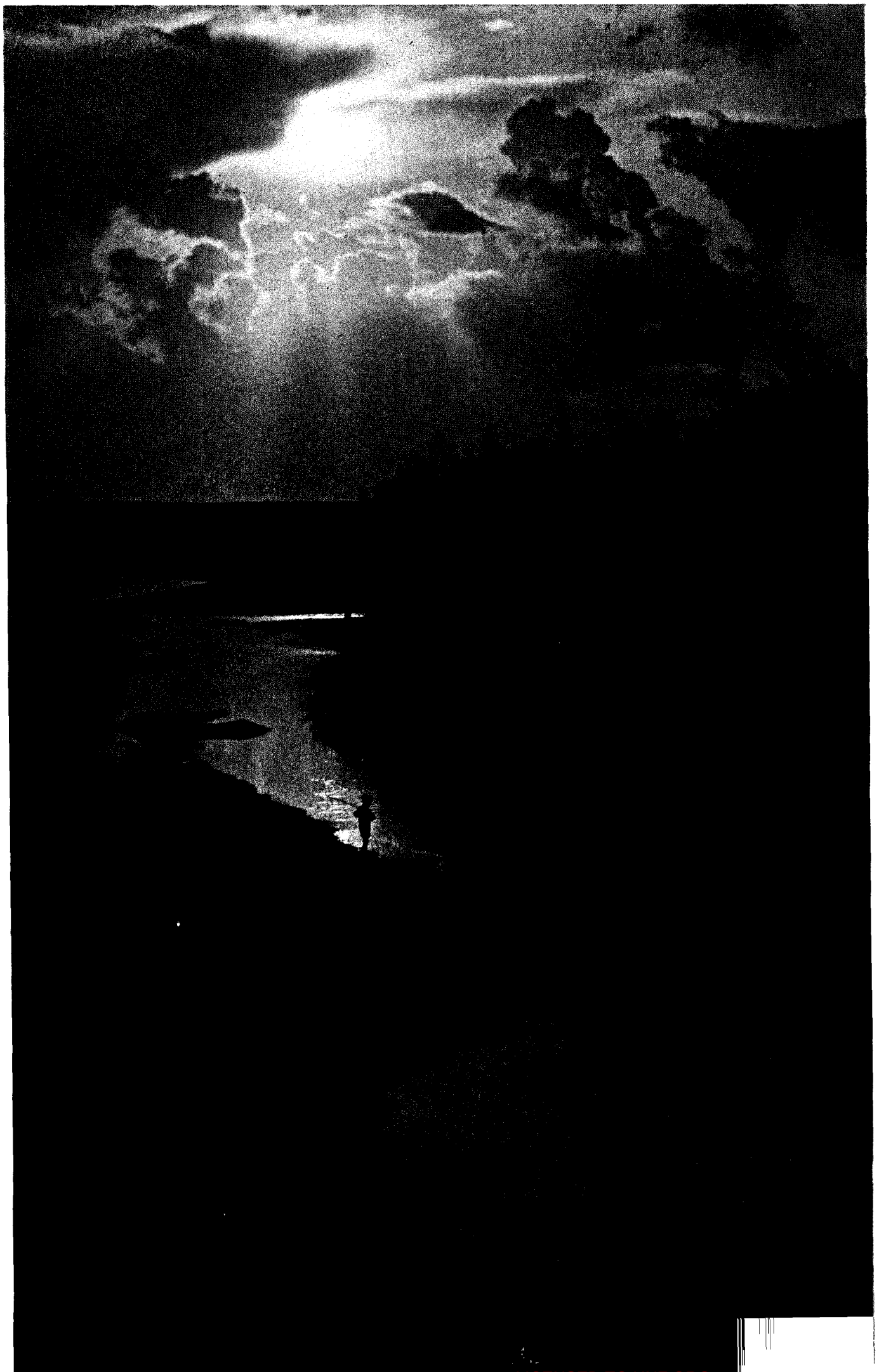
For all his roughhewn ways, there seemed to be a deep streak of gentleness and compassion in Khrushchev. In the area under his charge hundreds of children, orphaned by the civil war, begged through the mining towns. Khrushchev found an old house for them, found volunteers to patch and paint it, persuaded the miners to give up part of their bread ration for the children, and talked the miners' wives into patching their clothes and making mattresses for them.

He also had an almost poetic passion for the great sweep of the Russian land. When he first came to the Mar'inski District, he lived in the house of Maria Zimina, a schoolteacher sent by the party to "annihilate illiteracy among the miners and peasants." Mrs. Zimina, who today is a red-haired, handsome, well-set-up woman, wearing a white wool dress, red beads and white net gloves, recalls Khrushchev's arrival.

"My husband was to be his deputy, and when we heard he was coming to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Open country seemed to exalt the dreaming revolutionary.



live with us, we were afraid, for we had only two rooms, and one bed," she said. "But I borrowed a sofa, and it all worked out very well. He was an easy guest. All he liked to eat were simple things—borsch with mutton, and buckwheat porridge. Once, he told me, when he was 14 years old a landlord for whom he was herding cows gave him these two dishes. He had never tasted such good things, he said, and they still tasted just as good.

"We all worked very hard, but in summer, when we had a few hours free, he and my husband and I would go into the steppe to pick a little wildflower called varontsi, and to read aloud, and to have a picnic lunch. The open country seemed to exalt him. 'How good you are, the Donetsk steppe,' he would say. 'Marsha,' he would say to me, 'when you look at the steppe your soul is glad. You feel as if you are growing wings.'

"We also liked to dream, to plan, to think of the future, and Nikita Sergeyevich was able to involve you in the beautiful dreaming. As he described the picture of the future, we saw in the place of old half-destroyed mines the mighty coal giant, in the place of dugouts, the light, spacious houses of the workers. Before us we saw the libraries, the schools with many windows, the theaters, the symphony halls, the big parks. 'What kind of a city is it where you can count the trees on the fingers of a hand?' he would say. 'Our children will not thank us for leaving them such cities as these.'"

Plodding doggedly toward the Utopia he visualized as a young Bolshevik, Khrushchev ran his sprawling country with the same roughhanded forthrightness that he had used to run the mines and collective farms of Petrovski-Mar'inski. He never was an intellectual, an ideological thinker, but a shrewd, rude peasant-politician who, like any politician, drew strength from contact with the people.

"Speeches are good," he once said, "but only in heart-to-heart talks can you find the key to a man's soul, and open it up, and win him to your side." Again he said, "If an appeal to the head doesn't work, try the other end. Where there is no thought, there may be feeling."

With this combination of threat and persuasion, Khrushchev brought his people at least within far-off sight of his goal. The great new cities are rising, clean and spacious and green with trees and bright with flowers. Huge new dams are being built and new factories are going up, many of them providing those consumer goods for which the people long have yearned.

He grew old, and he lost control of the ambitious men behind him before he fulfilled his dream. But his dream grew in the same soil that produced his successor, and perhaps Chairman Brezhnev will achieve his mentor's goal. Most people who live outside Russia will wish him well—especially if Brezhnev will leave them free to reach their own goals in their own way. THE END

A young cowherd fishes in a pond near the pastures where Nikita watched his cows

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

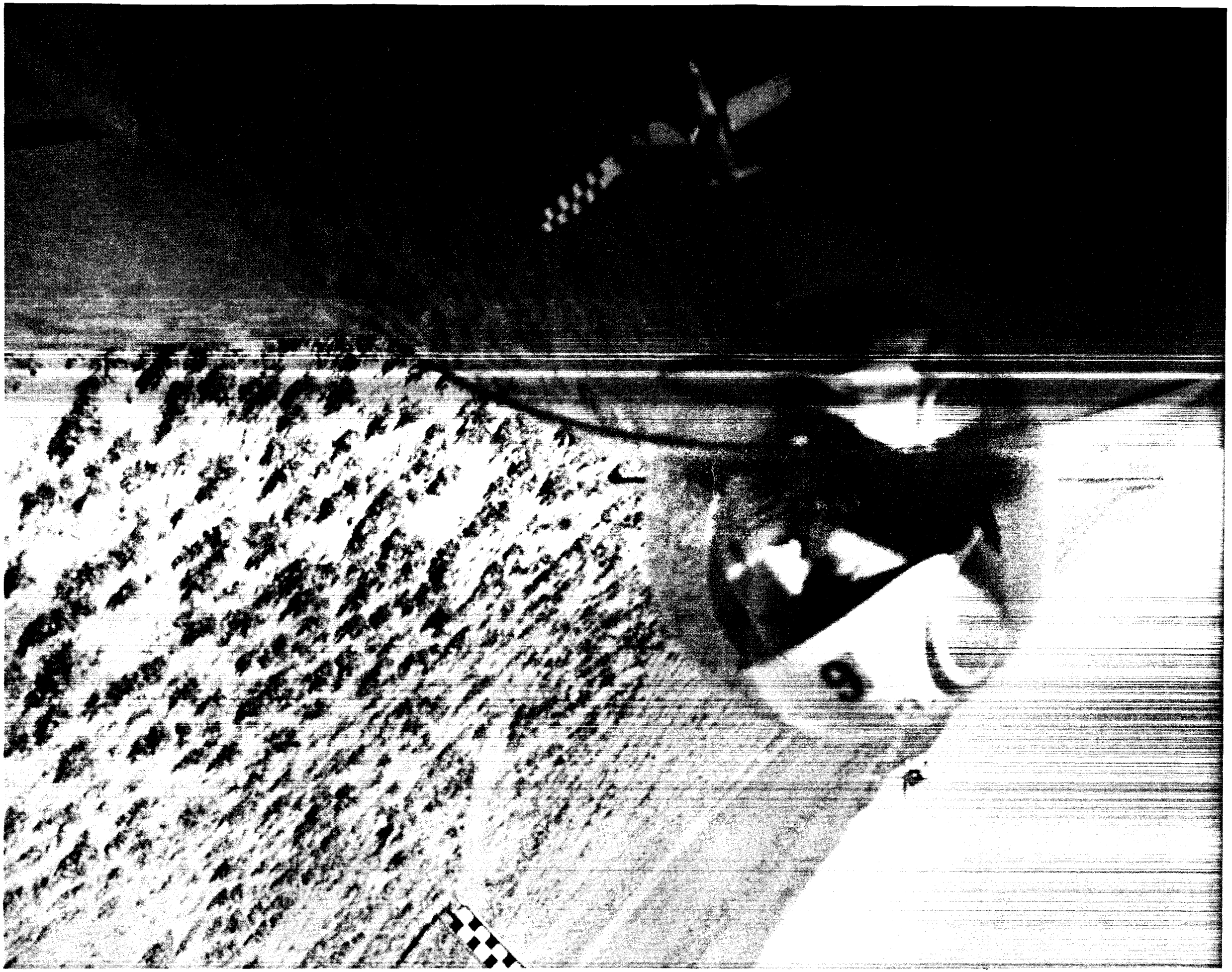
A working man's lunch
should work for him:
Hefty Bean with Bacon Soup helps make a sandwich a meal

They always eat better when you remember the soup

Here's the easy way to help a hard-working man in his busy day: A hefty, hearty sandwich and a hot, hearty soup—Campbell's Bean with Bacon. There's nourishment in those whole pea beans and that rich bean purée. And those bits of smoky bacon give the whole soup a flavor that makes him ask for more.

Reach for the *Campbell's* **it's right on your shelf**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A camera mounted on the fuselage shows Bob Bourne, a Los Angeles paint-store owner, hurtling to victory in a heat for homemade widget airplanes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By JOSEPH N. BELL
Photographs by LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER

Bob Porter of Illinois sports the victory cup. He flew his 500-lb. plane an average 190 mph to win the midget race.

HELL'S ANGELS FLY AGAIN

RISKING THEIR LIVES ON EVERY TURN, THESE PILOTS REVIVE THE NATIONAL AIR RACES.

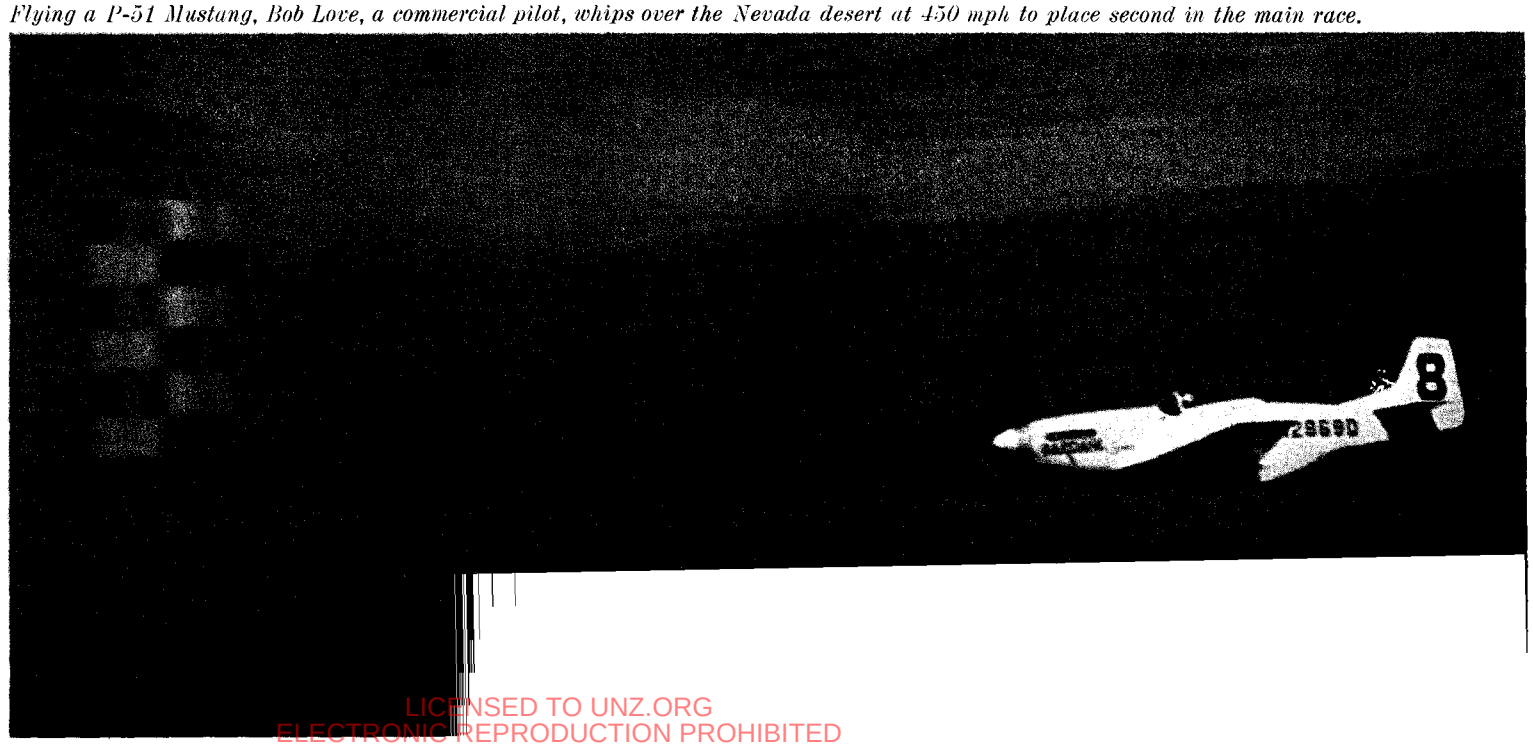
THERE are sports in which it would be difficult to suffer any injury worse than a hangnail—and there are those that can kill you. Mountain climbers drop to their deaths by the score each summer. Bull fighters are gored in the sandy arenas of Spain and Mexico. Race-car drivers die in towering funeral pyres of smoke and flame. Boxers are pounded to death. Whenever the bell tolls for one of these, a cry of let's-put-a-stop-to-it accompanies the black headlines. Usually, however, nothing happens. The dead hero is mourned; the sport goes on. In the case of air racing, however, a fiery crash and the loss of three lives in 1949 put what seemed an end to one of the noisiest and most colorful of all sports. Airplanes had become too fast, critics said. Cities were too congested. Flying a tight course around checkerboard-painted pylons was just too risky. That's what they thought in 1949—but by 1964, man's old urge to turn any wagon into a chariot found a new way and a new place to race airplanes.

The revival in Reno, Nev., was the work of an earnest, sandy-haired young cattle rancher named Bill Stead. A crack pilot himself, Stead was also the national hydroplane champion in 1958 and 1959. During his boat-racing days, Stead became acquainted with people who cover sports for television. He talked incessantly about the idea of a new National Air Races, but was told the sport was too expensive and dangerous. Finally, after three years of trying, Stead won a tentative promise of financial aid and broad TV coverage, which he used as a lever to get support among Reno businessmen. They responded with enough encouragement and money to keep Bill Stead's dream alive.

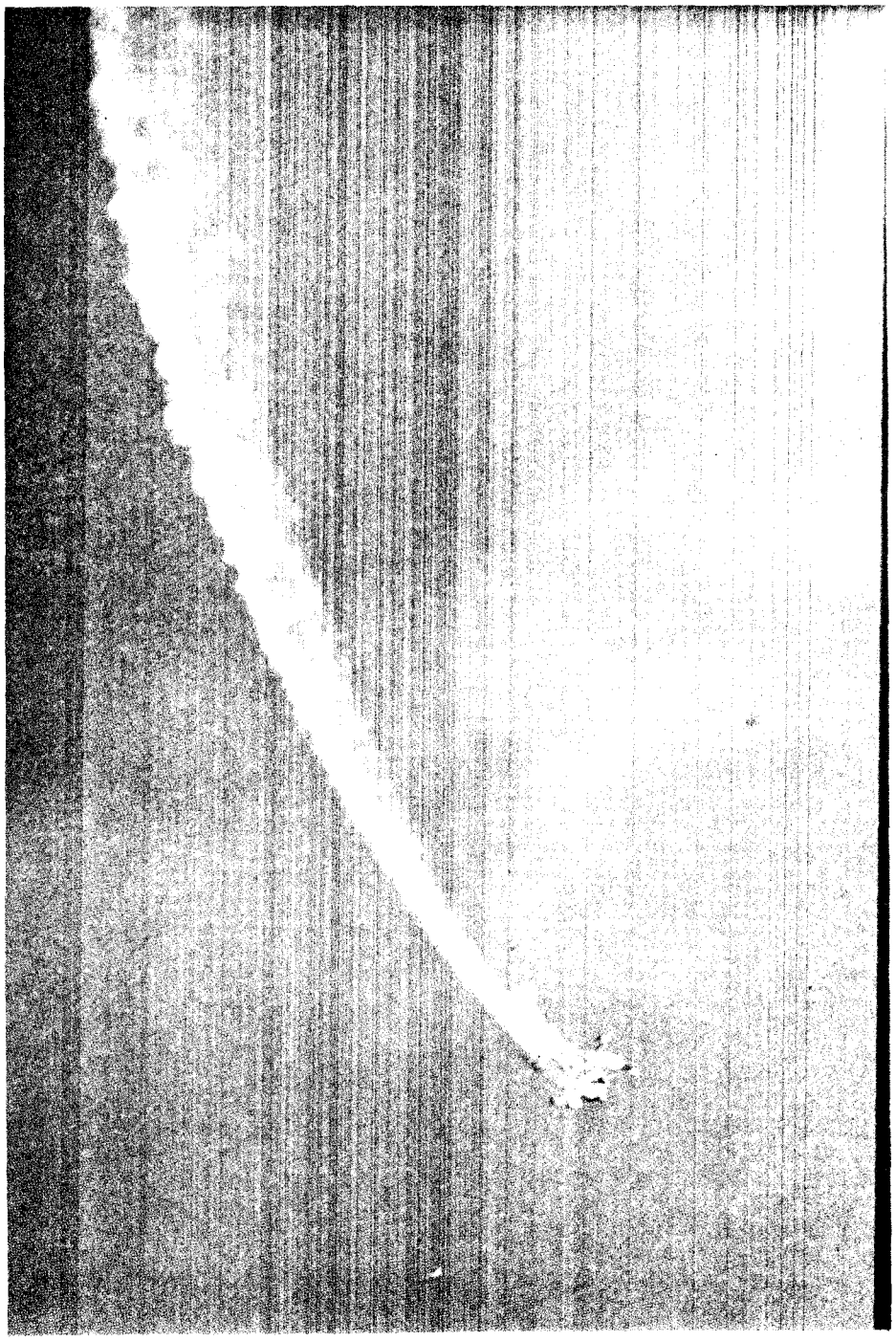
The dream was a full nine-day program patterned after the famous Cleveland Air Races of the 1940's. There would be a race from Clearwater, Fla., to Reno for planes of all sizes. There would be balloon events, parachute jumping, aerobatics, sky diving, antique-aircraft flights—and pylon racing for all kinds of propeller-driven planes from midgets to World War II fighters.

In mid-August, only a month before the races were scheduled, Stead persuaded Duane Cole—who had disbanded his flying-circus show after his son crashed while practicing aerobatics—to come to Reno to bring some organization to the final preparations. Cole did the best he could. Ten days before the first race, bulldozers crawled onto the Sky Ranch airport—a forlorn former Air Force helicopter base 10 miles north of Reno—to

Flying a P-51 Mustang, Bob Love, a commercial pilot, whips over the Nevada desert at 450 mph to place second in the main race.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Only straps hold passenger Judy Wagner to cockpit during 400 mph race.

RUSSIAN ROULETTE PLAYED IN MID-AIR

Hell's Angels

scrape out a runway. When finished, the strip was level and straight, but rough as a World War I field. Work on the pylons—the all-important 50-foot towers that mark the limits of the course—didn't start until a week before race day.

It was a scene to bring back memories of aviation's old barnstorming days—of goggles and cloth helmets and long silk neck scarfs; of Roscoe Turner and Jimmie Doolittle and Paul Mantz; of wingwalkers and loop-the-loopers and parachutists leaving a trail of flour dust behind as they plummeted down. At Reno the planes weren't the same, the moustaches weren't as sharply waxed, but the spirit was there.

For nearly a year Bill Stead had been thumping the promotional drum. He made sure that private pilots the world over got the word. He got Reno businessmen to put up $45,000 in prize money. Knowing fliers, he was sure that when September came, they would be there. They were. They came from Indiana and Wisconsin; from Alaska, Florida and New Jersey. Some of them flying in, some hauling small planes on trailers.

The crowds came to see them too. Reno hotels were packed, and when it was all over, gatekeepers said 80,000 people had suffered through dust storms and other discomforts to watch the derring-do of a hundred contestants. "It was amazing," said one pilot, "how patient that crowd was. They seemed content just to see an occasional airplane practicing on the pylons—and knowing that the National Air Races were really back."

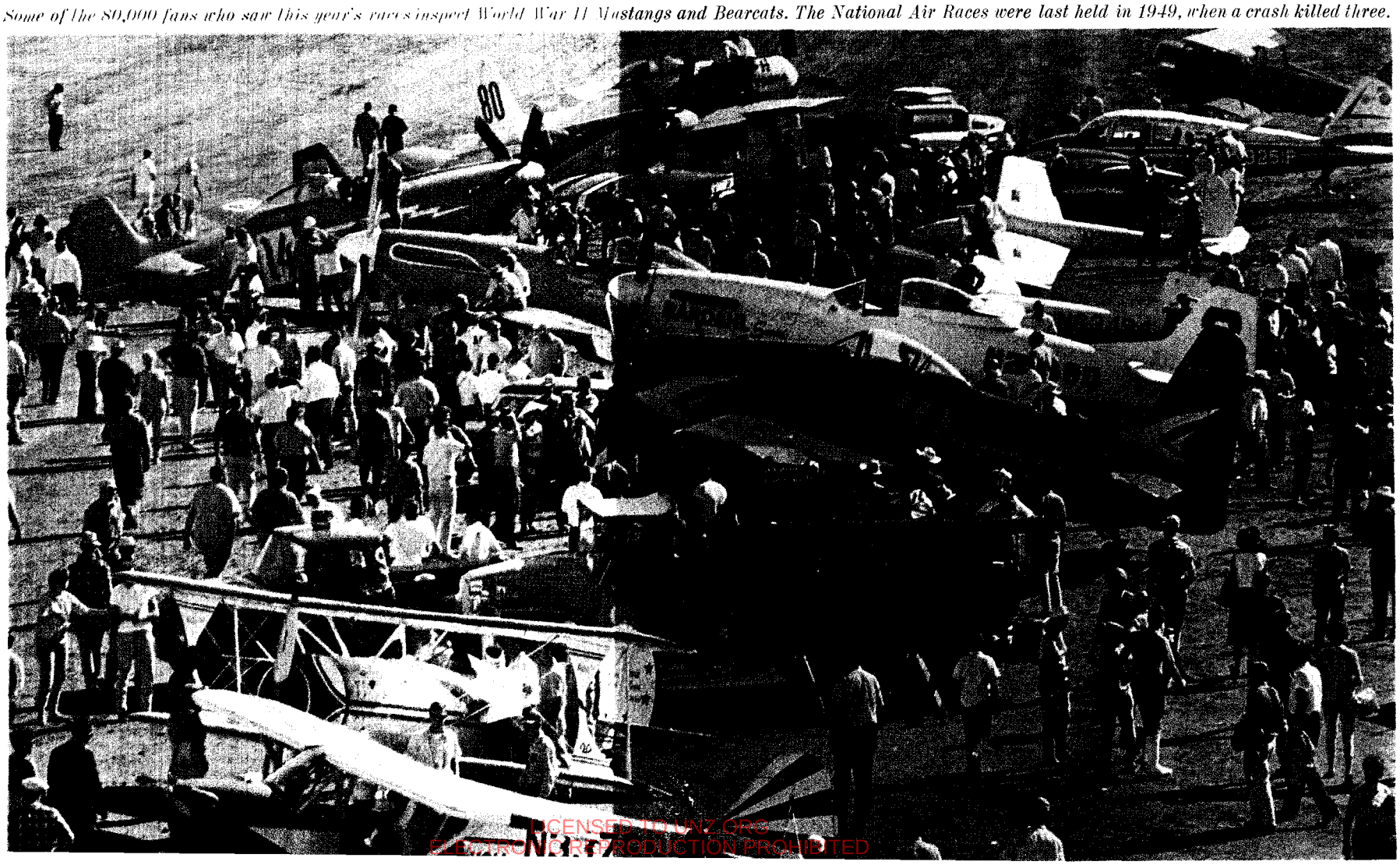
The sport of pylon racing falls somewhere between rattlesnake milking and Russian roulette in its danger quotient. In an 85-mile race, five pylons mark an eight-and-a-half-mile course that requires contestants to make 50 near-vertical turns less than 100 feet off the ground and at speeds up to 400 mph. "Air racing," says one veteran pilot, "will either keep you young or kill you."

Because of the dangers, the aviation industry generally regards air races with considerable distaste. Commercial airlines get quite testy when their pilots participate. (There were two active airline pilots competing in Reno, both without the blessing of their employers.) Likewise, the Federal Aviation Agency is extremely jumpy and would be just as happy if there were never anotner race.

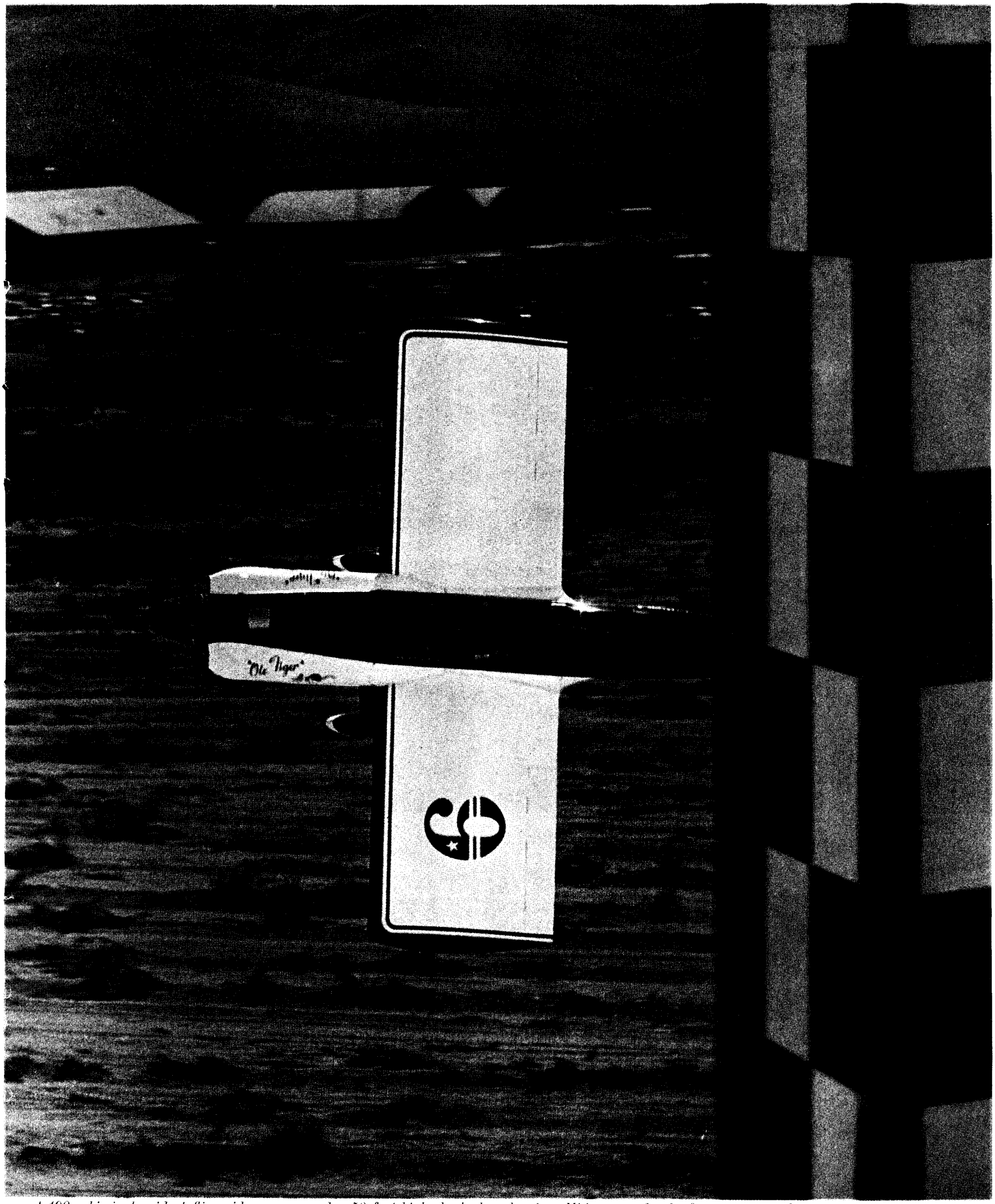
Every near-accident at Reno had participants and promoters alike looking nervously over their shoulders. Former Czech fighter pilot Miro Slovak slashed through a 13,000-volt power line at 400 mph., but with only minor damage. "I hardly felt it," he said later.

The climax to Bill Stead's aerial circus was the 85-mile event for planes with no limit on power. In the final heat, five 400-mph airplanes barreled around the course in the midst of a howling desert sandstorm. As pilot Slovak swept to victory, 12,000 spectators howled with joy. Some of them had been waiting 15 years to cheer a dare-devil sport they thought had died. THE END

Some of the 80,000 fans who saw this year's races inspect World War II Mustangs and Bearcats. The National Air Races were last held in 1949, when a crash killed three.

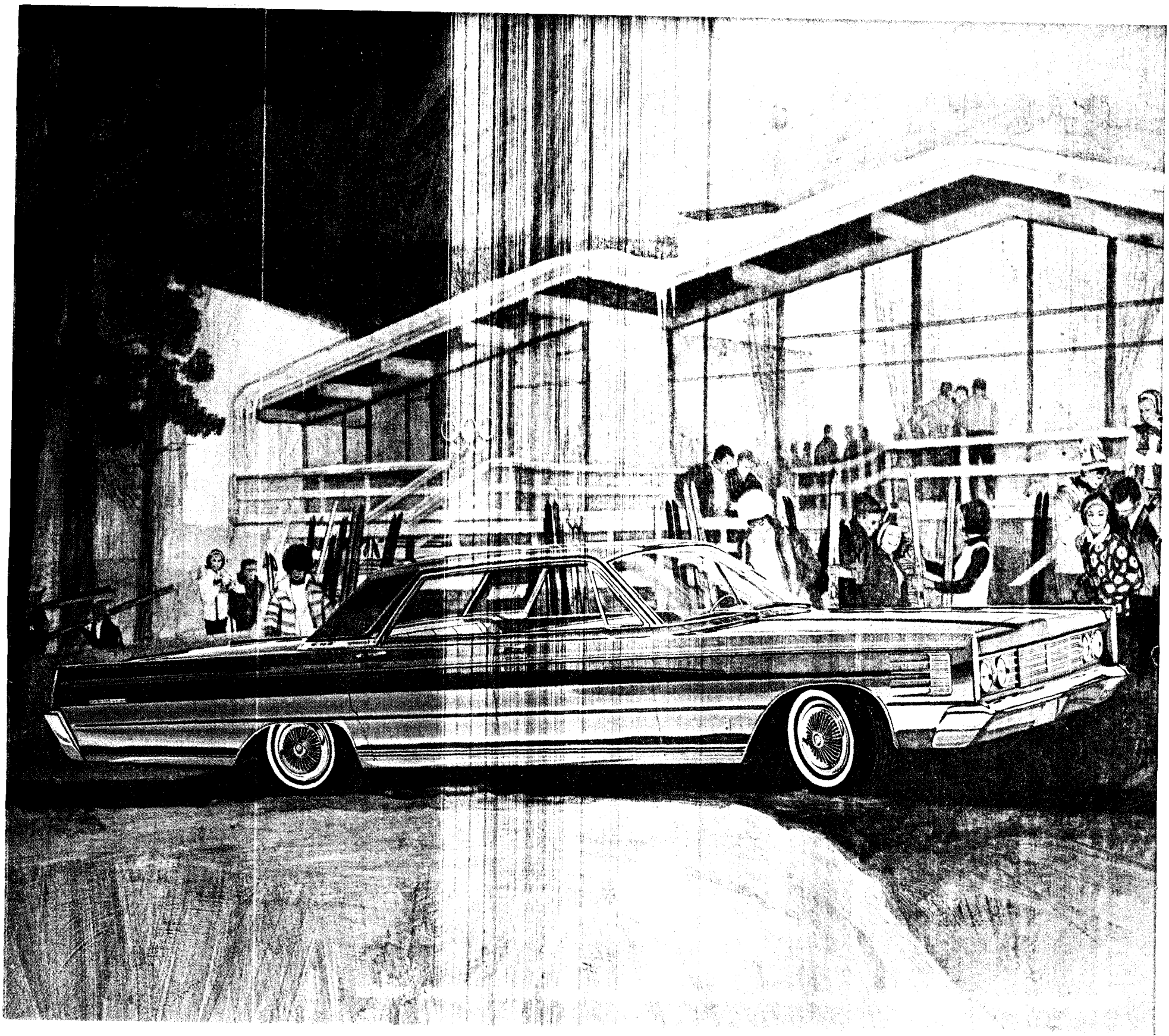


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A 190-cubic-inch midget flips sideways around a 50-foot-high checkerboard pylon. Midgets, used only for racing, can hit speeds up to 220 mph.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Try to act nonchalant driving the 1965 Mercury. Just try.

It's now in the Lincoln Continental tradition.

What's changed? Just about everything. You can see the changes in the graceful new proportions, in the long, low thrusting hood. You can feel the changes in the ride—the solid, smooth, superbly quiet ride. For this Mercury is built in the Lincoln Continental tradition. See the difference at your Mercury dealer's. Discover why Mercury is now the official courtesy car at Squaw Valley.

Mercury

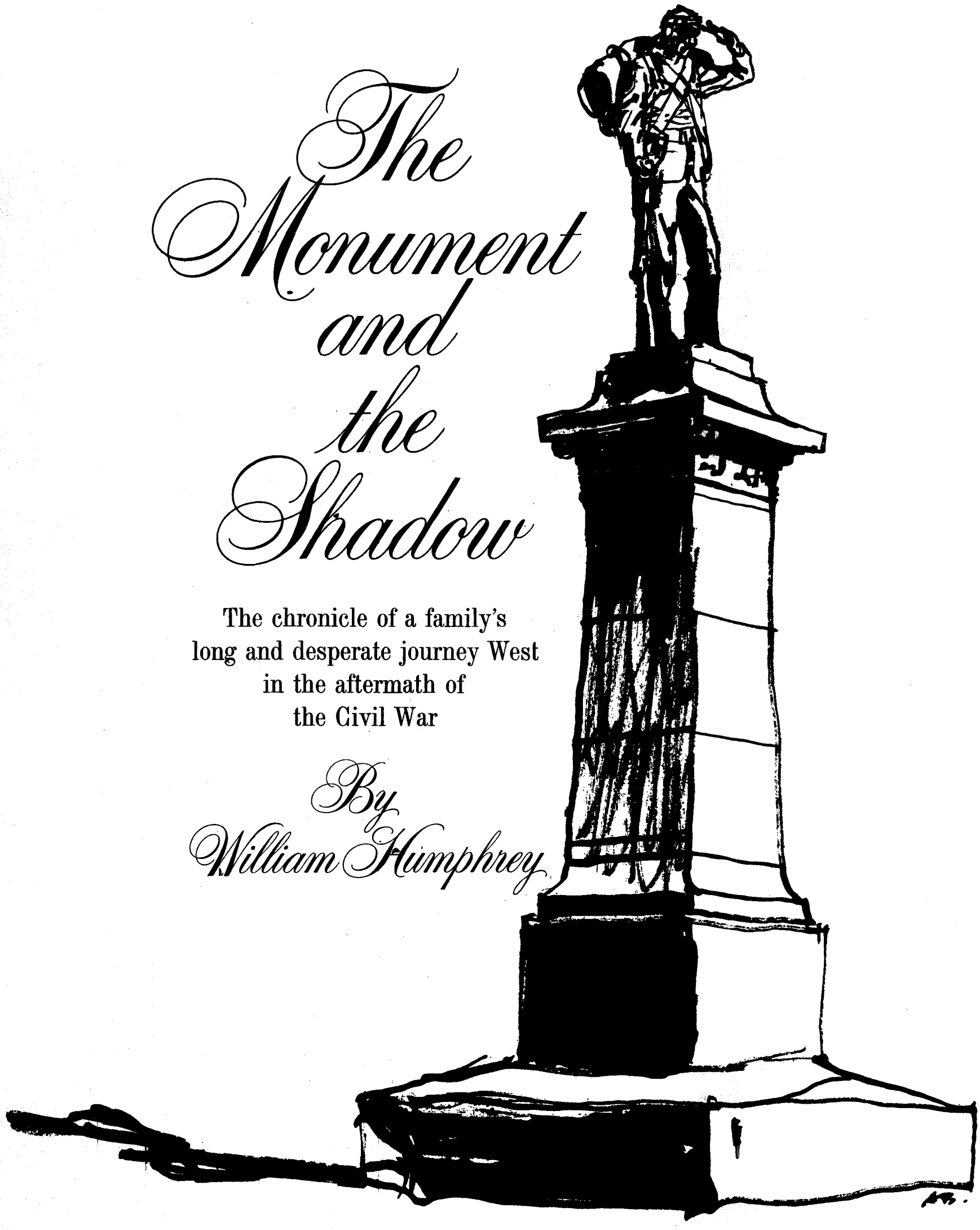
now in the Lincoln Continental tradition

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Monument and the Shadow

The chronicle of a family's
long and desperate journey West
in the aftermath of
the Civil War

By
William Humphrey



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Monument and the Shadow

Clarksville is in Texas—but only barely. Take a map and place the index finger of your right hand on Clarksville, your middle finger will rest in Oklahoma, your ring finger in Arkansas, and your little finger in Louisiana. It lies fifteen miles south of the Red River, on the road from the ferry which transported the first colonists to Texas. Standing on the edge of the blackland prairie, it was the first clearing they came to out of the canebrakes and the towering pines which choke the broad river bottom. Southerners, those first settlers were, and in the towns of northeast Texas, such as Clarksville, the South draws up to a stop. Mountain men, woodsmen, swampers, hill farmers, they came out into the light, stood blinking at the flat and featureless immensity spread before them, where there were no logs to build cabins or churches, no rails for fences, none of the game whose ways they knew, and cowered back into the familiar shade of the forest, from there to farm the margins of the prairie like a timid bather testing the water with his toe. The Texas of cattle herds and cowboys, of flat little sunswept towns with low sheet-iron buildings strung out along a single main street, the Texas of the West, lies farther on, in time as well as space. The shady streets of Clarksville radiate from a spacious square, from the plaza in the center of which, bedded in wild roses, rises a tall marble shaft surmounted by a Confederate foot soldier carrying a bedroll on his back and a canteen at his side, resting his musket and shading his eyes to gaze over the rooftops toward the southwest, in which direction the view is almost limitless.

We lived across town from the grammar school, and so I used to pass through the square each morning on my way to school. It was a long walk and I was usually behind time, often late. I was too young to own a watch, and the bells of the courthouse clock, which rolled out over the town like a peal of thunder, were no use to me; they measured time in gross quarter hours, whereas I was either late or on time for class by minutes—and a minute was as good as an hour for earning a demerit from Miss Addie Dinwiddie. But I had my own way of telling time, at least on clear days. The square was my sundial, its needle the monument rising from the plaza in the center. My way lay diagonally across from the northeast to the southwest corner, and the moment I entered the square I always knew by where the shadow of the statue fell in relation to the doorway of, depending on the season of the year, Athas' Confectionery or the Duke & Ayres store or the Gas Company on the west side, whether to walk or to run, or, since one might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, to dawdle. It was instinctive for me then, whether betimes or tardy, to cast a glance up at the soldier on top of his column. High above the workaday world, attended by swifts and swallows, he stood bathed in morning sunlight, proud, erect, unscathed. But in the twisted shadow which he cast upon the *bois d'arc* paving bricks his rifle became a stick to lean on, the pack on his back a symbolic burden of pain and tribulation, and the hand with which he shaded his eyes to scan the far horizon a hand held over sightless eyes to shield them from the view of others.

Daily they awaited me there, indivisible one from another: the strong young rebel in stone, carved in eternal undefeat, merely resting from the battle, and the broken shadow which

---

William Humphrey's first novel, Home From the Hill, *has been widely acclaimed since its appearance in 1958. The novella "The Monument and the Shadow" has been adapted from his second novel,* The Ordways, *which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., in February of 1965.*

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attested his solidity drawn out grotesquely upon the worn wooden bricks. Both were real to me; perhaps, indeed, the soldier in stone was myself, or what I should someday be, when my interminable childhood drew finally to an end; the other, the shadowy veteran, was a man whose spirit, whose blood, whose very name lived on in me. He it was whose wanderings had determined that I was born in Clarksville and not some other place. He was my great-grandfather, his name, the same as mine, was Thomas Ordway.

From the time he settled in the nearby farm hamlet of Mabry until his death twenty-five years later, Thomas Ordway was an all too familiar figure in and around Clarksville. He was a specter haunting the town, a reminder of events which everyone wished to forget, an object of universal pity and of unconquerable aversion. Watching him, his boy leading him by the hand, drag himself along the sidewalk like a half-crushed insect, each slow deliberate step seeming to require a separate resolution and the remarshaling of all his shattered faculties, hearing the *tap-tap-tap* of his cane on the pavement and smelling that odor arising, despite the twice-daily changing of the wrappings, from his suppurating legs, men shuddered and turned their heads. Time passed more slowly in those days, brought fewer changes, hardly seemed to pass at all, and forty years later, visiting our family burial plot at Mabry on graveyard working day and standing over his mound, they shuddered afresh as that old lazarus of their youth rose up before their mind's eye. My grandfather, down on his knees tending his father's grave as in life he had tended the helpless man, was only repeating what as a boy he had overheard from them, when he said, "Better if he had never been born."

Thomas Ordway's war against the Union was over almost as soon as it began. Hit by shrapnel in the first day's fighting at Shiloh, he had been blinded on the spot, and both his legs, which were never to heal, so shredded they had looked like boiled soup shanks. He had been a dirt farmer, had tilled the same small stony hillside plot that his father and his father's father had tilled, in Tennessee, before the war. In Clarksville he made a living caning chairs, my grandfather being put when he was old enough, which is to say before he was old enough, to gather and to peel the willow wands he used and to split the hickory splints. He wove baskets, plaited buggy whips, netted seines which were highly prized by fishermen up and down the river. He knitted: sweaters, socks, stocking caps. He became quite a knowledgeable man, and there were those who would have braved that odor for the pleasure of his conversation, but he took their overtures for pity, to which he was even more hypersensitive than to the repugnance he knew he aroused, and repelled them gruffly. Uneducated, barely literate, he turned in his blindness to books, and at night after his wife Ella and the boy were asleep, the girl would read to him until she began to drowse and lose her place. His reading added to the reputation which blindness had automatically conferred on him among the simpleminded of being something of a wizard. Water-witching powers were attributed to him, but always out of his hearing, for he rejected the imputation with scorn and anger. His learning was fragmentary (which may have helped to make it seem oracular), broken by odd gaps, limited by the range of books available to him in the few private libraries of Clarksville at that date, and the fact that often the owner of a certain work possessed only three or four of the six or eight volumes of a set. Someone in town, taking the precaution to do it anonymously, had made him the gift of the one thing he was ever heard to wish aloud for, a dictionary. At first, instead of a key to other books, it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advertisement

New kind of Health Insurance Plan

PAYS YOU FOR STAYING WELL

Cash to help with hospital and medical bills when you're sick or hurt.

Generous cash benefits when you're sick or hurt . . . yet money back if you stay healthy

Steadily rising medical costs have put millions of Americans in a dangerous spot. Their present health insurance is no longer enough. (Recent figures released by the American Hospital Association show that the average cost of one day's stay in a hospital has more than doubled in the last 10 years—from $18.35 to $36.83.)

Today, when sickness or accident strikes, most folks will find that instead of their health insurance paying the big share of the bills, they have to come up with the lion's share out of their own pocket. Until now there have been only two ways to solve this serious problem: You could gamble on never being sick, or take out more health insurance that you might never use.

Now, all this is changed. The insurance company that already protects millions of individuals and families from coast to coast has come up with a new answer. A new kind of policy that pays off sick or well . . . that says *you must collect*.

Like ordinary health insurance, this plan pays generous cash benefits for covered sickness or accidents off the job. These benefits are paid directly to you in cash . . . over and above what you get from any other insurance. But, unlike ordinary policies, with this plan you don't have to be sick or hurt to get paid! If you stay well . . . if you don't need the protection, you get money back. Instead of simply paying premiums which return nothing if you have no claims, you get a cash refund at maturity. In effect, you have built an extra savings account.

Even if you use up part of the benefits provided for hospital room, doctor bills and surgeon's fees, you still get cash back as a contingent premium refund when your policy matures. All the unused benefits come back to you in a lump-sum cash payment. In other words, the policy *must* pay off. You must collect.

This revolutionary policy, NC-701, is offered by Bankers Life and Casualty Company as part of the famous White Cross Plan of low-cost, high-quality protection. More than six million Americans now look to the White Cross emblem for security and peace of mind.

The complete story of this remarkable "money back" plan is told in the Blue Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you absolutely free by Bankers Life and Casualty Company.

††**To get your copy of the Blue Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free airmail reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation for this service.**

Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well you must collect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a joy in itself, and he loved having it read aloud to him. But becoming discouraged at the number of words he did not know, he discontinued. His favorite reading was the Bible (which he was wildly credited with knowing by heart and being able to recite from any set passage on to the end), his favorite books Chronicles and Psalms. His greatest consolation was music—strange consolation, as even the sprightliest tunes saddened him—his greatest regret that he could play no instrument, nor even carry a tune, for he would never permit himself to go where music might be heard, not wishing to spoil the pleasure of others by his presence.

He was not so hideously disfigured by his wounds as he imagined—though the first sight of him was always a shock—and the worst of them, that to his eyes, did not immediately show. Outwardly they were unimpaired, seemed in fact to have been miraculously spared by that shell fragment which had deeply gashed his forehead; and as his hearing, in compensation, had grown extra sharp, so that he turned with unerring accuracy toward every sound, it was possible for strangers to hail him, only to find that the bright brown gaze turned upon them was blind. The extreme instance of this dated from the time in Arkansas, on their way to Texas, when a chivalrous man on the gallery of a crossroads store where they stopped for a moment had offered to thrash him for letting a woman in his wife's condition lead their team while he sat in the shade on the wagon seat, not realizing until too late that he was blind, and never realizing that in his blindness he was ignorant of his wife's condition. Old Thomas Ordway was said to have been amused by the recollection of this incident, perhaps because it was a tonic to the pity, piety and abhorrence with which, like the broken idol of a discredited creed, or as if he were the victim of a blood sacrifice that had been botched, he was generally treated.

Consideration for the feelings of others could not keep him from attending Clarksville's annual Memorial Day services. There his wounds entitled him to the place of deference. It was he, blind and lame, who set the pace of the veterans' parade. This used to start from the square, where, in their grays and butternuts, brushed napless, smelling of cedar chests, the old soldiers gathered to await the commencement of the day's ceremonies. There was still no monument to their honor there at that time. From the square they marched, limped, straggled out south, over the bridge to Washington Street, where they did a right turn up the hill and past the tabernacle to the cemetery for the speech-making and the wreath-laying.

Intended as a day of mourning for the war dead, Memorial Day, in the South, had quickly become a day for celebrating rather the glorious cause for which the dead had fallen. Orators, for whom the occasion was not without bearing on the next elections, fanned more and more patriotic fire out of the ashes of sorrow, and they began to find the presence of Thomas Ordway there in the front row of seats, a ring of vacant ones setting him apart, with that fixed and empty gaze of his, an accusation and an embarrassment. So did the other, unwounded veterans. They had come to think of the day as their annual get-together rather than one to honor their dead comrades-in-arms, and to their reminiscences of youthful high-jinks and derring-do they found that broken, groping, stinking figure a hindrance. They suspected him of subversive reservations as to the truth and beauty of what they had done, even of doubts as to the justice of the cause for which they had fought. They did not know that to those speeches which his presence alone was enough to render tawdry and indecent, no heart among them swelled more enthusiastically than his. That when a man has given everything to a cause he cannot disavow it, but must cling to the last to that which has betrayed him.

When the war memorial was unveiled Thomas Ordway was present, and it was this, his last appearance in public (he died shortly after), which lingered in the memory of many who visited our family plot in Mabry each year on graveyard working day. The entire county, black and white, young and old, had been there that day. From the platform on the plaza, draped in Confederate flags, visiting dignitaries made dedication speeches lauding those who had made the supreme sacrifice, and those there present, more fortunate but no less courageous, who had survived the crusade. Then the rope was pulled, the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hold it!"

Help stamp out runny noses.

Just one Contac® capsule works up to twelve hours to relieve sniffles, sneezes and stuffy nose. Contac is today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy.

MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES, Philadelphia, Pa.
Proprietary Pharmaceuticals made to Ethical Standards

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veil came fluttering down, the applause went up, subsided, and as the first of many pigeons alighted on the soldier's head, a solitary off-key voice accompanied by the tapping of a stick on the wooden paving bricks began to sing:

In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie Land.

The less well-to-do of Clarksville—which included the Ordways—were at most one generation removed from the farm, and all had country kin, and once a year, in late October, after crops had been gathered and after the first frosts had brought hog-killing time with presents from the farm of fresh pork sausage and sorghum syrup, after the west winds sweeping in off the prairie filled with the rustle of dry cornstalks and the rattle of empty cotton bolls had stripped the trees and dumped a blizzard of yellow leaves upon the streets before blowing themselves out, there came a Saturday when we got up early, and finding the weather clear and still put on old clothes, packed a lunch basket and drove out of town to our ancestral homes for graveyard working day. In our case this was to Mabry, ten miles due west from Clarksville, where among the cedars and the now bare-branched elms beside the small white clapboard church my father's people all lay buried.

Although it was thirty years and more, at the time I am writing about, since any Ordway was buried there, ours was the biggest, that is, the most populous plot in the entire graveyard, containing as it did every Ordway who had ever died in the New World, most of whom never in their lives set eyes on Mabry. In addition to his own, his wife's, his first-born son's and his daughter's, there were the graves of all his ancestors and kin whose bones and mouldering remains old Thomas Ordway, my ghoulish great-grandfather, in fleeing Tennessee and vowing never to return, had disinterred and brought to Texas with him. Fondly spoken of in the family by nicknames conferred upon them by the various kegs in which that all-too-filial son had packed their relics for the journey, these reached as far back as old "Blackstrap" Dismas Ordway, my great-great-great-grandfather, and Amy, his wife, known with affectionate irreverence as "Old Sourmash." And Dismas begat Aubrey, called "Old Tenpenny" on account of his ossuary, a nail keg, and Aubrey took to wife Genevieve, whose dust had come west in a cask which lent her the title "Granny Blackpowder." These and many others, courtesy great-aunts and great-grand-uncles whose precise relation to one another and to me must needs be reestablished each graveyard working day, lay awaiting their yearly maintenance like so many patients in a hospital ward the coming of the nurse to make their beds, and while so doing to reassure them that they have not been altogether forgotten in the world outside.

The gray stone faces of my ancestors—how clearly I see them still! Bearded with moss, freckled with fungus, bathed in tears when the rain fell, inclining this way and that as though in whispered conversation with one another. Each had, for me, taken on the aspect of its owner: here a high bald dome, pinched features formed by the cramped and scanty epitaph, here a crack like a scar across a cheek, a pair of small round old-fashioned spectacles formed by a double-O in the text: my family album in stone. Barely legible by now, I suppose; even in my childhood some of the older ones could scarcely be made out, effaced by those prairie winds which, laden with grit, are like a sandblast—yet carved upon the tablets of my memory as with a chisel. My people, my dead, with each of whom, I was taught to believe, and in those days still did, I should one day sit down and converse. To them I owed my features, my voice, the strengths and weaknesses of my mind and body. Their migrations had determined that I was born where I was and not some other place. Before I could become myself, as according to the biological law, ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, I would first have to live through the lives of those who had produced me.

As it exists in my mind today, the story of Thomas and Ella Ordway is a series of stereoscope views, like that trayful of them in my grandfather's house with which I whiled away many evenings of my childhood. In black-and-white (my memories belong to the pre-Kodachrome era) speckled, yellowed, the subjects staring self-consciously at the photographer, above them a filterless bald overcast gray sky. Our viewer likewise was pre-battery lit, pre-pushbutton plastic: an antiquated and clumsy apparatus with a hood for the eyes and a cutout for the nose, a large wooden handle and a track along which the cardholder slid. You put one of the cards into the rack and moved it back and forth until it swam into focus, and you beheld twin ladies seated on twin cliff edges. Then you waited, and after a time (it was a little like sobering from drink) this slightly sickening double image began to merge, the two pictures became one. Simultaneously the picture space opened inward, the flat vista behind the now single young lady plunged into perspective and the perilous chasm gaped beneath her feet. So it is now with my collection of mental views—older by some thirty years, faded, spotted, curled with age; yet if I wait, the scene will come into focus, and those old pictures first printed on my mind by my grandfather as we raked the mounds and cleared away the weeds and set the fallen stones upright, and later as we lingered over dinner on the ground on Mabry graveyard working day, sharpen, open inward, and as it was then with the stereoscope, it is as if I have been drawn bodily through the lenses. . . .

Eight days after the battle, the field at Shiloh was still strewn with corpses and with the carcasses of horses with bloated bellies, their stiffened legs sticking out like toppled equestrian statues. White-clad stretcher bearers wearing white face masks carried corpses to wagons which when loaded lumbered away drawn by teams of six mules in tandem, to be replaced by others returning empty for more. Meanwhile in the area not yet cleared, black-clad women wearing bandanas over their mouths and noses revolved among the bodies, bent as though gathering firewood or picking cotton, and like cotton pickers crooning a steady low lament, broken occasionally, as a body was turned face up, by a wail of recognition. Flies were thick and buzzards hung overhead in the soft spring sky like kites on strings. Ella Ordway also remembered and later told her son, and when she herself was a memory he told her great-grandchildren of a man seen hanging by the neck from a limb of a tree and slowly spinning, with, pinned on his chest, a sign which read, "He was caught robbing the dead." She was told that a number of bodies had been discovered with the ring fingers missing. The women searchers had formed a posse. They had surprised him the day before Ella's arrival in the act of extracting a gold tooth from a corpse's mouth, and had lynched him on the spot.

And even on the eighth day afterward the line of wagons waiting outside the commandeered cotton shed where Ella Ordway was told to go was like the line outside the compress at the height of ginning season. Some, like hers, with one mule where there ought to have been two harnessed to the tongue, and equally wobbly; others sound, tight, painted, drawn by well-fed teams; all driven by those who had been left at home, fathers too old to fight, wives and mothers, some with infants at the breast. Nor was she the only one to have thought to provide herself, figuring they would be in short supply, with a coffin.

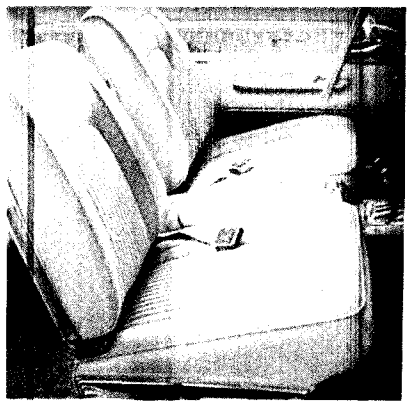
The relatives were not allowed inside the shed. Soldiers, two by two, took the coffins inside—those who had not brought their own were given one—six returned with it on their shoulders and slid it onto the wagonbed. There the parents or the wife were allowed to view the body; when they nodded, the carpenter nailed the lid down. As her turn neared and her wagon drew closer to the door, Ella could see inside as the soldiers went in and came out. The bodies lay in rows on the floor, covered with blankets, except for those which had been sewn into cotton sacks coated with paraffin wax. Of these bundles some bore only a semblance of human shape; some among them were only half length. The old man ahead of Ella Ordway had apparently seen that he was being given one of these cotton sacks. When his coffin was brought out it was already nailed shut. Ella Ordway overheard him say to the soldiers, "Men, are you sure? I don't ask to be shown, but are you sure it's my boy in there?" So when her turn came and her coffin was taken inside and she heard hammering on the lid and it was brought out, she signed the receipt without a word. She was sent to another barn where she was given his effects, his watch and her last letter to him, all that was found on him. The officer in charge there insisted on having the wagon filled with hay for her mule. A native of Nashville, he recognized the address on the envelope and knew the length of the trip home which lay ahead of her. He also insisted that she take a loaded horse pistol, almost as big as she was, to defend herself with.

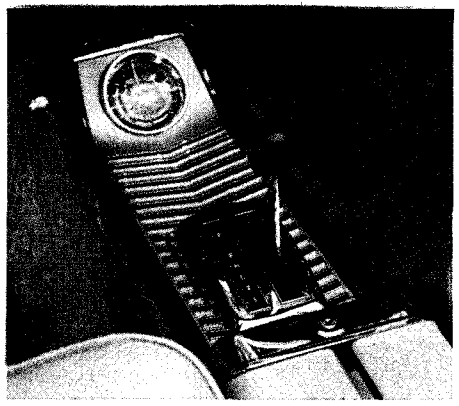
In planning his death, Thomas Ordway had overlooked two things, or rather three. First, that he belonged to an army drawn from a race of idolaters of the dead like himself, that never since the early Greeks had any body of fighting men lost more opportunities to pursue and harry a retreating enemy in order to gather and identify and notify the next of kin of and render obsequies to their fallen comrades, and that even had his wife appeared another week later they would promptly have detailed a squad to go and dig him up for her, to be taken home to lie among his kin. Only it was not necessary. He had not been buried yet. There were too many of them, and as he had been among the first casualties, and his telegram had gone out in the first batch, and as she lived within the state, she was expected. Second, his wife—

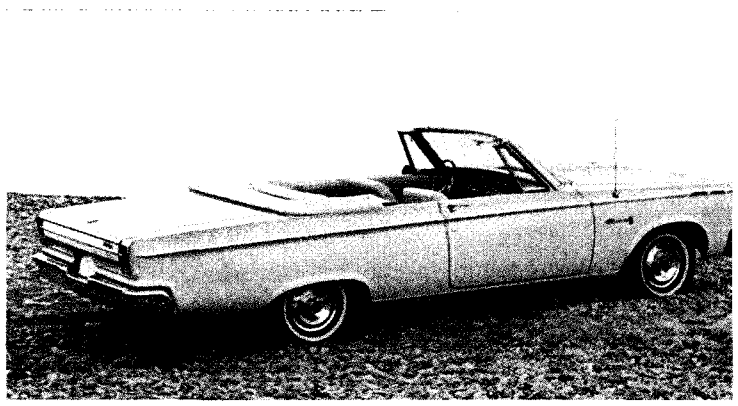
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Go out there and play as you've never played before."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







Getaloadathat!

Coronet 500:
The newcomer that's
a real goer.
Hot Dodge . . . new lower price.
Looks outside . . .
luxury inside.
Buckets on the floor,
eight under the hood.

Rarin' to go?
Grab that stick—off in a shot.
Coronet:
a far cry from the ordinary,
a whale of a car for the cost.
Drive in it . . .
dream in it.
See what we mean?
Dodge comes on big for '65.

'65 Dodge Coronet

DODGE COMES ON BIG FOR '65 • DART • CORONET • POLARA • CUSTOM 880 • MONACO

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STARTLE A BUCK in a flame-colored forest in Texas! Thousands of whitetail roam the hills. To the West, the great blacktail and antelope. Record bass leap in a hundred lakes. Look up—the sky is crossed with duck and geese. Listen—wild turkey! Adventure waits for you in living color in West Texas!

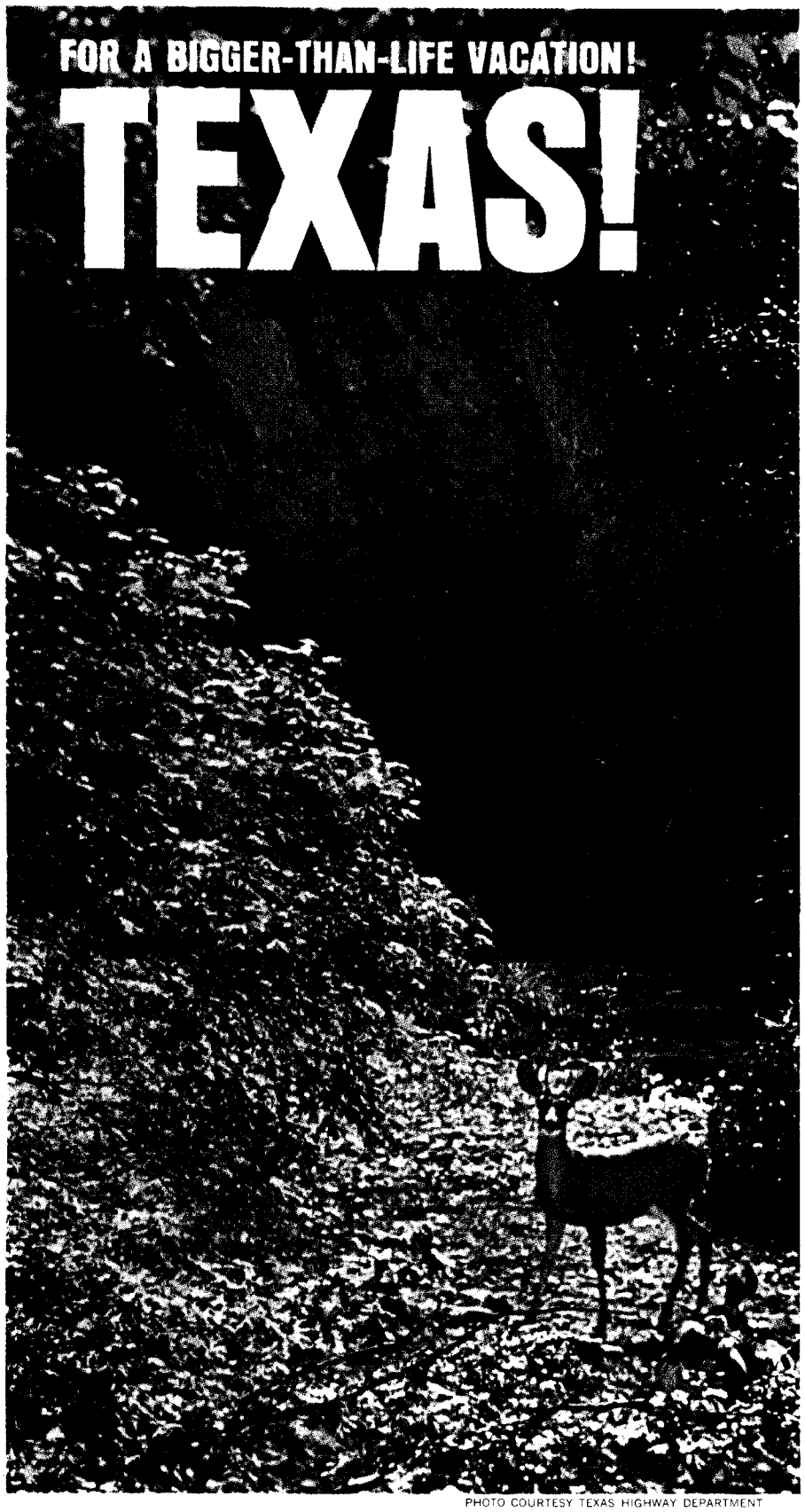


PHOTO COURTESY TEXAS HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT

WEST TEXAS

TEXAS TOURIST DEVELOPMENT AGENCY
Box TT, Capitol Station • Austin, Texas

Please send me the Texas Highway Department's free "Fun-tier Folio" with suggestions on things to do and see and places to visit in Texas.

Name _____

Street _____

Town or City _____ State _____

1

Monument and the Shadow

that the very devotion which he sought to avoid a lifetime of indebtedness to would surely bring her, by day and by night, and even if it killed one mule, a mere three hundred and fifty miles to fetch him home, knowing he would never rest peaceful until he was laid beneath the dove-haunted cedars on that knoll down back of the house where every other known and remembered Ordway lay. Even so, he might have gotten away with it but for the watch, and an impostor be lying in that grave in Tennessee, and his descendants would never have sat above his bones in Mabry graveyard listening to the tale of how they came to be there. And even so, he almost did get away with it, because Ella Ordway was halfway home again before she looked at the watch, having instantly conceived the notion that it had stopped running when he died, that if she should open it (it was one of those with a closed face, a hinged cover released by pressing the stem) she would see the hands pointing to the exact moment of his death. So instead she waited until sometime during the third night when, lying in the hay alongside the coffin, she awoke with no sense of the hour and in the dark opened the watch and moved the hands and wound the stem and set it going. And even after seeing that it was not her husband's watch—which was the following morning when she stopped a man on the road and asked him the time—Ella Ordway still drove on toward home, saying to herself, they must have made a mistake back there in that office. Putting herself in that officer's place and thinking, with so many to sort out and label and keep track of he must have gotten two watches mixed. Wondering how she was going to get it back to him. Telling herself then that maybe since leaving home her husband had swapped watches with some man. Not daring to admit the thought already pounding on the door of her mind, she urged the mule on still harder, the coffin jouncing on the bedboards. He had my letter on him, she said. She felt for it in her pocket. It was there. Then saying to herself finally, if I don't look I'll never know the difference. If I just go on home and dig the grave and bury it, then it will be too late to do anything about it, too late to worry about it. If I find it's not him I'll have to take it back, and then I'll have nothing. Then I will never know where mine lies buried, or even if he does. But if I go on home and bury this coffin then I can always believe I have him. If it's not him I'll never know. And what I don't know won't hurt me. Believing it's him in time will make it so.

Meanwhile Thomas Ordway lay in his bed in the improvised hospital, secure in the knowledge that he was safely buried by now, and that the unknown soldier whose memory had been destroyed along with his sight, and whose breath he drew, would not be long in following. For he did not know that in the darkness (his own, his personal and private darkness: to the rest of the world, as he had learned from overhearing the conversation of two orderlies who were carrying away those who had died in the night, it was morning, broad daylight) he had gotten the two watches confused. They were indistinguishable to the touch, and he had to hurry. While they were carrying away the dead man on his right he had put his letter from Ella in the hand of the one on his left and exchanged watches with him. Or thought he had. Instead he had returned his own watch to his pocket and the dead man's to his.

He also did not know that the brevet major in charge of the casualty records (he who had given Ella Ordway her husband's effects), when those who had been turned away at the cotton shed then had searched the battlefield without success, came to him, took them to look at this patient, first warning them what they were about to see, and admonishing silence. Around this one patient's bed a screen of blankets had been hung, for as he refused to eat, he had to be force-fed: the screen was to protect the other patients from this sight. Around himself the man had hung a curtain of despondency which nothing, not even yesterday's news that his legs would not have to be amputated after all, could draw aside. No identification had been found on him, nothing but a watch of ordinary make and middling value, and he could not remember who he was nor where he came from. The people who were brought to look at him one and all shook their heads and the curtains were dropped and they turned away, whether disappointed or relieved would have been hard to say.

The brevet major had argued with him—or rather, at him. To despair like this was wrong, he maintained. Things would not look so black, he said, conscious too late of the pun, when he was once more among his own people. They would restore his memory, and with it his will to live. Under the loving care of his mother, sisters, a wife if he had had one, the shock would gradually wear away. If it was earning a living that worried him, he was sure to be pensioned. Nor was his own usefulness at an end; there were lots of things he could still do. All the brevet major's arguments met with silence. The young soldier's face never changed expression; that is to say, never assumed any: it was like stone. And so these sessions always ended the same way, with the brevet major coming out from behind the curtains and ordering the patient to be fed. It took three men to do it.

At noon that day the little woman who looked hardly big enough to open a sardine can without help pulled up at a farmhouse gate and asked the man who came out and stood staring at the pine box riding amid the hay, soaked with water to keep it cool, for the loan of a crowbar.

"It ain't just curiosity, Mister," she said. "I have got reason to doubt." She heaved a sigh and said, "I ought never to have taken it without first making sure. I ought to have made them open it back there at that cotton shed. Here I've come all this way toward home. I can't go no further till I know, one way or the other. There ain't no getting around it."

"Little lady," the man had said, "it ain't likely they would make a mistake like that."

"You wouldn't think so, would you?" she said. "But with so many of them, you can see how it just might happen."

The women of the house stood looking on from the doorway, an older one, the farmer's wife, and a young one with a baby on her hip, his daughter-in-law or his own daughter come home to stay while her husband was away.

"I expect they just give you the wrong watch," the man suggested. "Or like you yourself say, maybe he swapped watches with one of his buddies since leaving home."

"I'm hoping that's all it is," she said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man studied her for a while, looked again at the coffin, then darting a glance up and down the road as if afraid of being observed, and impatiently motioning his women indoors, he told her to drive around back into the lot. He opened the gap for her and she drove through. He went into his toolshed, emerged carrying a rusty crowbar and a claw hammer. He came to the side of the wagon and stood looking over the sideboards at the coffin, at the rim of its lid studded with bright new nails. He shook his head. "I'm liable to split them boards," he said.

"I never meant for you to do it," she said.

"Be a shame," he said. "I don't see how I could help but split them with this dang crowbar."

"I'll be much obliged to you," she said.

Next I imagine, remember, see the wagon crawling along the road, headed east, the one undersized and undernourished mule hitched to the tongue, on the seat holding the reins the tiny woman in the sunbonnet and the rusty black dress. Behind her a stretched tarpaulin forms a pup tent over the forward section of the wagonbed. The mule's gait is spastical. The wagon creaks, the bed rocked like a boat by the regular-irregular turning of the wobbly wheels, the worn eccentric hubs grating and screeching on the dry ungreased axletrees and flinging the light little woman about like a rag doll. Yet despite this shaking, her head nods steadily lower, and as hers does, so does the mule's. Then when a wheel rides over a bump and the wagon groans and then settles with a crash and from underneath the tarpaulin comes a human groan, she jerks awake, casts a quick glance over her shoulder, then shakes the reins and the mule starts and lunges into the traces. Gradually her head begins to droop again, again the mule nods with her, his pace slackening like a wind-up toy running down. Once he comes to a dead stop. For some time the wagon sits in the road, the mule asleep in the traces, the woman asleep on the seat. Then she comes awake, casts a hurried and frightened look beneath the tarpaulin, then slaps the reins, turning the mule aside and off the road. She climbs stiffly down, planting her small foot carefully in the spokes of the wagon-wheel. She goes to the rear of the wagon, lets down the tailgate, fills her arms with hay and returns and throws the hay down in front of the mule. She gathers sticks and a handful of dead grass and carefully strikes one of her few matches and blows up a flame. From underneath the wagon seat she takes a blackened pot and from her pocket extracts a large black iron spoon. She sets the pot on the fire and slowly stirs the contents, the spoon making a dull clatter against the sides. For a moment, lulled by the sound and the flames, she relaxes the taut grip she has kept on her face, her eyes glaze, her lips part, and over her features spreads an expression of dumb resignation, bleak hopelessness. She sighs, or starts to sigh and catches herself, gives her head a shake, and the pot having begun to steam, she lifts it by the bail with the handle of the spoon. She goes to the rear of the wagon, darts a look up and down the road, finds it empty and lifts her skirts and clambers into the wagonbed. Underneath the tarpaulin a man lies in the hay. A bloodstained bandage like a turban is wrapped around his head. His trousers are slit and both legs wound in bloodstained bandages. His eyes stare unblinking at the sunlit white cloth overhead. She crouches, raises his head, dips the spoon in the broth and holds it to his lips. His mouth clamps shut. She holds the spoon there. After a while she spills that spoonful back into the pot, refills the spoon and again holds it to his lips. His mouth remains shut tight. She lays him back in the hay, rises and goes to the rear of the wagon and climbs down and puts the gate up again. She eats, mechanically, a few mouthfuls herself. She scatters the fire and climbs back on the wagon seat, shakes the reins and once again the mule lunges into the traces and resumes its stagger. The wagon creaks. From underneath the tent the man begins to speak, his voice worn and dry, like the sound of the hubs grating on the worn axles:

"You're a young woman still. After the war is over you'll get married again, a man that can look after you, provide

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're a disgrace to the uniform!"

NEXT YEAR'S STYLES

are here right now in the fashion salons of Texas. You'll see Diors, Balenciagas and America's best—plus look-ahead answers for the lady with a budget. At night the cities sparkle with concerts, opera and plays. And famous supper clubs feature the world's very best entertainers—in exciting East Texas!

DESIGN BY HELEN ROSE

EAST TEXAS

TEXAS TOURIST DEVELOPMENT AGENCY
Box TT, Capitol Station • Austin, Texas

Please send me the Texas Highway Department's free "Funtier Folio" with suggestions on things to do and see and places to visit in Texas.

Name _____

Street _____

Town or City _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who helps save lives in my country?

Today there are over 100 countries in which Parke-Davis distributes its products—medicines manufactured in 27 plants located throughout the world. In addition to supplying medicines, Parke-Davis works with health officials, physicians, pharmacists, clinics, and hospitals to promote better health in these countries.

For the global traveler, this means that prescriptions for many Parke-Davis products can be filled almost anywhere in the world as reliably as back home.

For people in many places—Asia; Europe; Australia; Africa; South, Central and North America, and the islands of the seas—the world-wide scope of Parke-Davis service means even more. It means that a new era in health progress is now possible in these 100 nations—with the latest medical information from research centers and with prompt availability of new medicines.

Diseases that have shackled the health—and the economies—of many countries now can be controlled. Others are being investigated by Parke-Davis. The purpose: to help people everywhere live longer, healthier and more productive lives.

PARKE-DAVIS

BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for you and the children. If you loved me you would. It would be a kindness. I beg you. I'm not asking you to do it yourself. Just leave me something in reach, something I can do it with myself. It would be done in a minute. No one else need ever know. If you loved me as you say you do. . . ."

She sits erect and impassive on the wagon seat, bouncing and swaying violently with the motion, dry-eyed, her lips set, shaking her head, turning finally to say, "Hush, now. We're coming to some people on the road. You don't want them to hear you taking on thisaway. Try to rest. It won't be much longer now before we're home. Ssh. Hush, now. Just lie quiet and try to get a little sleep." At the word "sleep" her own eyes close longingly. But when shortly the road begins to climb, she gets down from the seat (as if her weight made any difference) and walks alongside the slowly turning, grating wagon wheel.

Women must feed us. At the breast, with the spoon, at table. Food is their medium, their meaning; rejection of it therefore strikes at their deepest urge, denies their function, and thus arouses their determination, calls up all their stratagems. Not only Ella Ordway but soon a conspiracy of all the menless women on the mountainside was bent on getting the invalid to eat. Never, even in the best of times, with much to spare beyond the needs of their own families, they nevertheless came bearing tempting gifts, whatever art and cunning could contrive of the sparse and simple materials at hand: baked bread, still smoking from the oven, which made the children swallow hard, hot honeybuns, savory soups, spiced meats. When it became known that his fast was broken, every woman felt a share in the triumph, and a vindication of her kind.

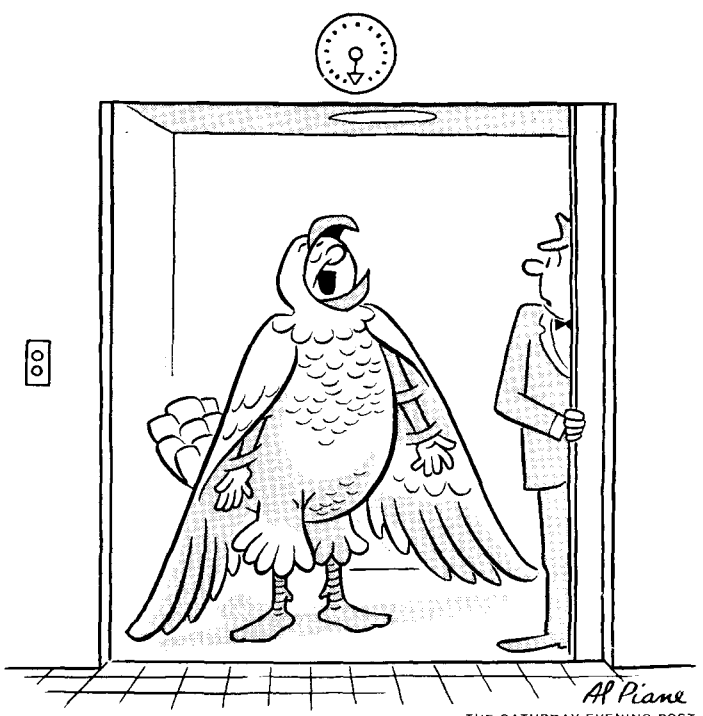
When they were unable to aid her in any other way the neighbor women gave Ella Ordway a morning's or an afternoon's work in the garden or in the field, or helped get out the wash, knowing she was tied indoors. For she seldom let him out of her sight, never out of the girl's easy call. She did not fool herself. She did not trust him. She hid his razors and refused to shave him. She hid the knives, even hid her sewing scissors. At night she slept on a pallet on the floor in the hall outside his door.

Meanwhile the war went on. There were scarcities in the stores. Prices soared. With the able men away the crops were thin, and that portion of them which ought to have been set aside for seed was eaten. Since February, Nashville had been under enemy occupation. Rumors of Federal requisition parties caused stock to be killed out of season, the meat quickly crammed into hungry mouths before it could go bad in the heat. And with each such alarm the lonely women whispered among themselves tales of rape.

Ella Ordway got him up at last, set him to sun himself on the porch, and smiled for the first time in months at her accomplishment. The bandages were removed from his head. His legs improved to the point that he could get about a bit. And so it vexed her especially that just as his appetite was improving the food should begin to give out. Then she awoke to realize that in her concentration on him the children had been neglected, had grown thin as two shadows. She felt their round hungry eyes following her as she carried the tray into their father's bedroom. And as the food worsened he developed a convalescent's finickiness. Visitors, hearing that he was up, came to call. He dreaded being seen. They tried not to notice the smell. The war had come closer and they could not keep it out of their conversations. If they tried to avoid it he noticed the effort. It was going slowly. At the mention of each reversal he seemed to shrink, as if he felt personally responsible, as if he knew that the sight of him must be dispiriting, a portent of defeat, something which might happen to their sons and husbands. As his strength returned he grew restless. His capacity to do himself mischief increased. It was more and more difficult to keep him under surveillance.

Unleavened bread, yes; they were unused to any other kind. But it was not the paschal lamb that the Ordways slaughtered before the flight from Tennessee, it was the family mule.

The milch cow had already been eaten. That was early in the fall, when Thomas



"Top Floor."

ESCAPE YOUR CARES

—escape the cold—on the golden shores of Texas! Choose a mile or two of empty dunes and gentle waves to call your own. Want a change? Romantic Mexico lies just across the Rio Grande. Take home souvenirs. Take home a tan. The sun is as warm as your welcome in South Texas!

FOR A BIGGER-THAN-LIFE VACATION!

TEXAS!

SOUTH TEXAS

TEXAS TOURIST DEVELOPMENT AGENCY
Box TT, Capitol Station • Austin, Texas

Please send me the Texas Highway Department's free "Funtier Folio" with suggestions on things to do and see and places to visit in Texas.

Name _____

Street _____

Town or City _____ State _____

PHOTO COURTESY TEXAS HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT
3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20 years from now... a Shell scientist?

• Young Mike here has what Shell prizes so highly in its research people: curiosity.

If all young Mikes *outgrew* this human asset (and how many do), there would be precious little exploring or discovery or invention—at Shell, or anywhere else in the world. Fortunately, curiosity can survive childhood; witness Shell scientists.

Curiosity impels Shell scientists to explore new techniques of sub-ocean drilling—like the TV-eyed robot that works at 1,000-foot depths, controlled by a crew on the surface.'

Curiosity has led to Shell chemicals which vastly increase crop yields... to adhesives stronger than the materials they join... and to more efficient gasolines and motor oils.

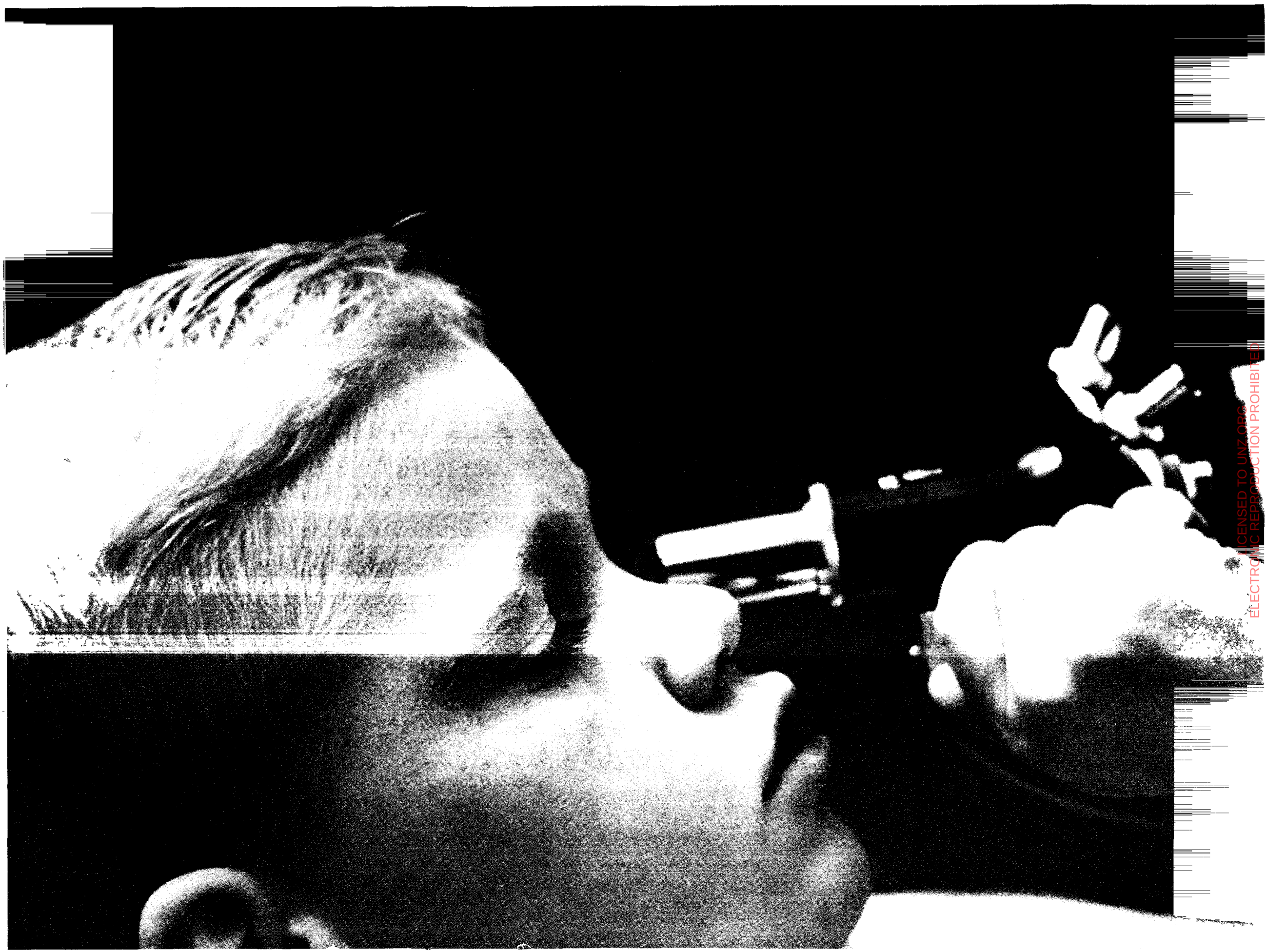
But curiosity, to be most fruitful, needs stimulus and direction. To help supply it, Shell supports a broad program of aid to education through student scholarships, research grants to universities and fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques.

Advancing the cause of creative curiosity is only one facet of Shell's constant pursuit of excellence... of new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company.*

SHELL

SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU

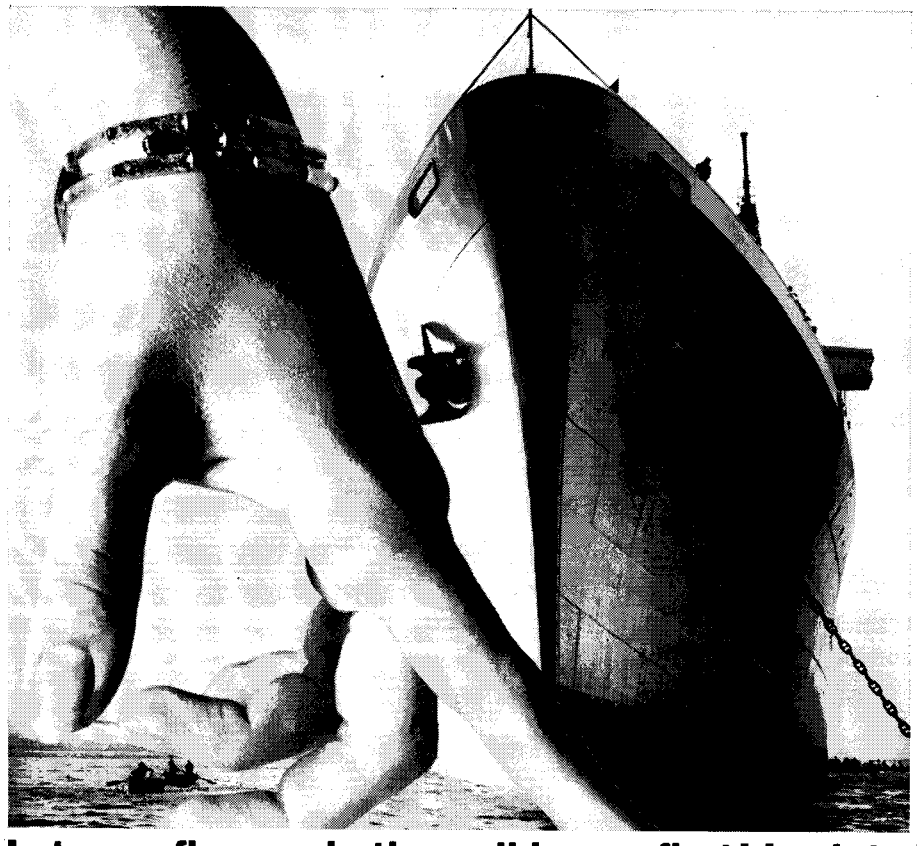
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG

soaring? touring?

sailing? railing?



Let your fingers do the walking . . . first! Look to The Yellow Pages for all your travel information. Find any product or service you may need. Before you go away . . . shop The Yellow Pages way!

Yellow Pages

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monument and the Shadow

Ordway had still to be watched over constantly, could not be trusted alone with himself, the ten-year-old girl relieving her mother at the post in full awareness of what she was on guard against, freeing Ella to go out to the barn to milk, out to the shed to split wood for the cookstove. Then the scrawny cow went dry and no bull was left in all the countryside to breed her to. So Ella Ordway sent down and got a neighbor who in exchange for the hide and one forequarter came up and killed and butchered her.

But in the spring she was ashamed to ask the man to come up again, or even send down and beg the loan of his block and tackle. For he knew there was only one animal left on the place. She was further ashamed, ashamed for her neighbor this time, foreseeing that he might offer to do the job for her on the same terms as before.

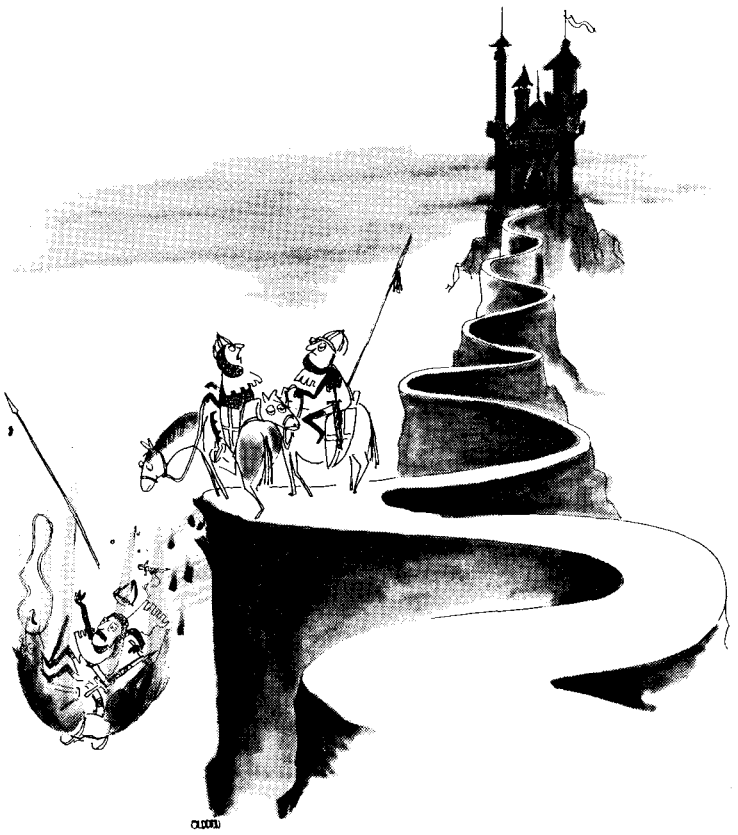
The crows had settled thick and bold upon the meager stand of corn. They perched upon the scarecrow's head and laughed. The boy was put to frighten them off, came home crying with humiliation for the contempt they showed for his size. What the crows did not get went for cornmeal for the table; the poor mule got none. By February its ribs were showing like a washboard and it had begun to gnaw the wooden railings of its stall.

Nobody loves a mule, and a farm woman loves no animal, except perhaps her cow. But she knows that upon the family mule depend their crops and their transportation. But now the Ordways faced starvation. Ella's pantry, her root cellar, her smokehouse were bare, no longer even smelled of food. One night after serving a supper which wrung her heart with shame, Ella Ordway made up her mind. Terrified of that long horse-pistol which that brevet major had given her, she spent the following morning at the grindstone sharpening a new point on the kitchen knife which she had deliberately broken off. That night after a still more wretched supper, and after the house was asleep, she got up and slipped outdoors. She took from underneath the washstand outside the back door the things she had secreted there earlier: the knife, two raw turnips and one wrinkled apple. She went out to the barn. She fed the mule the turnips and the apple and listened to him munching in the dark. She waited until he had finished, then as he nuzzled her begging for more, she felt along the bony ribs until she discovered the beat of the heart. She placed the knife between two ribs and shoved with both hands, then fled from the barn and ran to the house where for the rest of the night she lay shivering on her pallet on the floor. Next morning she found herself spattered with blood.

The children bowed their heads over their plates and closed their eyes, relishing the odor of hot meat, not only for itself but because it relieved that other odor which they spent their lives trying not to notice, not to flinch from, because already his hearing told him whenever anyone averted his head in speaking to him, that odor which was the war and her childhood to Helen Ordway. No grace was said. It was years later, in Texas, before Thomas Ordway thanked God for another meal. They had looked up after a time, and my grandfather could recall his sister telling how the tears ran down from her father's sightless eyes, and years later, and a thousand miles distant, remembering that sliced mule meat on her dinner plate and her father's dead eyes swimming in tears, she still wept. Retelling it to us on graveyard working day would bring tears glistening to my grandfather's eyes.

"I won't live in a country where things have come to such a pass the folks have to eat their mules," Thomas Ordway said.

It was the first indication he had given that he meant to live in any country. So when he pushed away his plate and pushed back his chair and got up from the table and felt his way to the door and out of the house, and Helen rose automatically to follow, to trail him, her mother motioned her back into her chair.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You and your, 'One more for the road.'"

Headache? take aspirin
Tension? take
Compōz®

You, perhaps, have experienced some of the uncomfortable effects of simple nervous tension . . . the tight, taut nerves . . . the feeling that it's difficult to cope with your daily responsibilities.

You won't put up with a headache. Why put up with simple nervous tension?

You don't have to! Compōz is the sedative for temporary relief of simple nervous tension. Compōz is available without a prescription. So, why let tension distress you? Why take it to bed with you and let it rob you of sleep? Take Compōz. Compōz is for people with responsibilities.

Compōz helps calm you to feel relaxed.

In convenient tablet form, Compōz does for simple nervous tension what aspirin does for headache. Both belong in your medicine cabinet—aspirin and Compōz. Just remember this common-sense rule: headache, take aspirin; tension, take Compōz. Get Compōz at any drug store and at drug counters everywhere. Twelve tablet tin, 98¢. Thirty tablet vial, $2.00

Tell every Psoriasis Sufferer you know:
PSORIASIS SYMPTOMS
RESPOND TO
PSOREX®

Psorex is a medication for the temporary relief of the symptoms of psoriasis. It contains purified coal tar. In *many* cases, psoriasis symptoms respond to Psorex. Gentle, soothing Psorex Cream can temporarily relieve the itching, redness and help remove the scales from all psoriasis trouble spots . . . the ears, neck, elbows, arms, hands and knees.

Rub Psorex on, rub temporary relief in!

Tell every psoriasis sufferer you know about Psorex Cream, available at any drug store without a prescription. And when the scalp is involved, there is Psorex Medicated Shampoo.

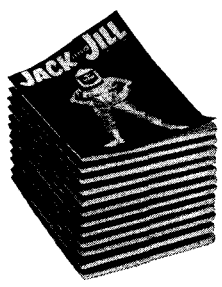
Psorex Shampoo gets the hair and the scalp more than just shampoo-clean.

Medicated with special ingredients, Psorex Shampoo can help those afflicted with psoriasis of the scalp. Its ingredients help relieve the itch associated with scalp psoriasis . . . help to remove dandruff scales, too.

If you are looking for relief from the many frustrations of psoriasis, ask your pharmacist for this great medication. For the body, arms, legs . . . all psoriasis trouble spots . . . use Psorex Cream. Rub Psorex on, rub relief in! Don't forget Psorex Medicated Shampoo for the scalp. Get Psorex *now*. No prescription needed. Distributed by The Jeffrey Martin Company, Union, New Jersey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mom,
what'll i do now?



JACK & JILL

JACK and JILL, DEPT. L-906,
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA., PA. 19105
Please enter subscription for _____year(s).

*send to:*_____
*street*_____
*city*_____*state*_____*zip code*_____
*sign my gift card*_____
☐ *bill me* ☐ *payment enclosed*
*order sent by:*_____
*street*_____
*city*_____*state*_____*zip code*_____

Prices for **JACK and JILL** *Subscriptions* (U.S. and Canada)
1 YR. $3.95 2 YRS. $6.95 3 YRS. $9.95
Each Additional Year $3

It's not so much a question as it is a call for help. When they're aged 4 to 10, they become bored quickly, need new worlds to conquer every half hour.

Oh, to have the time and patience to channel their energies and develop them along constructive lines!

We propose a yearly subscription to *JACK and JILL*, a magazine *just* for boys and girls from four-to-ten. It's a magazine of big and little adventures, animated with sparkling words and pictures, full of things to color and cut out, puzzles, and games, stories of fact, fiction and fancy . . . and specifically designed to capture that amazing little mind . . . to coax him into learning to think, reason and read whether he knows it or not!

That's quite a month-ful. And our editors like to think they do it every issue. Surely you *must* know a youngster worth the investment of 33 cents a month. One who wants his own name on a magazine that comes in the mail. Write down the name on coupon provided and mail to *JACK and JILL* today.

$3.95 . . . That's exactly all it costs for a whole year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When will your child <u>really</u> enjoy reading?

(and how you can help)

It Starts With Fun

It can be a long, hard road to that occasion when your child picks up his first book and reads it from cover to cover. When this is accomplished, however, your youngster is well on his way to becoming a self-starting and independent reader!

Guiding children to this point begins when they are very young. For their attitude is as direct and beguilingly simple as the youngsters, themselves; imagine a book with no pictures, nothing to color, cut out, no puzzles or games, no funny stories, no real stories, stories for Mom or Dad to read aloud, and above all, nothing to *look at* and explore imaginatively in any way you want.

Yet, these elements are vital because this is precisely the atmosphere in which your child's interest can be aroused, directed and developed through progressive steps to mature reading ability.

JACK and JILL is a monthly magazine for children, ages 4 to 10, which provides them with all sorts of things they want and at the same time, is constantly guiding them, stretching their minds and imaginations, stimulating creativity, keeping them constructively amused, improving their understanding and giving them a clearer view of the vast world in which they must learn to live.

JACK and JILL is a magazine of big and little adventures, animated with words, color and pictures to stimulate your child's interest in *wanting* to read, to understand, to know.

And all the while, JACK and JILL is the best of fun!

Pictures, Puzzles, Poems

Every monthly issue of JACK and JILL brings your child new pictures to color, to cut out . . . and to study. Some are sensitive story illustrations, some in cartoon and comic form, some are authentic historical photographs and natural history studies.

There are brightly illustrated word puzzles, tricky riddles, and basic number puzzles. They are always appealingly presented and lead the child naturally into a sense of participation and discovery on his own.

Poetry in JACK and JILL sometimes carries a message on manners, but is just as likely to tackle the phenomenon of thunder and lightning. Fun poems can range over school or sports; can be long . . . or short.

Fact, Fiction, Fancy

There is a fine sampling of history in any issue of JACK and JILL. Not over-burdened history but viewed, for example, as a walk through a famous city, the view of a capital from a riverboat, with attendant official photographs.

Fiction in JACK and JILL follows the broad scope of childhood's unlimited imaginative powers and the range is far too broad even to categorize. Fiction and fancy in JACK and JILL are presented in abundance and in many diverse and diverting manners. They cover a wonder world of adventure and a good deal of fun for sheer fun's sake!

"MY OWN" Magazine

You will find, among the nearly one million children who now receive JACK and JILL monthly, a pride of ownership unmatched by any adult magazine publication. Whether the magazine comes through the mail with the child's own name on it or is purchased at a newsstand, JACK and JILL is a possession happily anticipated, devoutly treasured, *saved* issue after issue.

Parents of JACK and JILL readers are convinced that nowhere in the world can you invest a penny a day in a more worthwhile gift for a child. A yearly subscription for 12 monthly issues costs only $3.95.

JACK & JILL

JACK and JILL
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, DEPT. L-907, PHILA., PA. 19105

Please enter a subscription for____year (s).

Send to: _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip Code* ____

Sign my gift card _____

☐ *Bill me* ☐ *Payment enclosed*

Order sent by: _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip Code* ____

Prices for **JACK and JILL** *Subscriptions* (U.S. and Canada)

1 yr. $3.95 **2 yrs. $6.95** **3 yrs. $9.95**

Each add'l yr. $3.00

WITH LOVE . . . FROM THE MAILMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Eat, children," she said. And they did.

"What, Grandpa? Eat *mule!* Phew!" we would exclaim, sitting over the remains of our feast.

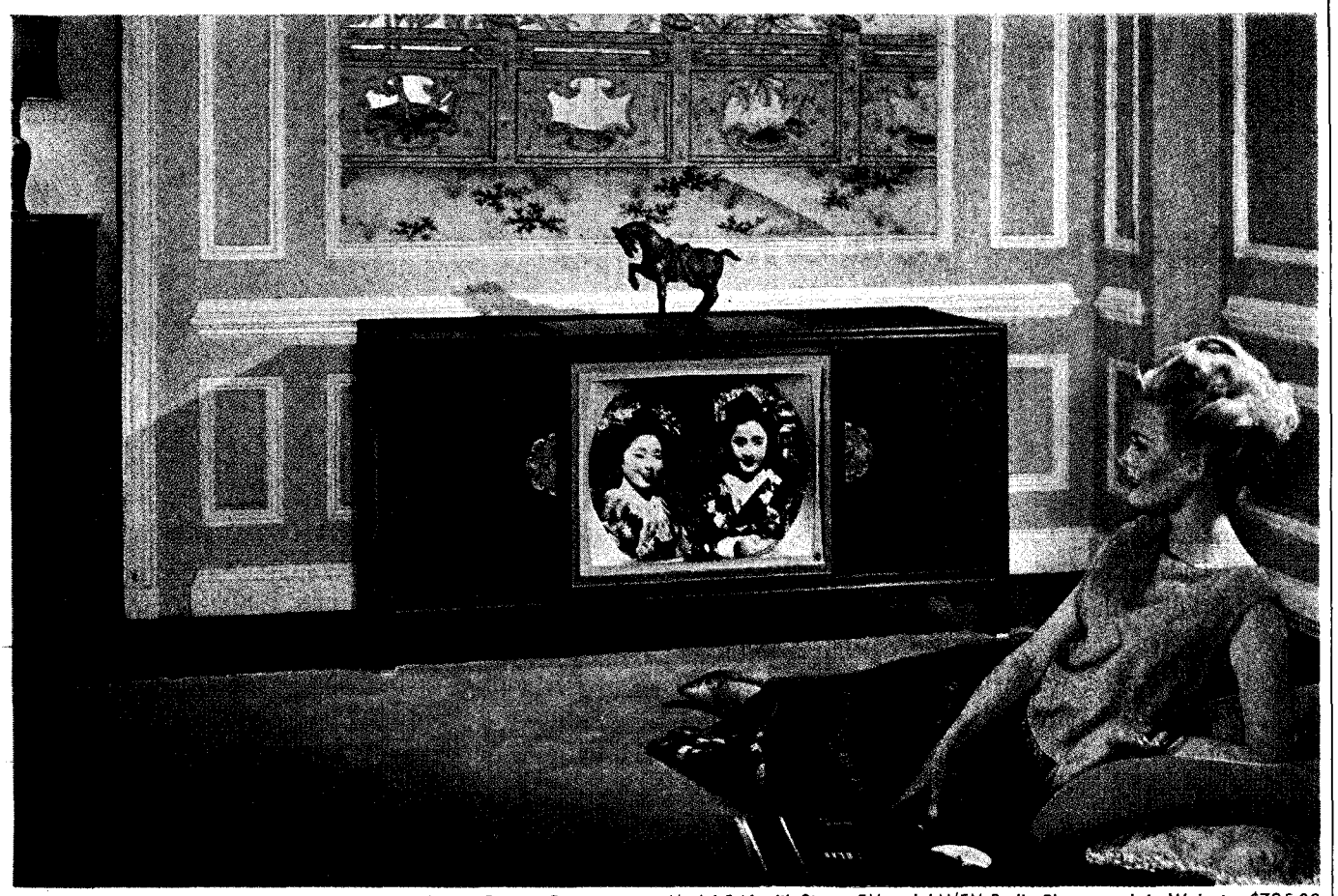
And my grandfather would say, "Ah, you all have never known what it is to go hungry. May you never know! Your Great-aunt Helen, poor soul, there she lies, used to say she never in her life ate anything that tasted half as good to her again as that old mule."

At that moment when old Thomas got up from the table that day we Ordways ceased to be Tennesseans. Five minutes more and it was settled that we should become Texans. This, however, was not Thomas Ordway's decision, it was Ella's, made as, unable to choke it down herself, she watched her children devour that proscribed meat which she had provided for them and hold out their plates to her for more. Had it been left to Ella, we Ordways would have been more Texan than we were, would never, once past Clarksville, have turned around and gone back. She wanted, as she was later to tell her son, to get clean out of mule country into cow-horse and cattle land. He, that son, was an added incentive for this. She knew about him before leaving home, claimed to have known from the start that he would be a boy, for like his brother and unlike his sister he announced his presence with immediate daily and violent spells of morning sickness. The time before, these had continued right up to the last, consequently she expected them to do so again, and so they did, from east Tennessee to Texas; notwithstanding this, she kept them from her husband's knowledge, fearing that he might think it a reason to postpone, or once underway to interrupt, possibly never to resume the trip; to her it was reason the more to set off, to push on.

It took some time to find a buyer for the farm; meanwhile they made their preparations, made them in the knowledge that they were leaving not just a home but a life. On credit, pending the sale of the place, they bought a new, rather a newer wagon. It was delivered with a team of his own by the man from whom they had bought it. To avoid questions or any odd looks, they had him unhitch and leave it in the lot; then, lacking a mule, they themselves drew it down to the family burial ground. They attacked the graves with spade and grubbing hoe. The stones were uprooted and laid on the floor of the wagon, bedded in straw. Thomas Ordway was proud of those stones, all the Ordways had been, proud to the point of offending their neighbors, for there, as later in Mabry, real dressed marble tombstones with engraved lettering were an enviable mark of family piety. Their combined strength not being equal to that of a half-grown boy, they got them into the wagonbed by inching them up an incline. When the stones were out, the graves were opened, the remains exhumed, packed, the containers labeled and stowed in the wagon. The children, watching forbidden from their hiding place, lost interest after a time and returned to their games.

No doubt the lingering aftertaste of that roast joint, along with the look of reproach which she read in the eyes of every mule, influenced Ella Ordway to spend half the money they got from the sale of the farm on a yoke of oxen. Gaunt, spectral white, draped in their ill-fitting hides, with deep dewlaps that swung like cowbells to their rolling gait, they looked, and were, half-starved; still they represented a ton of butcher's meat, and by then the Ordways were not the only ones to have had a taste of mule. This was all they were waiting for, and so in mid-April (it was hot, and about his head already hovered the escort of blowflies which, in warm weather, was to accompany him for the rest of his days) the Ordways set out, afoot all of them, to lighten the load, she with the boy trudging in the rear, he on his stubborn festering legs and blind as a bat, leading the way. Oxen must be led; they stray from the track unless guided by frequent nudges and taps with the goad. They are too unintelligent to respond to reins. Patient creatures, an eternity of servitude in their yoke-bowed necks, their plodding gait. And he, asserting his mastery, his independence of her oxlike devotion, plodding alongside them, fleeing his darkened land and groping his way along the sun's path, a young man still, but one who looked and moved like the figure of Time and about whom there clung the odor of death and decay, leading the bony oxen and being led himself by the bony barefoot little girl.

Their body of red water would come later. They would have it to cross, and for them the waves were not to part, but in their case this was to come at the end of the trek. For the Ordways stumbling out of the mountain fastness of northeast Tennessee it was downhill at the start, and for a long way, so steeply downhill much of the time that in order to



The Far Eastern Contemporary Model 546 with Stereo FM and AM/FM Radio-Phonograph in Walnut — $795.00

Now Magnavox brings you new dimensions in home entertainment— Magna-Color* with Astro-Sonic Stereo High Fidelity.**

*MAGNA-COLOR—the latest development in color TV—gives brighter pictures in dazzling colors—automatic color tuning that holds colors constant. Quick-ON in seconds. Selective monochrome pictures in beautiful sepia or black and white, as well.

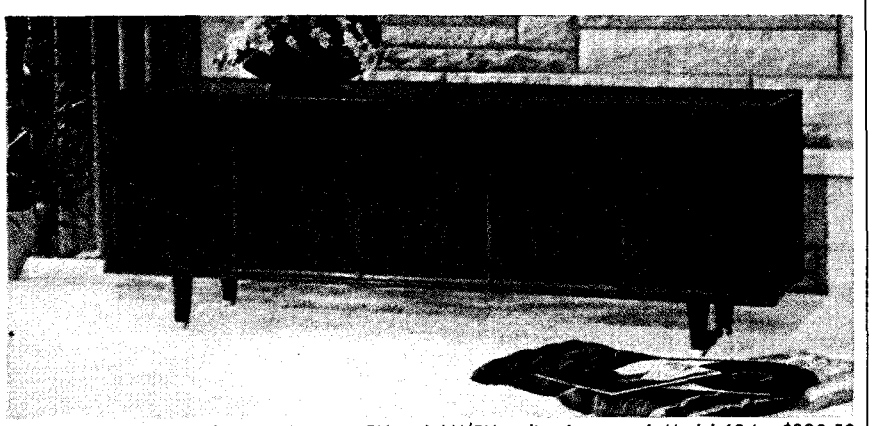
**ASTRO-SONIC Stereo High Fidelity is so revolutionary (no tubes), it is ten times more efficient than the tube sets it obsoletes—flawlessly re-creates the most beautiful music you have ever heard!

And Astro-Sonic gives you high fidelity sound with TV as well as stereo FM/AM radio-phonograph.

Only Magnavox gives you these great features. See the wide variety of elegant styles—in color TV from $449.50, Astro-Sonic consoles from $298.50—at your Magnavox dealer listed in the Yellow Pages.

the magnificent Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

The Italian Provincial Model 536 in French Walnut — $595



The Contemporary Astro-Sonic stereo FM and AM/FM radio-phonograph Model 624 — $398.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keep the wagon, with its ballast of tombstones, from overrunning the team, the brake levers had to be lashed down and the pads soaked regularly to keep them from bursting aflame. The wet brake pads steamed from the friction. The stiff-kneed oxen were pushed forward by their horns by the yoke. On these roads it was a good day when the Ordways made four or five miles, and including time out for rain, and more time after the rain had stopped, waiting for the road to dry, waiting even after other wagons were moving again, because those stones caused them to bog down in places where others got through, it was five weeks from the time of their leaving home that the Ordways reached Nashville.

The creak of any wagon whatever along the road sufficed to bring farmwomen, townwomen, too, to their front doors, to straighten the backs of plowmen in the fields alongside, to draw upright men leaning in chairs against the wall along the porches of stores: a hush ran before the passage of the Ordways and lingered in their wake. Women lowered their eyes and shooshed their children, men got to their feet and bared their heads and sometimes then held their hats over their hearts as is done whenever the flag or a funeral passes by. Storekeepers wherever they stopped pressed candy and cakes on the children. Helen Ordway was to remember this as the time of her life when she had eaten them the most, and to wonder what people meant when they recalled the scarcity of sweets during the war. Ella tried at first to refuse them. The craving in the children's eyes forced her to relent—that and the craving in the eyes of the storekeepers to be allowed some outlet for the feeling which the sight of her husband aroused. She tried then to ration them. But the war had weakened her discipline, especially over the boy, had sapped her strength to say no, to deny them any little pleasure when they were denied so much already. The boy had learned to wheedle, and though she sighed that he would ruin his teeth, he got his way. Later she was glad he had. At least he had had that, and she took comfort in her last years in the picture she retained of him sitting on the tailboard of the wagon or else trotting along beside her in the road, his cheek rounded with a jawbreaker like the pouch of a squirrel.

It was a country of women, children and old men through which they passed. Even boys of late adolescence—the "Seed Corn of the South"—were being called up now. To these fathers, mothers and wives, Thomas Ordway personified the calamity which they too had known, or the calamity which daily threatened them. That his blindness might have been congenital, or sustained in some private manner seemed to occur to no one; he was taken automatically for a casualty of the war. Perhaps it was the conjunction with his limp, or the redness of the scars on his brow—more likely it was the times: there were others, few so badly hurt as he, but others like him in most communities now.

Stopping by water in the late afternoon, they would make camp for the night. The oxen were hobbled to graze. Ella and the children gathered wood. Two fires were built. Over one his bandages were boiled, then these were hung to dry overnight on bushes out of sight. Over the other fire supper was cooked. As they stopped rather early in the day, the evening was long, and sometime during it they could generally expect a call from the owner of the land, or from his wife or widow. They came, especially the women, bearing gifts, more sweets for the children, and almost inevitably one of the dead husband's shirts or a pair of socks that had been knitted for him or a new pair of boots which he never got to wear, with an accompanying tale of how these articles had been saved by hiding them from Yankee pillagers. To refuse these things was hard, was all but impossible. In the morning they would sometimes find hanging from a nearby limb, like a stocking on a Christmas tree, hung there out of reach of night-prowling animals, a sack containing more donations. Sometimes at their campsite, come to pay their respects, would arrive a whole congregation of people, especially when bad weather kept the Ordways on the spot for longer than one night and word of their presence spread into the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We can't go on meeting like this, Janice."

Fill out coupon, send personal check or money order (no stamps, please). New York City residents add 4% sales tax. Allow four weeks for handling and mails.

THE AMERICAN HOME MAGAZINE,
Dept. PBP-39,
P.O. Box 76, New York, New York 10046

Please send me the following items for which I enclose $_____.

☐ portfolio(s) of 8 full-color bird prints at $2.95 per set (only available in sets of 8 prints as listed below).

☐ individual prints (checked below) framed and ready for hanging at $8.95 each.

☐ #1 cardinal ☐ #2 bluebird ☐ #3 grouse, pheasant, quail
☐ #4 mocking bird ☐ #5 robin ☐ #6 goldfinch
☐ #7 meadowlark ☐ #8 oriole and chickadee

PLEASE PRINT NAME

PRINT ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

AN AMERICAN HOME PORTFOLIO

BIRDS OF AMERICA

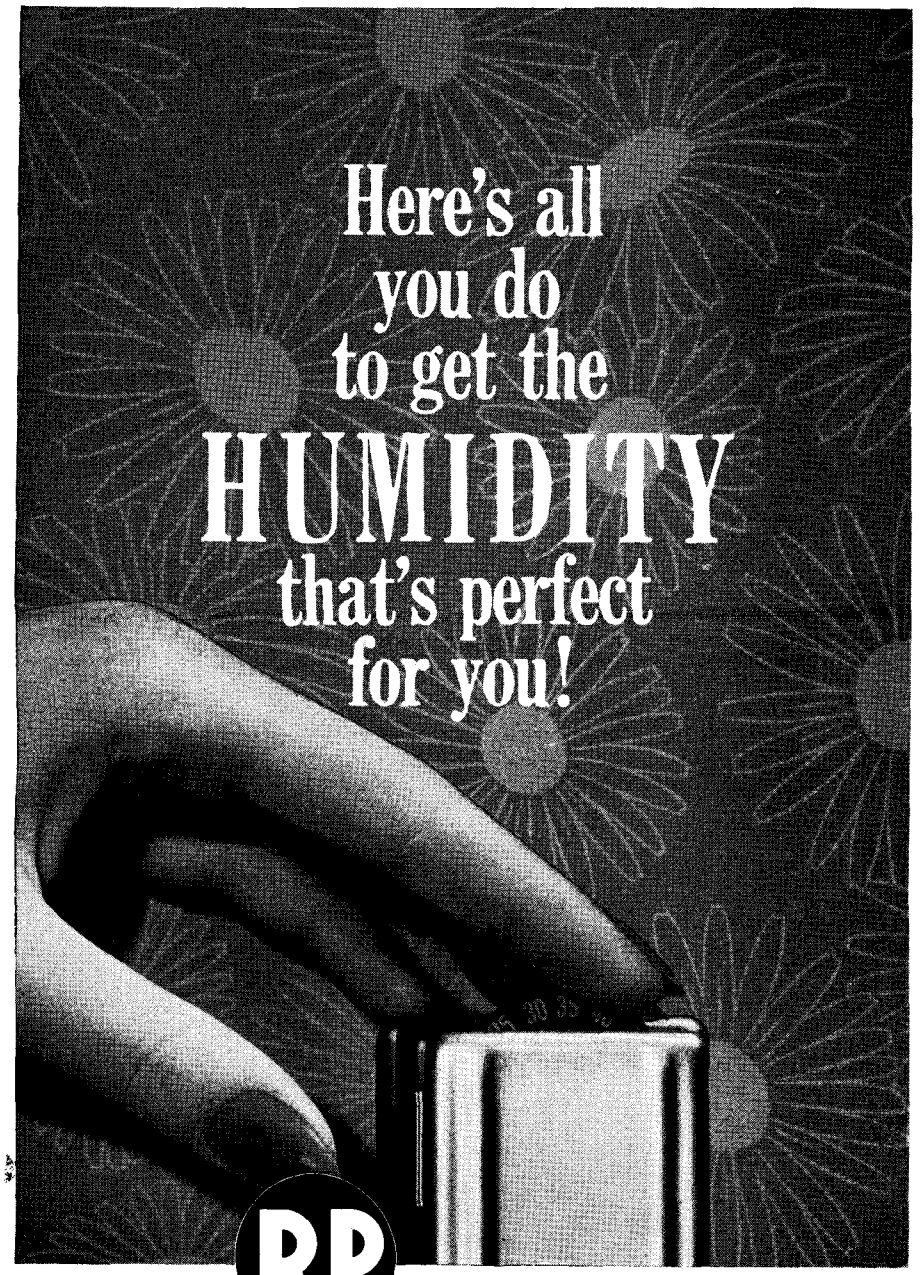
This brilliantly colored collection painted especially for The American Home by famed wildlife artist, Arthur Singer, captures the beauty of America's birds in a way no camera can.

Hung separately in your den or child's bedroom or arranged in attractive groups in your hall or living room, these vivid compositions of birds and flowers add a charming touch of elegance to any home.

Each portfolio consists of eight handsome full-color reproductions on 9¾" x 12½" heavy paper ready for framing. The entire eight prints are available for only $2.95—a fraction of what they would cost elsewhere.

By special arrangement with a fine frame maker (whose clients include many leading museums) you can order these bird prints matted, glassed, and ready to hang, in an attractive handmade wood frame with gold metal leaf lip, for just $8.95 each. Postage paid.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RP®

Aprilaire®

HUMIDIFIERS

Just dial the proper relative humidity that's best for your HEALTH, HOME, COMFORT . . .

In every heated home, moisture must be added to overcome the damaging effects of winter-dryness. This extreme dryness can aggravate colds and other respiratory diseases, dry skin and hair; cause separated wood in furniture and trim, static electricity and other discomforts and damages.

Here's how to assure all the benefits of *proper* relative humidity in your home all winter long. Just set the dial in your living area . . . and let the Aprilaire Humidifier on your furnace take over. No water to carry. No pans to fill. Pin-point humidity control. Plenty of capacity. Built-in mineral disposal (no "white dust"). Trouble-free operation. And a Phenolic housing for a lifetime of freedom from rust and corrosion.

There's much more. Send for free booklet with all the facts.

FREE
Facts book on humidification—includes questions to ask your dealer on any humidifier.

RESEARCH PRODUCTS Corporation—Dept. 10, Madison, Wis. 53701
Send me your "Facts on Humidification" booklet.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Type of heating: Steam, Hot Water ☐ Forced Air ☐ Other ☐

surrounding countryside. Ella even found people there already when she got up in the morning. When she peeped out through the flap in the wagon cover, there they would be, men mostly but occasionally women among them too, standing patient as trees in the dripping rain or squatting silent and solemn and Indian-faced around a fire which they had gathered and started. Seeing her they would gravely bare their heads in wordless greeting. They too came bearing gifts. Jugs of corn liquor, combs of wild honey, twists of home-cured tobacco, bags of nuts, small dark close-grained hickory-smoked hams from half-wild razorback hogs as lean as marble. These could not be refused. The spirit in which these offerings was made was not charity, not propitiation, not even compassion. This was veneration. These pilgrims belonged to the timeless and universal tribe—especially numerous in the South—of shaman-worshippers who see in affliction a sign of the special favor of God; in blindness vision, in witlessness wisdom exceeding the normal mind's, in epileptic seizure an orgasm of the soul in union with the otherworld, and they came to sit at the holy man's feet and listen to his oracles. Had he but cared to exploit his handicap, Thomas Ordway might have gone far in his native land as a faith healer or a phrenologist, a preacher or a politician. Smartly handled, even that odor he gave off might have been made to pay during all those years when his adopted town wore him about its collective neck like a bag of asafetida.

This was in the beginning. After their adventure with one community on the road between Knoxville and Nashville the Ordways began to get up and even in bad weather eat their scanty breakfast in haste and yoke up and move off their campsite, fugitives from commiseration. A sudden storm had forced them one afternoon to stop on the outskirts of the town they had just passed through. As usual, their passage had been noted, and the next morning when the rain continued unabated they received the usual call. So confident was she of receiving it by this time that Ella Ordway, despite a particularly severe attack of her nausea, had tidied her temporary home as best she could in expectation. In midmorning, during a letup in the downpour, three ladies, the wives of the three local ministers, drove out from town in a covered surrey. Ella Ordway invited them into her tent kitchen, apologizing for the muddiness of the floor and for the lack of seats. Led by Helen, Thomas Ordway appeared. He seemed to feel a compunction to satisfy the morbid curiosity of people to see him, perhaps a morbid urge to show them more than they had bargained for, which alternated, and was always to do so, with an unwillingness to be seen. Satisfied that the travelers were decent, though poor, the ladies offered to take the children into their homes, suppressing by a common impulse the offer they had come prepared to make, to take in the entire family. The offer was declined, as was the basket of food which they had brought, and the ladies drove back into town.

The Ordways continued on the spot in the unabating rain, and as their predicament worsened, they saw themselves pass by stages from being a care which concerned the town to being an anxiety which engrossed it. One day brought the husbands of the three ladies, another day a doctor, still another day the county sheriff and with him a second doctor who was also the district medical officer, and who told the Ordways that they could not stay where they were any longer.

"We are not breaking any law," said Thomas Ordway.

"Now did we say that?" the sheriff demanded. "You never heard us say nothing like that. No. What we are here for is to say ——"

"We don't intend to stay no longer than we have to," said Thomas Ordway. "Just as soon as this rain lets up we'll be moving on."

"Who said you had to move on?" asked the sheriff.

"Man, you are in no condition to move on anywhere," said the doctor. "What you need is rest. Your wife too. Your children too, for that matter. Now we have got a hospital in this town, and while you're there your wife and your children will be taken in and looked after, and later on—well, we'll see. Maybe ——"

Thomas Ordway protested for a while, then he gave in. They said they would come for them tomorrow. That night the rain came on harder than before, and under cover of the darkness and the rain they pulled out. To elude pursuit they left the main road and traveled down rutted back roads all that night where the wagon wheels sank in the mud and the oxen grunted and wheezed and the flat heavy stones on which lay the thin flat mattress which she shared with her little brother heaved and bounced and Helen Ordway lay in the darkness listening to the bones rattle in their kegs like the seed inside a gourd.

Their route ran from one extreme corner to the other of the parallelogram which is Tennessee. As far as Nashville, Ella knew the way. She had come by that same road the year before to fetch him home. Out of Nashville they would take a slightly less southerly, more westerly route than the one she had taken, in order to reach Memphis.

Traffic along the main thoroughfare of Nashville stopped or turned aside as for a funeral at their passage, wagons reining up at intersections and a platoon of blue-uniformed soldiers being halted by command of their corporal at one corner to let them go by; for here too he led the way, having ignored her suggestion that perhaps they might get through the city more quickly if she were to lead the team. Nor would he allow her even to ask for directions. Turning the team off the street and parking the wagon in an empty spot at the curb following Helen's instructions, he bade Ella wait there with the boy and set off down the walk to make inquiries. He stopped a man approaching him and said, "Mister, could you ——" He broke off as the man took his hand, the free one, the one she was not holding, and Helen Ordway never forgot the sight of her father staring down at it as if he could see the coin, a Yankee half dollar, which shone in his open palm. As he stood there bemused, another passerby stepped aside from her path, approached and, with a barely perceptible *chink*, carefully laid a second half dollar on top of the first one.

And so he had to ask Ella, after all, the way to Pittsburg Landing, the very information which she herself had sought at this same point almost exactly a year earlier. At that time Nashville people had all been asking themselves where the place was. Until just that week few had ever heard of it, and some she asked still

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIOBIN Wheat Germ Oil

HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
• STAMINA • VIGOR •

PROVED 10 years — 600 persons
University Experiments

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—
only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.

Send NOW for FREE book #7

PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.

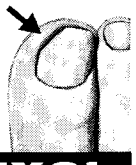
Liquid & Capsules

VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

"Older Age" Itch

For jiffy-quick relief from annoying "Older Age" itch, dry skin itch and raw fiery itch due to chafing, scales, rashes—other itch troubles, get time-proved D.D.D. Soothing, cooling . . . helps prevent infection . . . aids healing. Don't scratch. Don't suffer. Ask druggist for Dr. Dennis' D.D.D. Prescription liquid or cream.

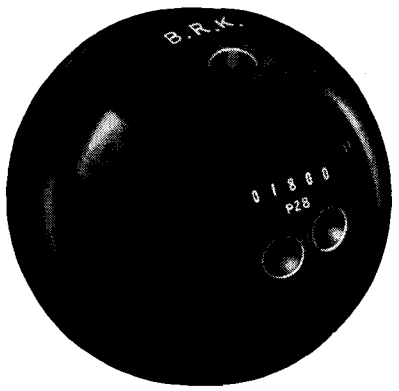
Ingrown NAIL



Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in nail groove relieve soreness and pain, soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

BOWLING BALL



YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Send us four 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.95 each or seven 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $9.95 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until January 31, 1965. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
277 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105

could not tell her how to get there. But now, and forevermore, anybody in Nashville could have told you how to get to Pittsburg Landing. Or rather, no. Shortly the name would disappear again, this time for good, absorbed into that of the hamlet consisting of nothing but a one-room log meetinghouse just outside this village on the Mississippi border, near the Alabama state line, where the battle of Shiloh was fought. She neither argued nor questioned. She supposed he must know what he was doing, that it must be a strong urge, too strong to deny, which would drive him back there again. So she told him, or rather told Helen, and went back to the rear of the wagon where she slogged along, fighting down her nausea, and where the boy tugging on her arm wearied her with endless questions about all the strange and wonderful sights through which he was passing.

Told one day that the bridge ahead of them is out, blown up to prevent its use by Yankee raiders, they are sent down a detour. This is long, sparsely settled, and somewhere on it they take a wrong turning; a few miles farther on, the road suddenly comes to an end in a cow pasture. The land ahead being clear, however, and unfenced, they proceed. After a time they come to a creek, which they ford. Beyond the creek the land has recently been burnt over, not that very day, for it is cool, but no longer ago than the previous day—set afire by those same Yankees, as they will learn on coming out on the other side. Hayfields, these had been; now a layer of fine soft fluffy soot covers the ground like a fall of black snow. Stirred by their passage it rises and hangs motionless upon the hot still windless air. The Ordways have to tie bandanas over their noses. Up the legs and the wattles and up the bellies and the sides of the oxen the blackness spreads until all that remains is a white stripe down their backs like that of a skunk, then this closes and they are solid black, all but their polished white horns. To their own sweaty faces too the soot sticks, and the Ordways appear to be a family of Negroes.

Another day they ride all afternoon toward a storm. No clouds are visible anywhere in the sky, but they can hear the rumble of steady thunder and when darkness begins to fall they can see the flashes of heat lightning low on the horizon. There comes one clap which shakes the ground they stand on and against the evening sky bursts a flare which is not lightning but flames, illuminating the smoke billowing above them, and then they know that this is no storm but a town beleaguered. All night long the glow burns steadily on the horizon, is still glowing when they awake before dawn, and Thomas Ordway, told of it, says (as he is to say again more than once before he dies), "There are times when blindness is a blessing. Maybe I have been lucky." And Ella, as she is always to do, whispers, "Ssh. The children. They may be listening."

For Grant's drive down the Mississippi has entered its final phase. New Orleans has long ago fallen, Memphis is theirs, Natchez has surrendered without a shot being fired, only Vicksburg still links the Confederacy east and west, and now, in June, after thirty days of round-the-clock shelling, the people there are living on mule, some say on rats, the mules all eaten now, thousands of them having been driven out of the city into the encircling enemy lines at the start of the seige for lack of fodder to feed them. "Them two beeves of yawls'd set you up for life in Vicksburg now," a man tells the Ordways. "If you was to live for life, that is. Fetch you," he adds, looking at the team as if he can taste them, "a right fair price here, for that matter (*here* being the town of Selmer, Tennessee, not far from Pittsburg Landing) in case you was thinking of selling?" And that night, all night long, columns of soldiers in blue march past their campsite headed south down the Corinth Road, on their way to reinforce the besiegers of Vicksburg.

For me, as for every Southern boy, it was learning that the Civil War was lost which started it all over again; from that time onward each battle had to be refought. The finality of it being inadmissible, my mind drew up short, clinging to that last moment when there was still time. For me it was always noon of July 2 at Gettysburg, and now that the cost of delay was clear, Longstreet would delay no more. Pickett's charge still moved forever up Cemetery Ridge, and at Chancellorsville meanwhile there was still time to warn that sentryman that the figure on whom he was drawing a bead was his own beloved general, Stonewall Jackson. But of course it was not still noon at Gettysburg, and Longstreet had waited until too late. Pickett's charge had nobly failed, and Stonewall Jackson had crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees. I had to lose each of these heartbreaking battles not once but countless times. So it must have been for my great-grandfather. Each day as the sun rose he must have had to lose his sight anew and reconcile himself again to the loss. Listening to the story of his return to Shiloh, I felt I understood him. He could neither accept nor deny his fate, and he went back there out of an irresistible, childish, forlorn hope of either retrieving that terrible day, or of ending it once and for all. The minuteness with which he was said to have toured the battlefield resembled that of a latter-day Civil War "buff." He was searching for some flaw in the sequence of events which would cancel it, which would declare that day void and bring it back to be played over again. He was hoping that on that spot where he had lost it, his sight would be restored to him by a miracle. Lacking that, he was hoping to learn to cease hoping.

That no step of his on that fateful day might go unretraced, the Ordways camped overnight on the same spot where his brigade had camped the night before the battle. Souvenirs of that earlier stay still littered the site a year later, and in the morning the children were left to collect them. They found a rusty bayonet, a rusty broken-bladed knife, a leather cartridge pouch, weathered and cracked. Meanwhile Ella, following his directions, led him over the route of his former march.

Thomas Ordway's brigade, the 52nd Tennessee, under the command of General Chalmers, had been ordered up early that Sunday morning, April 6. They were sent north along a creek toward a line of bluffs below which, on the low ground between yet another creek and the Tennessee River, a regiment of Yankees was encamped, their tents pitched amid a peach orchard then in full blossom. Down these bluffs and upon the waiting Yanks they were ordered to charge. At the first volley the brigade broke, turned and ran. Thomas Ordway saw it happening; for a moment he faltered, half turned, himself. The attack was repulsed and they were

From morning till night

from night till morning

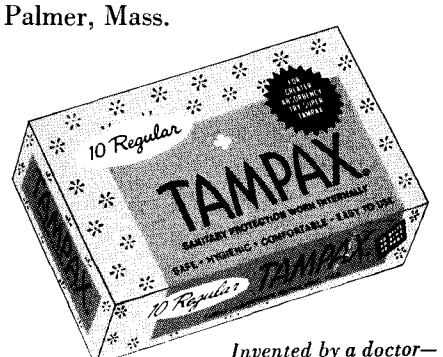
Tampax
protects you

Tampax® internal sanitary protection absorbs fully—you always feel sure, secure! Yet Tampax does away with belts, pins, pads, bulk, odor, chafing—all the unnecessary extras that make time-of-the-month such a bother. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, lock stitched for safety, protected by a silken-smooth container-applicator. It's simple to use, simple to dispose of, wonderful to have out of sight, out of mind. Tampax can mean a whole new way of life for you.

And now a new package of 40's brings you an extra benefit. Remove the protective wrapping — no clues remain. The unwrapped package can be kept anywhere without betraying itself—or you.

* * *

Why wait? Try Tampax this very month! It is available in your choice of three absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing a new Anahist Dial-Controlled nasal spray you can adjust to suit the degree of congestion!

New Dial Controlled

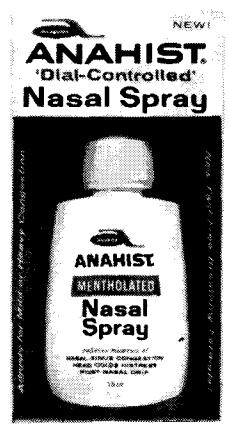
Dial 1 to relieve heavy congestion

Dial 2 to relieve mild congestion

When your nose is so stopped up you feel you can't breathe, you need this special kind of relief. New Anahist Dial-Controlled Nasal Spray—the only spray that lets you choose the relief you require.

When congestion is heavy, Dial 1 and squeeze. A heavy flow of penetrating droplets starts to spread relief instantly. When congestion is mild, or tapering off, Dial 2 and get a fine mist of soothing medication.

New Anahist's clinical-strength formula combines a decongestant, an antihistamine, an antimicrobial, a mucolytic, plus an essential penetrating menthol ingredient. Helps keep you breathing free and relieves for hours on end.



Another Clinical-Strength Medication from Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

drawn back, and the 52nd Tennessee was ordered ignominiously from the line, denied any further share in the day's fighting. Two companies, for their soldierly conduct, were exempted from this dishonor and sent back into battle, one of them Thomas Ordway's. Led by the hand now back to the spot, he stood where, by turning and running with the rest, he might have saved his eyesight. He wished that he had run, and the wish troubled him with not one twinge of shame. With his whole soul he wished that he had run.

The hardest fighting of the entire first day at Shiloh had taken place around an abandoned sunken road running from the meetinghouse down to the river, in which a Yankee regiment, falling back, had found cover. The approach to this natural fortification was uphill through a tangled thicket overlooked by enemy artillery which poured, in addition to the musket fire from the entrenched infantrymen, cannonballs, canister and shrapnel upon the attackers as they tore their way through the underbrush. It was in one of the many assaults upon this position, just past noon, that Thomas Ordway had been hit, and it was there that he directed Ella to lead him. But no such thicket as he remembered could Ella find. Indeed, there was none any more. For the Yankees caught in the sunken road had held out until evening of that day, and in that time the thicket had disappeared, cleared as though by fire by the shelling from the guns. Laid open to the red clay subsoil, the raw ground looked as if it had been picked by the buzzards still hovering overhead a year later and the crows bickering in the woods along the creek bottom.

For a long time Thomas Ordway stood upon that spot which was the last he was ever to see. The unexpected miracle did not come. What came instead was an inkling of what he had been turned into. He wished again that he had run when he might have; as he had not, he found himself obliged to take pride in the courage, or that variety of fear called courage, which had blacked out his life past and to come and transformed him into a running sore. That was the worst part of wounds like his, that the only way to live with them at all was to end by cherishing them. They left you nothing else. They were all you had, all that you were. They became you, and made of you at last a kind of disfigured blind Narcissus, in love with your own ruination.

He had lasted, had forced himself on, as far as this; at Shiloh his legs gave out. From there to Memphis, a distance of one hundred miles, Ella led the team while he lay in the heaving wagon-bed biting his lip to keep from groaning. Told that he had walked on those legs from northeast Tennessee, the doctor in Memphis snapped, "Well, sir, you may have walked your last step!" The infection was in the marrow of the bones, he told Ella. Asked if this meant a renewed threat of amputation, he said it could not be ruled out. Thomas Ordway went into the hospital demanding of the doctor, whom the question exasperated, how soon he could come out, and what was to become of his family while he was there, and what was to become of his team of oxen?

During that time Ella Ordway and the children camped around the outskirts of Memphis, moving as the oxen ate down the grass and before they should become a burden upon the charity of any one neighborhood. Her husband, everyone said, was eligible for a pension; Memphis being in Federal hands, unfortunately, Confederate pensions were blocked. In the first flush of freedom the former slaves had quit the land, and Ella was able to earn a little money hoeing cotton. The children herded the oxen as they grazed, their helplessness serving as a guarantee against theft. From their campsite every evening after work she walked into the city to visit him. Having been warned of his suicidal tendencies, the hospital staff kept him under close surveillance. Up to a point, soon reached, his legs showed

THE SATURDAY ENENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New places to play
new places to worship
in St. Louis

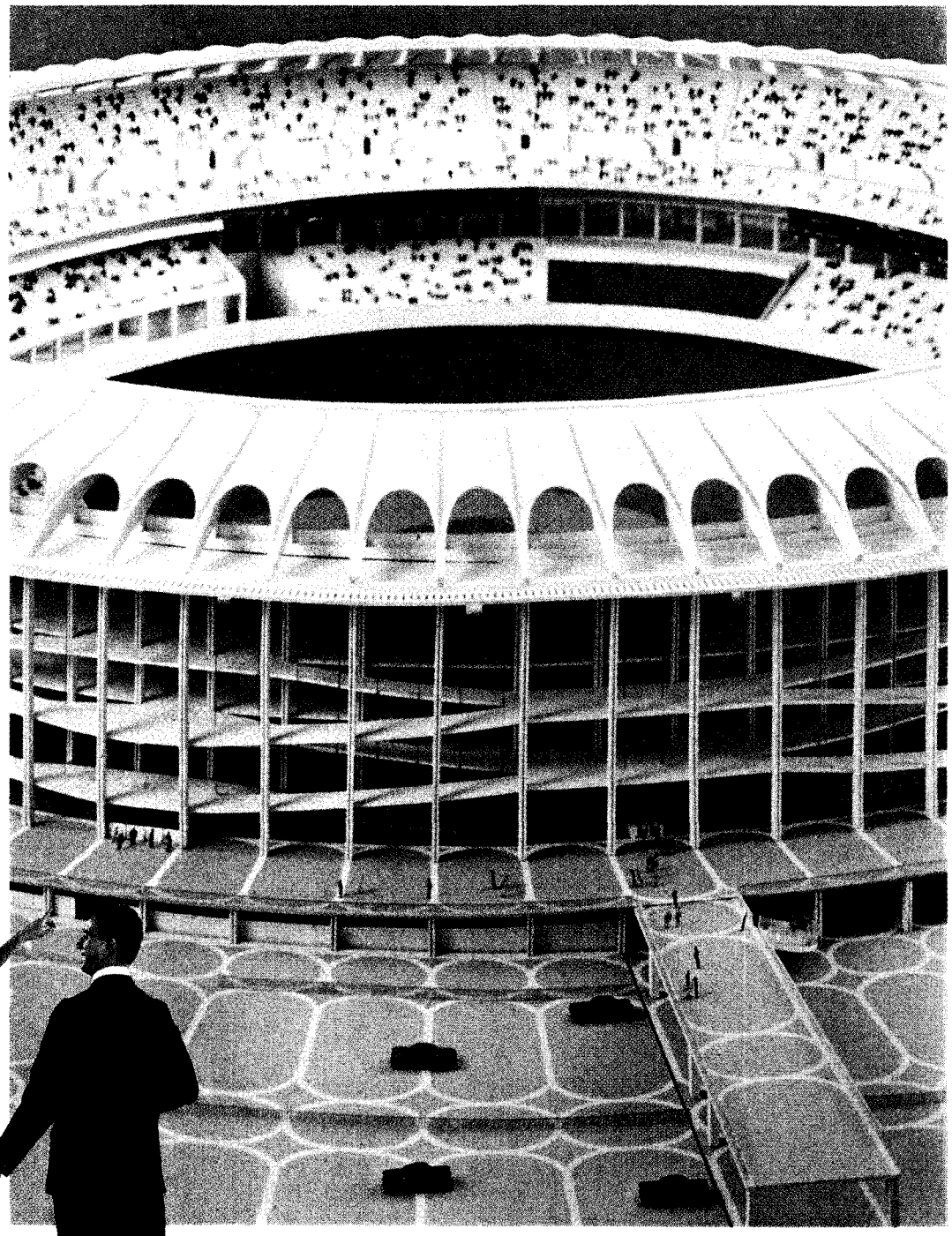
strategic center of America

What is the progress and growth of a great city made of? There's a good answer to that in St. Louis.

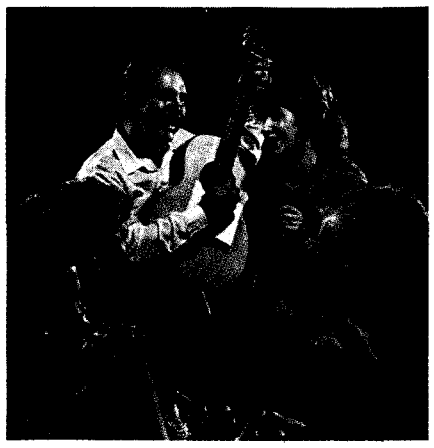
Here there is business and industrial development everywhere. But this is not all. There is continuous growth and development in all those things which contribute to the good of the community and the well-being of the individual. This is why St. Louis is a leading center of sports, religion, culture, education and medicine.

Right now St. Louis plans for progress include over $2 billion in new construction. If you are a businessman interested in locating in this area, write for the facts to J. W. McAfee, President,

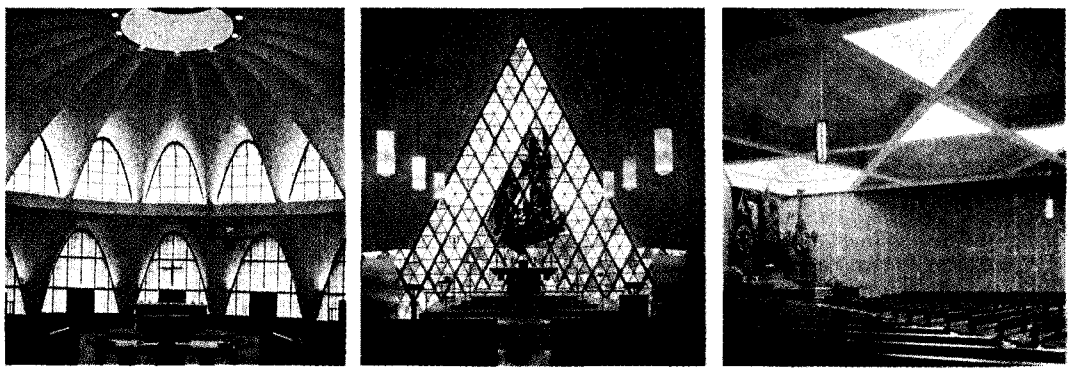
UNION ELECTRIC
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63166



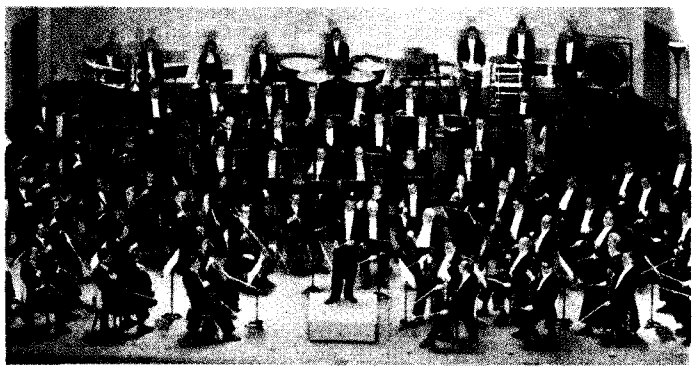
From the shambles of a blighted old neighborhood...the $25 million Civic Center Busch Memorial Stadium. Here is a model of this 55,000-seat sports coliseum now under construction in the downtown riverfront area. The future home of the St. Louis Football and Baseball Cardinals, it will be completed in 1966. The stadium is part of an $89,000,000 redevelopment covering 82 acres in the downtown St. Louis area.



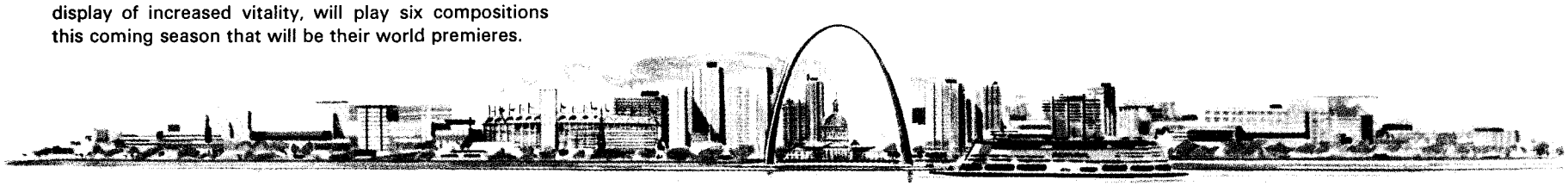
Colorful midtown entertainment area captures quaint flavor of yesteryear, provides old-fashioned fun in heart of modern city.



Magnificent new architecture marks the continued growth of the spiritual life in St. Louis. Left to right, St. Louis Priory Church, Lutheran Church of the Resurrection, Temple Israel.



The 85-year-old St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, in a display of increased vitality, will play six compositions this coming season that will be their world premieres.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

improvement. At the end of ten weeks he was discharged as incurable.

By then her pregnancy had begun to show. Coming up from the ferry landing on the Arkansas shore, she leading the team, he, his eyes shaded by a hatbrim, sitting on the wagon seat stiff as an idol in a procession, their passage provoked a murmur of sympathetic disapproval from people at the sides of the road. In their general tackiness now, the family looked like the kind of white trash of which the man lazes while the woman does all the work, and the swarm of flies buzzing round his head, and his indifference to them, added to the impression of his shiftlessness. He appeared to think it only fitting that he should sit at his ease in the shade while his pregnant wife trudged along in the dust and heat. The inobservance which was owing to his blindness was taken for a sullen disdain. Remarks, meant as sympathy for her, were uttered against him. Fortunately these were vague; decorum forbade too direct a reference to her condition; and if he heard them, sunk in apathy, he evinced no curiosity. But she dreaded lest something more open be said.

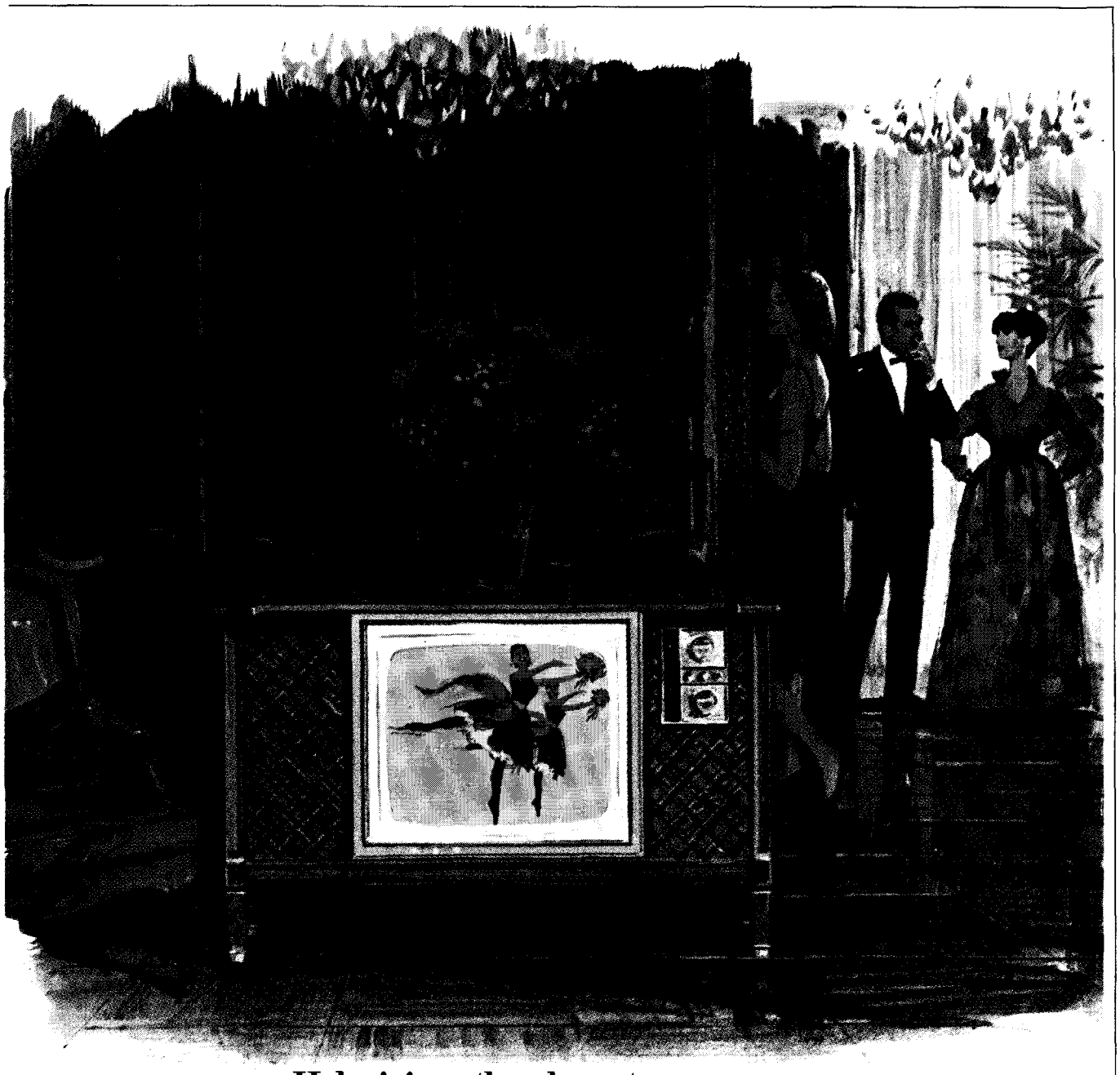
At bedtime that first night in Arkansas their mother joined the children where they slept, separated from their parents by a partition formed of casks, in the forward section of the wagon. They made a place for her between them. Their father was restless, she said. The following night again she slept with them. Thereafter for the rest of the journey she shared their bed; their father slept alone.

She could not spare his feelings. Should he discover that she was expecting, he would insist that they stop wherever they were. Once stopped, they might never get going again. She had not come this far only to stop short of her goal. She was set on Texas, or rather on that place in her mind to which she gave that name, and which she envisaged as a vast, windswept blank, a place without landmarks, too wide for the plow, where this son she now carried would be born to something better than following behind a mule. Little was needed to estrange her husband, alerted as he was for just such a movement. He had watched in the darkness for any indication that she had withdrawn to her side of the narrow mattress they shared, had strained to catch any hesitation, any stiffening as she changed his bandages in the morning and the evening. The morning being the time when the queasiness was always upon her, he had not failed to detect such signs; then he had shriveled like a salted snail. Inside the darkness which enclosed him his feelers were out in constant agitation like the flutter of his fingertips as he felt his way around a room. Especially in bed he had watched with all his remaining senses for any sign that she came to him out of duty and against her inclination. In the beginning, back home, when she first got up off her pallet and returned to their bed, he had repulsed her, refusing this as he had refused food. He may even unwittingly have hoped to find that he disgusted her. The unstilled longings of his wrecked and repellent body filled him with shame, and with a sense of disloyalty toward the death he had tried to die. At the least suspicion that anyone had shrunk from him (and in his darkened mind these suspicions bred like germs), he would retreat into that death and the scarred features of his face set like incisions in stone.

Still she could not spare him. The rate of their progress had been slow and Texas was still far away. From what information she picked up about the distance, she figured she would just about make it; she only hoped they would be there before he discovered her condition. There would be time then to salve his wounded feelings. Meanwhile, under cover of his blindness, careful never to brush against him, in constant anxiety lest somebody say something to give her away, she drove them all on. The days were long, the weather dry. She got them up before daybreak, fed them a skimpy breakfast, yoked the team and set off, her secret nausea forcing her to hang onto the yoke for dizziness.

They were in the cotton belt now, where slaves, more than ever they had seen in Tennessee, worked the broad fields. The bolls were opened full and the white fields shimmered in the glare of the sun. This white landscape with black people in it was just like a photographic negative, or like that image which comes just before the loss of consciousness in a sunstroke, when everyone turns black, outlined by a glittering aureole of light. Ella Ordway's thin cotton dress, soaked with sweat, clung to her figure, accentuating her belly. The Ordways were stared at now fully as hard as they had been when he led the team.

It was during this time that the man seated on the porch of a country store where they stopped had taken it upon himself to interfere on her behalf. Their approach to the store had, as always,



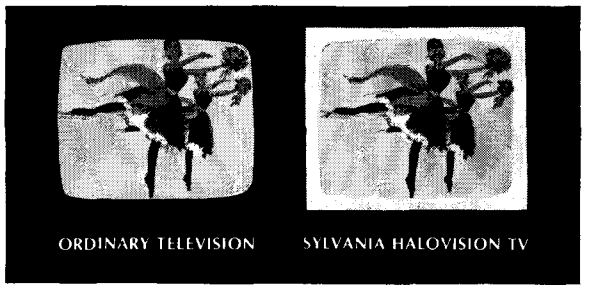
Halovision–the elegant new reason for Sylvania's visibly better picture

Line up all of today's TV sets. Turn them on. Only one stands out. Only one gives you a visibly better picture. New Sylvania Halovision.

As soon as you turn Halovision on, the stylish new golden frame around the screen transforms into a soft white frame of light: HALOLIGHT® surround lighting. It extends the borders of the picture for an extra margin of enjoyment. Pictures look bigger. Brighter. Easier to watch.

And because it's Sylvania, it's performance-proved television. All-channel TV that has power to spare with the Power Bonus chassis. Its transistorized noise-suppressor circuit means less interference. Less distortion. Less roll-over. You'll get sharper reception (even in fringe areas) with solid blacks, clean whites, all the shades in between!

Sylvania TV inspires pride. In the way it performs. In the way it looks. The model shown is Italian Provincial, authentic in every detail. Genuine Cherry veneers, selected solids. Look for your Sylvania Dealer in the Yellow Pages. Sylvania Home Electronics, Batavia, N.Y.



Look at Sylvania Halovision for the only visibly better picture in TV today. Halovision adds extra dimension to pictures. Softens contrast between the screen and a darkened room. Makes pictures easier to watch. And it looks like any other beautiful TV when it's off!

SYLVANIA
SUBSIDIARY OF GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E
a flair for elegance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been studied from afar, and now this man watched the hot, dusty, pinched and gravid little woman climb the creaky steps and cross the sagging, creaky porch in her thin shapeless dress, her worn and dusty shoes, waited until she was inside, spat out into the road, and said to his companions at large, "Now ain't that a sight to make you ashamed of being a man? Big lazy good-for-nothing taking his ease up there in the cool while that poor little woman has to walk along poking them oxen!" His tone was one almost of raillery. You might have thought he was baiting an old friend.

If Thomas Ordway heard this, and would have liked to hush the man for his own sake, it was already too late; there was nothing he could have said. In any case, he did not speak, and this must have seemed to the man on the porch like more of the same disregard which had been so provoking to begin with. "I'm talking to you," he said.

As Thomas Ordway sought to locate the voice, his unseeing gaze passed without acknowledgement over his assailant.

"Here I am," said he, stepping to the edge of the porch and squinting against the glare. "It's me that's talking to you. I'm an old man but not too old to tell you—and to prove it on you, too—that any man who would sit on that wagon seat and let his wife, in her ——"

At that point Ella returned. But before she could intervene the man gasped, uttered a strangled, horror-stricken sob, turned and slunk along the porch and around the side of the store, a look in his eye as if he were bent on hanging himself. It was the closest call she had had. Thereafter, hot as it was, and though dizzy already with nausea, Ella Ordway wore her overcoat—which drew stares, too, but hid her condition.

In Little Rock they heard rumors of another threatened invasion like that of U.S. General Banks from New Orleans up the Red River shortly before. They would, they also learned there, have to cross that Red River. They were told of a ferry above Clarksville. Preferring redskins to Yankees, they decided to cut across the southeast corner of Indian Territory. Travelers who had been there assured them that the Indians of that section—Choctaws and Cherokees—differed only in color from folks everywhere: lived in houses, dressed in clothes, farmed small holdings, went to church. The savages were civilized; it was the white riffraff you had to fear in the Indian Territory. And even with them the Ordways' helplessness and their poverty seemed a guarantee of safe conduct.

From Little Rock they went to Arkadelphia, from Arkadelphia to De Queen, where they entered the Territory, arriving in Broken Bow on the second day of October. They had been on the road for not quite six months, and had come nine hundred miles from home. Their money was gone. Now Ella bartered with storekeepers for supplies, beginning with the things they had been given, then dipping into their own meager possessions. Piece by piece she spent her mother's silverware. Picture frames, china, the mantelpiece clock of imitation ormolu: all these were traded away. No longer could they rely on the hospitality of the countryside. The Arkansawyers had been poor; the Indians were even poorer. Their veneration of the blind was great, and when they came in their wagons to call, they solemnly extended their welcome through a translator, one of their children or grandchildren who had had Government schooling. Still, they were more used to exacting petty tribute from travelers passing through their territory than helping them on their way. They took Ella's mirror, her cameo brooch, her sewing scissors, the brighter-colored articles of her clothing. One anxiety of hers she was able to lay aside. With the Indians her obvious secret was safe. They saw nothing remarkable, much less reprehensible, in the fact that the pregnant squaw should walk with the team while her man rode; nor would they, had he been in full possession of his faculties. Neither were the few white men here the kind to challenge a husband's mistreatment of his wife. As the temperature now hovered in the 90's, it was a relief to shed that overcoat.

The Ordways were asked if the war was over. They replied, not so far as they knew. Why? Well, they were the first folks to be seen coming through headed for Texas since shortly after the war began.

They turned south. Down into the red bottomlands, where out of stagnant sloughs cane-legged blue cranes rose creaking into the air and alligators sank from sight and mud turtles and fat water moccasins dropped off logs at their ap-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That comes to exactly $35,000, or my name isn't Myrna Kornhorst, KLondike 5-7416 . . ."

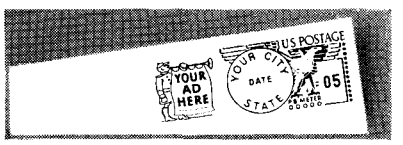
Allen J. Indzonka, Attorney
(address on request)

Why Allen Indzonka uses a postage meter to mail 15 letters a day—

"There are only two people in this office, including me; and I'm out quite a bit. I like to dispense with detail as much as possible—that's why we got the postage meter. We buy postage only twice a year. We never run out. We always have the stamp we want. We got rid of a sponge cup and stamp sticking. Aren't those reasons enough?"

You may be a small business, but you can have the convenience, efficiency and neatness of metered mail. Pitney-Bowes DM—the low-cost, desk model postage meter machine is made for you. More than a hundred thousand small businesses use the DM. More than one-third of DM users average less than $1 a day in postage!

The DM prints postage as you need it, directly on the envelope or on gummed tape for parcel post. Any amount for any kind of mail. You always have the right stamp. You don't have to keep a locked stamp box. Or make a trip to the postoffice when stamps run short. You no longer need to separate and stick little adhesive stamps or stock and seal pre-stamped envelopes. With every meter stamp, you can print your own small ad, if you want one.



The meter is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy, a little or a lot. It protects your postage from loss, damage, misuse; gives accurate automatic postage accounting on two registers.

There are powered models for the larger mailers. Call any of 190 PB offices for a demonstration. And ask about the new PB Addresser-Printers for machine addressing!

FREE: *Booklet, "So You Think Metered Mail Is Only For Big Business?," plus handy postal rate chart including new parcel post rates. Or literature on new Addresser-Printers.*

Pitney-Bowes
Originator of the
POSTAGE METER

PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
2839 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn. 06904

Send ☐ *booklet & postal rate chart;*
☐ *Addresser-Printer literature.*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proach. Where in small stump-dotted patches Indian farmers snatched a crop of cotton between risings of the river which backed water inland for as deep as five miles, leaving in the forks of trees higher than a man's head tufts of matted trash like squirrels' nests. Then into the dark, cool and fragrant pine forests: trees as thick as hair, with occasional clearings hacked out of them where loggers had operated, and in the clearing a mound of sawdust blackened at the base, growing yellow as cornmeal at the top. On into the brooding stillness, and then their first glimpse of the river. Impossibly red, silent, sluggish, it was as unlike water as anything could be. It looked simply like a crossroad to the one they were on. Thick, motionless, semisolid, it might have been concrete; you felt that just by waiting overnight you would find it had set, and you could walk across to Texas.

And you found that you might have to do just that. The ferry had shut down. Had not run for nearly a year, the owner having gone off, beaching his boat over on the other side. This was told the Ordways by the half-breed farmer, market hunter, trapper, who lived in the last cabin. Where the next nearest ferry was he had no notion. He did not ask if the war was over; it was doubtful that he knew there was one going on.

Though hope of crossing there was gone, they were drawn irresistibly down to the ferry landing. There for the first time the Ordways beheld Texas. Dividing them from it were only a few hundred yards. After coming a thousand miles, to be balked by so little seemed intolerable.

Ella unhitched the oxen and led them, yoked, down to the water to drink. Dexter took her hand and padded along beside her in the deep red dust. Helen remained with her father, who leaned against the wagon looking toward the river. The oxen shied at the strange water, sniffed it, blew in it trying to clear it. While they drank, Ella stood resting her hands on her stomach, gazing across to the opposite shore. A wall of black-green pines rose there with pointed tops as regular as the palings of a fence. At the base of this wall, between it and the red water, which lay as flat as though it had been smoothed with a trowel, stretched the thin gold stripe of a sandbar. The woods were parted by a fine line where the ferry road ran until lost in the shadowy depths. Ella's eyes brimmed suddenly with tears. After this tantalizing glimpse to have to turn back, retrace their route to Broken Bow and push on westward—who knew how far—through poor, inhospitable country until they learned of another ferry, that too perhaps shut down—the disappointment was too cruel. Frightened by his mother's tears, the boy commenced to whimper.

A crash in the woods at their back made the oxen toss their yoked heads. Out of the trees a deer broke, streaked across the bar and plunged into the river. Instantly it sank from view, leaving only its head above water. Straight out it swam, cutting a wake in the slow surface. It reached the middle, and there the current must have run stronger than appeared, for the deer was swept steadily downstream. It disappeared from sight. Ella caught her breath. Had it gone under? Was it drowned? Anxiously she scanned the surface, the opposite shore. Nothing could she see. Over the sullen river a desolate stillness hung, and seized by a fit of despair she let out her breath in a sob. Then Dexter cried, "Yonder he is! Yonder!" Far downstream the deer rose slowly from the water, silhouetted against the golden strand. Head hanging wearily, it hauled itself out. Bit by bit it drew erect, dark with wet, distinct against the shining sand. Then it was gone, vanishing into the darkness of the woods.

That night over supper the Ordways considered their predicament. Their money was gone, most everything they had was gone. It was October; before much longer the weather would begin to turn cold. And Texas lay just across the water, not a quarter of a mile away!

Thomas believed the river could be crossed. Her misgivings angered him; he ascribed them to fear of his helplessness. She pondered whether to tell him of her condition. The consequences were vivid to her. This poor, half-savage country was not the birthplace she had dreamt of for her child. With winter coming on they could not travel far with a newborn baby. Though near destitute now, they would have still less to travel on next spring, after a winter spent keeping alive in this place. It was not a very big river: only a quarter of a mile wide, if that; and quiet, hardly rougher than a pond. Once across it, and they were there. . . .

The cover was removed from the wagon, leaving the four hoops sticking up in the air like an arbor on which no vines had yet grown, spread on the bank and freshly coated with waterproofing compound. Overnight this dried and next morning the canvas was given a second coat. Slits were cut in it for the four axle-

If your house is over 2 years old, it's probably under-insured

But it won't be, if you protect it with a Homeowners policy under the Travelers insurance umbrella.

Your Travelers man helps you figure what your house and contents are worth *today*. So if there's a fire, a windstorm or a burglary —or someone is hurt on your property—you're really covered.

You can protect your *family*, too, with new Homeowners Life insurance from The Travelers, available now in most states.

Get your Car, Life and Health insurance from your Travelers agent or broker, too. Knowing all your needs, he's sure nothing is overlooked, yet nothing is over-insured. He's in the Yellow Pages. You can get all types of insurance under the Travelers umbrella.

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trees. Then it was spread underneath the wagon and drawn up over the sides. The seams were tacked to the sideboards and sealed with the last of the waterproofing compound. Inside the box a rope was passed through the grommets and the tarpaulin tied down all round. All was ready. Only then did Ella broach the question which had troubled her mind from the start. "Just one thing worries me," she began, speaking across that space which she kept always between herself and her husband.

He said nothing, did not even nod, though it was plain from the set of his face that she would not even need to name it, that his mind was made up, was not to be budged. He is a man, said Ella to herself; he understands such matters better than I do. He must know it is safe, reasonably safe. Proud as he is of those stones, he would not endanger us all for them. She heaved a sigh and said, "It would be a shame to leave them behind here, after bringing them all this way. Worse than a shame," she added, meeting with her own his fixed, unblinking gaze, "be a sin." She rubbed her tar-stiffened hand along the side of the wagon. "Three feet," she mused. "That ought to be deep enough to float a pretty heavy load." Still getting no response from him, "Well," she concluded, "there is one way to find out!"

Thomas Ordway sat with a child on either side of him on the wagon seat. Ella, barefooted and stockingless and with her skirt tucked up to where it barely covered her big belly, prodded the oxen, and the wagon rumbled down the bank. At the water's edge the team drew up. They had not balked; it had not yet penetrated to their brains that they were expected to enter the water, to swim that river; they just stopped, and when they felt the goad they turned upon Ella a patient look from out of their big lash-lidded liquid eyes, then lowered their heads to take a sip to drink. She stung the near one with so sharp a jab that it started, giving the wagon a lurch and taking itself and partner knee-deep into the water. Finding themselves there, they at once began backing out. But already the wagon wheels had begun to settle in the mud. Ella waded in after them and jabbed both in the rump. They balked. They would not go ahead, they could not go back. She prodded them until they set up a lowing and, tossing their heads, made the yoke clatter against their horns. Ella waded farther out, and reversing the goad, snapped the swivel in the nose ring of the inside ox. She gave it a twist. The ox bawled with pain; still he would not budge. The water now lapped their sides. Ella herself was in up to the armpits. The warm water was the color of coffee thickened with cream.

"Stubborn creatures!" Ella cried, and she gave the goad another wrench. Again the ox bawled, but it only set its hoofs deeper in the riverbed. From its nose blood began to drip, spattering as though on solid ground on the surface of the water, red on red.

"Ella!" her husband called. "Stop." She had already. She was about to say that maybe the oxen knew best what they could and could not do. "Listen now, and do as I tell you. Take Helen, and the two of you go back up to the woods. Gather all the dry brush you can find and bring it here."

The brush was laid in two large piles on the bar just behind the wagon, one on either side. This done, he ordered them back into the woods with instructions to gather pine boughs, dead but with the needles still on. These he wanted placed in the wagon. He had Ella set fire to the brush piles. Then she climbed over the tailgate.

The fires began to crackle and the oxen to shake their heads. Torn between two fears, they could neither go ahead nor stand still. They rocked the wagon forward and back, rolling their eyes behind them at the fires. These were now burning at their pitch, snapping and popping, almost igniting the wagon. Still the oxen shifted and hesitated. Striking a match to one of the pine boughs, which roared aflame, Thomas Ordway dropped it across their backs.

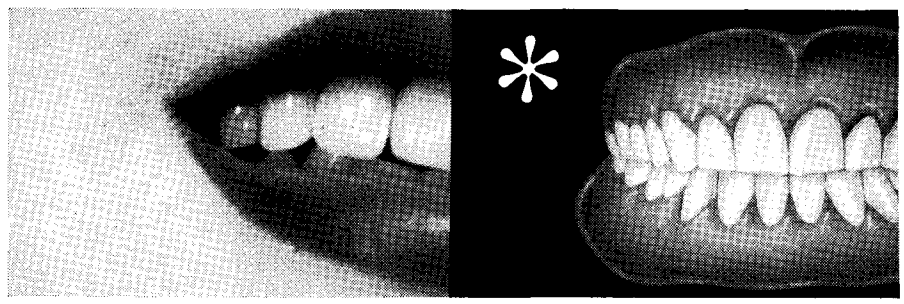
With a deep double bellow like twin blasts from a steamship's stack, the oxen bolted, jerking the wagon so violently that Ella was flung flat, Thomas Ordway thrown off his balance, and the two children, both crowing with delight at their father's cleverness, sent flying backward off the seat. The wheels tore free of the mud, the wagon shot from shore, and promptly sank. Sank to within six inches, that is, of the tops of the sideboards. To that level, but no higher, the waterline rose. They were afloat.

But the oxen, when they had swum out some fifty feet and began to recover from their fright and found themselves where they were, swung about and headed back toward the Oklahoma shore. Directly in their path another blazing branch was

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I want you to take this list and run down to the liquor store . . ."

MODERN DENTURES LOOK LIFE-LIKE



***New way restores natural "whiteness" to teeth—pinkness to gums**

KLEENITE with live oxygen outperforms other cleaners in two ways. It cleans denture surfaces *faster*. Enthusiastic users say that it removes *deeply embedded stains more completely*.

Faster cleaning power means removing in minutes food particles, dingy film and odor-causing bacteria—no all-night soaking—often no brushing at all.

Removing embedded stain means brighter pink in artificial gums—cleaner teeth look more like new—extra protection from denture breath. Dentists say KLEENITE with live oxygen is twice as effective as ordinary toothpaste—a striking advance over other leading denture cleaners. Get KLEENITE at all drug counters.

Look for the
SPECIAL ORDER CARD
bound in this issue following page 52!

LIPS SORE?
FASTER RELIEF
for
COLD SORES FEVER BLISTERS
Blistex
Helps promote healing fast! Early application prevents formation of unsightly cold sore or fever blister.

BLISTIK®
for
DRY, CHAPPED CRACKED LIPS
Most highly medicated lip balm . . . combats infection, quick healing . . . better moisture retention. Easy to use twist-type plastic case.

For free Blistex Sample write: **BLISTEX, 75 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill., Dept SEP**

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

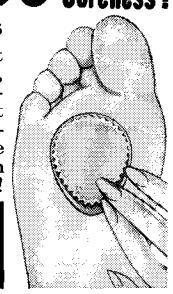
This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

Callouses Pain, Burning, Soreness?

Relief Starts in Seconds

For fast, grateful relief, get thin, soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. With them you get separate *Medications* for removing callouses one of the quickest, easiest ways known to medical science. Try them!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

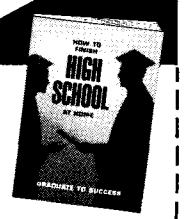


Car Using Oil?
CURE IT WITH CASITE
MotorHoney
$1.30 AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

Now You Can
FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

Win a Wayne diploma... qualify for a better job!

Send for free booklet that shows how you can earn a Wayne diploma in your spare hours. Most companies today require a high school education for promotion to better jobs. Why remain in a rut when Wayne School makes it so easy for you to qualify for bigger income and real security? If you're 17 or over, and not in school, mail this coupon to:



WAYNE SCHOOL
Dept. 35-543
417 South Dearborn St.
Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send free illustrated booklet "How to Finish High School at Home"

Name.....
Address.....
City & Zone.....State.....
County.....Age.....
628

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tossed. This turned them, but then they swung completely around the other way. To right and to left of them Thomas Ordway threw his burning boughs, while both children jumped for joy and begged to be allowed to throw one. Ella was kept busy with a pole preventing the boughs from washing into the wagon.

Resigned at last to crossing over, the oxen pushed out toward midstream. They swam scared, but powerfully, straining into the yoke, which rode far down their necks. Then, about a hundred yards out, they struck the current. Those in the wagon felt it. It came with no sudden jolt; to look at, the river here was hardly faster than inshore. But against the side of the wagon it bore down with tremendous pressure, like a bed of lava in its slow inexorable advance. They had their ballast of tombstones to thank that they were not tipped over. It was as if the water were rapidly congealing, and the oxen, rearing themselves in leaps, their humps breaking water like fishes' fins, appeared to be struggling to extricate themselves from some thick and sticky fluid. They began to lose headway and were borne irresistibly downstream. The landing, the road between the trees on the Texas shore, slipped behind. Yet the wagon still did not pitch, scarcely rocked, and although the waterline now lapped up to within a scant two inches of the top, inside all was dry.

Midway across, maybe a bit farther, the oxen faltered. They sank back. The yoke rode up their necks until it caught on their horns. When this happened the wagon was spun around, astern to the current. Its broadside relieved of pressure, it rose, and with it, floundering helplessly, rose the oxen. They shot downstream. Throughout all this, and all that followed, hardly a sound broke the stillness. Like molasses the smooth brown river flowed heavily on its way, indifferent to its passengers, and along both wooded shores a drowsy stillness reigned.

The oxen tried to break out of the current. When they veered aside (and the Ordways were willing now to let them choose their bank), the strain bowed the wagon tongue. Then could be seen how powerful the silent and scarcely visible current was: breaking over the bent and quivering wagon tongue the water rippled like shot silk, drawn taut. For an instant then the wagon would hang broadside in the current, shaking, while the team churned up and down, getting no place; then they would fade, sink back, spent, wheezing for breath, tongues lolling, drift helplessly around and again be sped downstream.

After about three quarters of a mile of this they were carried around a bend. There the banks rose, the river narrowed, and the current quickened. Into this narrows (actually the banks were still two hundred yards apart, but to Ella they seemed to be rushing together, closing upon them) they shot as into the neck of a bottle. Presently the river took another, reverse bend. Here the main current ran not in midstream but close inshore. Still in that dreamy silence, wagon and team swung in a wide, accelerating arc toward the deeply undercut and overhanging bank along the Oklahoma side. Now the oxen dangled uselessly, held afloat by their yoke. The speed was dizzying and Ella closed her eyes, expecting to be dashed against that red wall. They were swept around this bend as though on rails, and when she opened her eyes Ella found herself clear across the river, close to the Texas side. She caught a glimpse of what lay beyond. From between the tall bluffs the river emptied into a broad shallows. It was lighter in color there, and from the Texas shore it ran far out in a flat stretch, as calm as a plate of soup. Then she became aware of the fact that she was standing halfway up to her knees in water. Over the back it was pouring in and the wagon was filling like a bucket. Mattresses, pots and pans, kegs were rising off the floor, floating. Up front on the elevated springseat neither the children, whose legs were too short to reach, nor her blind husband, his braced against the dashboard, was yet conscious of what was happening to them.

With a final shove the wagon was shot out of the fast water into the calm, where it plunged to a dead stop. Ella, as she went down, saw Dexter slip, sweep under the seat, saw Helen shoot upward, saw her husband clutch at the gaps in the air where the instant before the children had been sitting. The wagon took a last gulp, filled, brimmed over and sank. A rectangular swell conforming to its outline rose momentarily upon the surface, then flattened away in outgoing ripples. The oxen went down rearing, their forelegs pawing air, until over them too the dark waters closed. Saved by the same thing which sank it, those stones, the wagon settled upright and as gently as a bucket in a well, the four wheels coming simultaneously to rest upon the riverbed, in eight feet of water, leaving the three cover hoops above surface, looking like croquet bails. While Ella Ordway, her open eyes useless to her in that red opacity, searched the inside of that flooded box for her children, for her blind husband, the kegs containing all the dead Ordways, strung out like stumps in a field, sailed slowly downstream. At a certain point the first one stopped, hung on something. Down floated the second one, and it too caught, just a few feet away, on the same thing. The third, the fourth one floated down and they too stopped. Then at a distance of some thirty feet from where they had gone down, the oxen, horns first, broke water. They clambered up the rising river bottom. The top of the wagonbox emerged. Three of the Ordways, all but Dexter, came up for air. They stood up and found themselves in a brimming boxful of water, but above the surface of the river. By then all but one keg, which had floated past and out of sight, were strung in a line not far downstream, a line which bellied slightly in the middle, gently bobbing.

"That trotline that them kegs with all youall's dead kinfolks in them caught on was ours."

Uncle Dave Crenshaw is the speaker. Uncle Dave (no kin: everybody's Uncle Dave), an old-timer who, when I was very young, used to turn up regularly at Mabry graveyard working day, claimed to have been on hand that day in October, 1863, to see my great-grandparents' entry into Texas. Beyond question, he was old enough; but as he *was* that old, and the story pretty well known thereabouts, it is possible that Uncle Dave was confused. Perhaps, poor lonely old soul, he had made up his tale in payment for the invitation to partake of our dinner which my grandfather always pressed on him. Though why I should doubt him now I don't know; I didn't then.

"We was staying on the ferry road down near the river," said Uncle Dave. "As near as you dared, that is. Trying to make a crop between flood stages. How old I was at the time I can't exactly say—old enough to know I was just too little to go off and join the fighting with my big brothers. One day—it was toward the end of cotton-picking time—we heard a wagon coming up the road from the river. We dropped our sacks and run to look, for they wasn't no ferry running and hadn't been for the past year. Up the road come a wagon dripping water like an ice wagon, drawn by a pair of oxen. Leading them was a little bitty woman who oughtn't to been on her feet. Sopping wet she was, and her dress sticking to her showed her to be about seven months gone with child. Setting on the wagon seat, where she ought to been, was a man. Walking along behind the wagon was a barefoot little girl dripping water in the dust of the road. They pulled up at our gate.

"'Where does this road go to?' the man called down from his wagon seat. He never said mister, nor please, nor even hidy, and his look had a way of missing you by just about a head, then when he lowered it, of kind of stopping just before it reached you, as if not wanting to soil itself, which brought the blood to my pa's face. Pa had been going to ask them to come in, maybe offer them a bite to eat. He was certainly curious to know how they had gotten across that river. But Pa was a quick-tempered man, and when his temper was up it put even his curiosity down.

"'I reckon that depends,' he said, 'on how long you stay on it.'

"Meantime I sidled up to that little girl and said, 'Yawl got kind of wet crossing over, didn't you?' I grinned, but she commenced to cry. 'Well, don't cry about it,' I said. 'This ain't no time for that. Here you are, safe on dry land. You have made it across.'

"She sobbed and said, 'Yes, but poor little Dexter, he never.'

"Taking that for the name of a pet, I said, 'Was Dexter your puppy dog?'

"She said, 'Dexter was my little brother, and now, poor thing, he's dead. You can look at him if you want to.'

"I stood on tiptoe and looked in the wagon and seen a little dead boy.

"I said to comfort her, 'Well, don't carry on, sweetheart. You're fixing to have another one soon to take Dexter's place. That, or you a little baby sister.'

"She quit crying and looked at me big-eyed through her tears. Maybe she is younger than I took her for, I thought. The woman was the same. I mean, but for that little girl you might have suspected she didn't herself know that she was in the family way. They don't sometimes. It was enough to make you rub your own eyes, the way she acted like they wasn't a thing in this world to see down there at her waist.

"'Honey,' said my ma to her, giving Pa a dirty look, 'wouldn't you like to come in the house and lay down and rest yourself a little?'

"'Oh, no!' she cried. 'No, thank you just the same. I'm fine! Just fine!' You'd have thought she swum the Red River every day just for the fun of it. And then she bust into tears.

"The man said, speaking to Pa, and you had to remind yourself (remind him, too, it seemed) that he had just lost a child, for even in thanking you he had a tone to his voice that rubbed your fur the wrong way, 'We haven't got no time to waste. I would be obliged to you for one thing. We lost something overboard. Something worthless to anybody else but precious to me. A keg is what it was, a nail keg. It floated off down the river and my wife wasn't able to recover it.'

"'Your *wife* wasn't able to!' cried Ma.

"'A nail keg? And it floated?' said Pa.

"'It had something else in it besides nails,' said the man.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

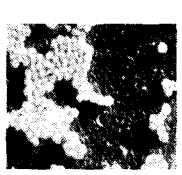
"And another thing about having a girl friend—
you won't have to owe me 753 marbles."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vaccine-impregnated sugar cubes, easy to take, give a child life immunity to polio.

If you enjoy sweet immunity from Polio...RCA is part of your life

It was a long war. One of its major problems was the difficulty of spotting the virus responsible. Unseen under ordinary microscopes, the tiny polio virus couldn't be identified.



Polio virus, seen through RCA electron microscope.

RCA electron microscope joins the fight:

Then came a key to the solution of this problem—the RCA electron microscope, 200 times more powerful than the best light microscope. With the help of such an electron microscope the polio virus could now be seen.

Medical science found a vaccine which, when injected, virtually wiped polio from the face of the earth. Later a simple oral vaccine was found and stockpiled throughout the medical world. Lumps of sugar soaked in this vaccine now give permanent immunity to millions of children.

Electrons in modern medicine:

The electron microscope, now fighting cancer, is only one area where RCA is at work. RCA's closed-circuit TV helps train medical students. RCA computers are used by hospitals and laboratories. Charts of brain waves have crossed the Atlantic via NASA's RCA-built RELAY satellite.

In these, and many other ways, RCA is part of your life.

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Tmk(s) ®

... and the world's most broadly based electronics company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ORDER FORM

Fill out coupon and enclose personal check or money order (no stamps please). Kindly allow four weeks for handling and mailing.

(New York City residents please add 4 per cent sales tax)

THE AMERICAN HOME MAGAZINE
Dept. PC-39, P.O. Box 84, New York, N.Y. 10046

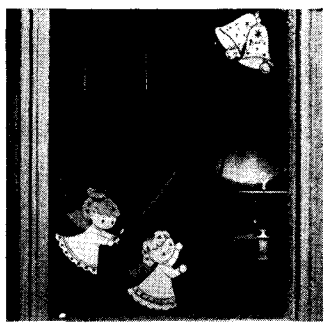
Please send me the following item(s) for which I enclose $_____.

1. ☐ PCK-4 Angels ringing bells $2.29
2. ☐ ACN-103 Santa's elves $4.98
3. ☐ PCK-37 Madonna $3.69
4. ☐ PCK-38/39 Doll and Soldier $3.98

PRINT NAME

PRINT ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE



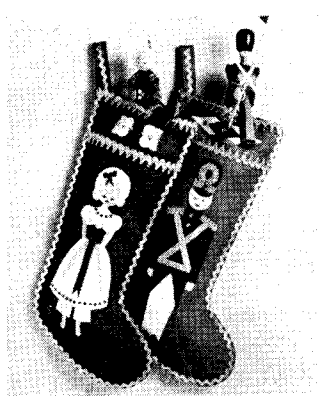
1. These cute white felt angels are perfect for a mantle or on your front door. Just cut out the felt and embroider the simple details. Golden paper bells are provided, and red ribbon for "ropes"—PCK-4 $2.29 (set of two)

MAKE THESE EASY-TO-DO CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS YOURSELF

Add a personal touch to your Christmas decor this year with one of these American Home Christmas kits. Each kit shown has been selected from American Home's Christmas kits over the last four years as the most popular and the easiest to do. Everything you need is included, even the glue. Most require no sewing. Even the children can help with these colorful decorations that are sure to become part of your family's traditional Christmas for years to come. Order the kits you want right away so we can ship them well before the holiday rush.

3. This Madonna wall hanging will add a serene and beautiful touch to your Christmas decor. The hanging which measures 26x11½" will have a dramatic effect on any wall or door. Kit includes appliques, trim, heavy gold braids, sequins, "jewels," brushed velvet leaves, glue and hanger. PCK-37 $3.69

2. Santa's elves will guard your front door, decorate a shelf or even stand beneath the tree to welcome Santa. Each elf stands 20" tall. Their felt clothing, red pompon noses, brass buttons, soft cotton beards are included. ACN-103 $4.98 (set of two)



4. These beautiful 21" stockings will be hung by the fireplace with extra care because you'll want to save these for many Christmases to come. Kit includes stamped felt for stocking, toy soldier and doll, braid, sequins, embroidery floss, and glue. Kits may be ordered as a pair. PCK-38/39 $3.98 (set of two)

Monument and the Shadow

"'It's Great-grandpa,' said the little girl to me.

"'Huh?' I said.

"'In that keg,' she said.

"'Little girl,' I said, 'what are you talking about?'

"'We got all the rest of them back again but him,' she said.

"'What on earth are you talking about?' I said.

"'I'll tell you something I bet you don't know,' she said.

"'What?'

"'My papa,' she said, 'is blind.'

"I looked down. By then they had made a regular mud puddle in the road in front of our gate.

"'If you or any of your neighbors find such a keg,' I heard the man say, 'just hold on to it. I will send you a letter as soon as we get settled. Maybe then I will be able to offer a reward. One thing more. If you do find it, do not open it.'

"'I bet your papa still don't know,' said the little girl. Then in the middle of a smile she bust out crying again harder than ever. Then they set off down the road toward Clarksville, the woman poking the oxen with her stick and the man setting on the wagon seat and the little girl, still wet, following along behind, her thin little shoulders shaking as she cried. When I told Pa, he said he thought he noticed something the matter with that man's eyes. Ma said the same. We never talked about nothing else for days but that blind man and that big-bellied little woman crossing the Red River in a wagon.

"About a week later we was running our line when we seen something caught in the bushes along the bank. It was that lost keg. Painted on the lid was some letters. I couldn't read them and neither could Pa. Pa he shaken it and it rattled, and then I told him what that little girl had told me was in it. He said, why didn't I tell him that before he shaken it? He wouldn't let that keg in the house but kept it out in the hayloft until one day them folks came back to ask if anybody had ever found it. They come in the same old wagon only this time instead of oxen a span of mules was hitched to it. They had a new baby with them.

"'What did I tell you?' I said to the little girl.

"She grinned, then went red in the face.

"'Brother or sister?' I asked her.

"'Little brother,' she said. 'We call him Sammy.'

"That time again, even knowing now that he was blind, Pa come close to losing his temper with the man. That was when he took out his billfold and commenced taking out bills. He took out three and asked his wife what they were. She said it was three ones. He held them out in the air and asked, 'Is that enough for your troubles?' Pa set the keg in the wagon and told him to put his money back in his pocket. He took out two more bills and asked his wife what them were—two more ones, she said—and held out the five and said, 'Will that cover it?' Pa just backed out of range. The woman thanked him. I come to know him later on, and he was like that, proud, despite his blindness, or maybe I ought to say, on account of his blindness. It went hard with him to accept a favor. And there the old gentleman lies," Uncle Dave concluded somewhat unexpectedly, nodding toward Old Tenpenny's grave, "'longside the rest of his folks, where he belongs."

Clarksville, as I began by saying, is only barely in Texas, and originally Thomas Ordway stopped there—or rather, in Mabry—for cemetery plots, even small ones, in the town were not to be had on credit and he refused the offer of a patch in the potter's field—only long enough to bury Dexter, then, mothlike in pursuit of that flaming sun, pushed on beyond. How far beyond they never knew; far enough for the sounds and smells of things to turn unfamiliar and frightening to that lost veteran of a lost cause. Out of the woods they came and onto the plains, where the wind blew not in gusts but endlessly, unintermittently, coming unchecked, out of nowhere, with nothing to rustle on its way. The earth stood still all day and crackled beneath that burning sun. The rattle of thunder was distant and dry; rain, when it fell, was preceded for hours by a smell arising from the hot earth as if rain had already fallen; when it came, it fell with a noise like water galloping from a bottle, rattled like buckshot on that hard-baked ground, and then abruptly ceased. In that parched and alien soil, would the bones of his ancestors take root and flower? It was a place without echoes, and when at times the wind died, you could hear forever—hear nothing. Then in his darkness, listening, Thomas Ordway knew that he had crossed a line. He had stepped beyond the bounds of recorded time, into a land waiting for history, into the long unbroken hush of antiquity. And there came to the blind cripple then a realization of his place in the record of things. Men like himself had bled and died unknown in battles since the dawn of time; but behind him at least were pages in which the dates had been preserved; and there was consolation, he found now, in that anonymous immortality, in knowing that though the battle might have been lost, the cause itself lost, the wrong cause, perhaps, from the start and one's own part in it insignificant, that the day which had cost a man his eyes would not be forgotten, but would go down in history. Here there was time for an army, a race to have fought and died, but no tongue to remember them in. Listening to that ancient silence, Thomas Ordway seemed to hear, seemed almost to feel brush past, a throng of ghosts: the unrecorded legions of the nameless, unlettered dead. Then after a long space of silence he came again among living men and heard them speak. It was Spanish, and he shrank back as if a second bomb had burst, blinding his ears. Then while coyotes howled about him in their moonlit night, he, in his, turned, lonely and frightened and fumbling to his wife, and found her big with child.

No man wants his children to be born foreigners. One of his strongest desires is that his sons have the same boyhood, the same memories, only maybe happier, as his own. The following morning Thomas Ordway turned and retraced his faltering steps to Clarksville, where already the only absent member of his clan lay buried.

And there we were still, we Ordways, above ground and below, where old Thomas had brought us, our wanderings over. And once a year, on graveyard working day, that son whom he never saw but knew only by touch, now grown old, would, like a Jewish patriarch at the Passover Seder answering the questions of the youngest male child, recount our exodus, led by that blind and crippled Moses of our tribe. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Watermelon Point" on the historic Tred Avon River, Talbot County, home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert St. John. The graceful colonial architecture reflects the tradition of gracious living.

A Tradition Worth Keeping (for your own)

Luxuriate in the splendor of spacious tree-shaded grounds steeped in American history . . . beyond this, the elegance of a stately manor house, aged in dignity, warm in hospitality . . . the lavish beauty of an eighteenth century drawing room, majestic in traditional decor. You're in *historic Maryland,* where gracious living is a cherished tradition . . . and the coffee you're served is Maryland Club, long celebrated by *all* to whom good taste and gracious living are important. Maryland Club, the classic coffee for *every* occasion . . . winey, full-bodied and uniquely rich . . . so rich, in fact, that you can actually use *less* per cup, get more cups from every tin, and enjoy the world's most *distinguished* flavor in coffee. Make the good taste of Maryland Club a tradition in *your* home, too.

The coffee you'd drink if you owned all the coffee in the world

© DFCO

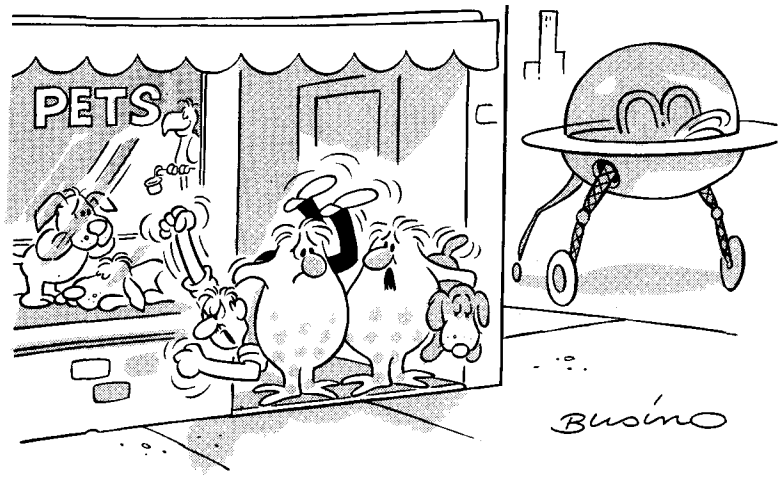
MARYLAND CLUB is the registered trademark for coffee of Duncan Foods Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts

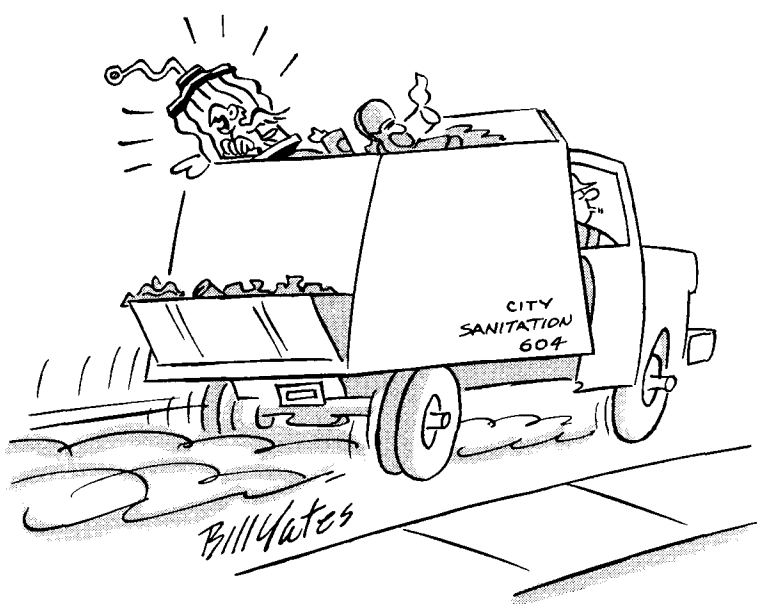
"Fascist!"

"Count the children!"



"You'd think they'd leave someone here to take our money."

"Here comes the ritual I dread—putting the cat out every night."



"George! How many times have I told you to keep your feet off the coffee table! George! How many times . . . ."

"How did Harvard do yesterday?".

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You're in the Pepsi generation!

This is the liveliest, most energetic time ever...with the most active generation living it. You're part of it. Pepsi-Cola is part, too. Pepsi is the modern, light refreshment...with that bold, clean taste and energy to liven your pace. It's the official drink of everyone with a thirst for living!

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1964, PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

PEPSI-COLA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Bill Davidson

Photographs by Lawrence J. Schiller

THE FANTASTIC WALT DISNEY

Showman supreme, he is even scheming to put more drama in Niagara Falls.

Not long ago one of the leading French magazines made a startling and completely serious proposal: that Walt Disney be awarded the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize. At about the same time an equally startling and equally serious movement was launched in California: to make Disney the rapid-transit czar of Los Angeles. The 62-year-old Disney, a noted turf kicker of the Gary Cooper school, modestly disassociated himself from both of these suggestions. A few weeks later, however, came the most unexpected honor of them all. President Johnson awarded Disney the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest decoration the United States Government can bestow on a civilian.

All this seems to show how far you can go by being an irascible, stubborn nonconformist, completely out of step with the rest of the entertainment world. For Disney—who fits none of the molds—dominates his industry in a way that no other man does today.

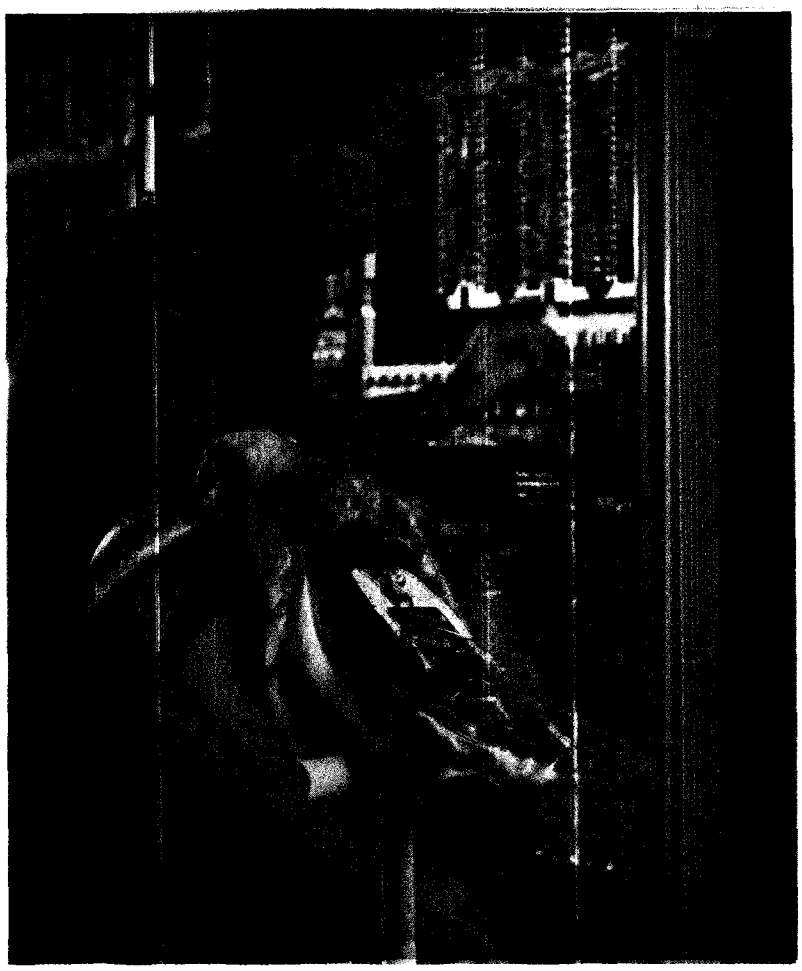
In a business in which people sometimes seem obsessed with sex and brutality, Disney continues to prosper with simple little films and TV shows about precocious animals, winsome children and the heroes and heroines of unsophisticated Victorian literary classics. His Disneyland park, brimming with wholesome mechanical wonders, continues to outdraw all the girlie shows and tunnels of love in nearly all the other amusement parks in the United States combined. His four exhibits at the New York World's Fair (featuring dancing dolls, homespun Americana and a Fantasia-like view of Creation and prehistoric life) drew an average of about 135,000 people per day through the first season—or about 10 times the number who went to see the chorus cuties who were a flop in the fair's amusement area.

It is difficult to live anywhere in the civilized world today without being within range of at least one Walt Disney production. In addition to his four shows at the fair, Disney's film musical, *Mary Poppins* (at $5,175,000, the most expensive movie he has ever made), currently is playing at the Radio City Music Hall in

◀ *Employees in cartoon-character costumes pose with their creator in Disneyland.*

Porky the Pig, on duty at Fantasyland, frolics with affectionate little visitor. ▶

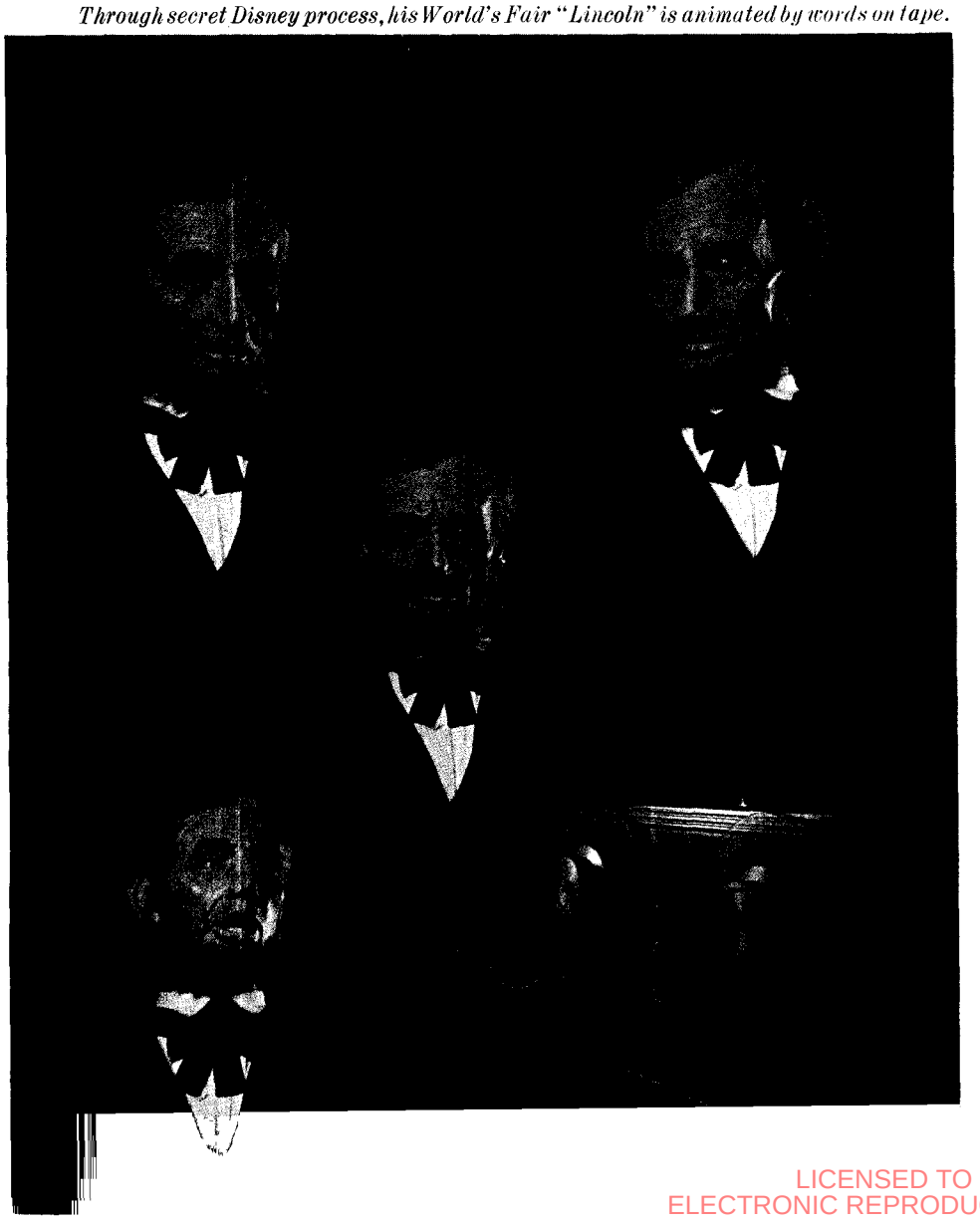
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Behind-the-scenes engineer tests complex mechanism of a Disney talking bird.

The Disney amusement empire pulled in $82,000,000 in the last fiscal year

Through secret Disney process, his World's Fair "Lincoln" is animated by words on tape.



The Fantastic Disney

New York. The movie critics almost unanimously have called it one of the finest films of the year. At the same time no fewer than six other Disney pictures are in release in the U.S. and elsewhere—*The Sword in the Stone*, *The Incredible Journey*, *The Misadventures of Merlin Jones*, *A Tiger Walks*, *The Three Lives of Thomasina* and *The Moon-Spinners*—and his regular Sunday-evening television series on NBC has just been renewed for another two years. *Pinocchio* and *Snow White* and old Mickey Mouse short subjects keep playing unendingly in U.S. theaters and in countries like Pakistan and Nigeria, and Disney TV reruns fill the airwaves in Europe, Africa and Asia.

At present, Disney has two full-length feature cartoons in preparation, as well as three live-action movies and 25 new one-hour shows for his TV series. But that's not all. Disney also is adding a five-million-dollar New Orleans Square to Disneyland, along with a haunted mansion filled with ghosts, hobgoblins and assorted fiends. He is about to help rehabilitate the St. Louis waterfront with a new multimillion-dollar Disneyland-type establishment under a three-acre roof. He is considering a proposal to erect an amphitheater at Niagara Falls, in which he will dramatize the spectacle of the falls at all four seasons of the year. And he has staggering plans under way for a huge amusement park in Japan, to re-create the various periods of that country's history. These future holdings will be added to the already vast complex of Disney entertainment projects that grossed nearly $82 million in the last fiscal year.

It is now 37 years since Disney first introduced Mickey Mouse—and himself—to the world with the classic cartoon short, *Steamboat Willie*, and his admirers in Hollywood and elsewhere have been puzzling ever since over the reasons for his persistent and spectacular success. He violates all the rules for Hollywood behavior. When Darryl Zanuck or Jack Warner or any other studio head visits a movie location, the preparations for the arrival of the Presence resemble those for a state visit, with limousines, a vice-presidential honor guard, etc.; Disney shows up unannounced in the cheapest possible rented car which he has picked up at the nearest airport. Other executives maintain a corps of lackeys to tailor and refresh their clothes, to cut their hair, and even to answer the phones in their Rolls-Royces; Disney presides over his operations unattended, in rumpled store-bought suits and with unshorn hair.

In an era in which the control of movie studios is passing more and more into the hands of committees, banks, boards of directors and other outsiders, Disney's reign over his empire remains as autocratic and absolute as was that of Louis B. Mayer during the heyday of M-G-M. Nobody buys or sells or creates *anything* at the Walt Disney studios without the OK and involvement of the big man himself. Although everyone at the studio, from janitor to associate producer, calls him "Walt," the "Walt" is spoken in tones of deference. Not long ago a well-known executive came over from another film company to work as an associate on a Walt Disney production. The first day on the job the executive was annoyed by the sound of a lawn mower outside his window, and he shouted at the gardener to desist. An hour later the executive received a call from Disney's secretary, informing him that Disney wanted to see him. The executive rushed over and Disney said, "You spoke harshly to that man. He's been with me for twenty years. I don't want it to happen again." The executive mumbled a contrite, "Yes, sir." Disney continued, "And there's another thing I want you to remember. There's only one s.o.b. at this studio—and that's me."

While most Hollywood studios abound with stories of the extracurricular love lives of their executives and stars, no scandal has ever touched the Disney lot. Walt himself has been the most devoted of husbands (he married one of his assistants, Lillian Bounds, 39 years ago, and they have two daughters and six grandchildren). Most Hollywood studios cram as much realistic sex into their pictures as the censors will allow, but in a Disney production, romance has barely developed beyond the stage where Tom Mix would chastely and almost simultaneously kiss the heroine and his horse, Tony. The only time Disney ever allowed a racy incident to creep into one of his films was in *Bon Voyage*, when Fred MacMurray unwittingly became involved with a French prostitute. "It was a disaster," says Disney, mopping his brow at the recollection. "The fourteen-year-olds in my audience didn't understand the scene—and I guess *I* didn't understand it, either." William H. Anderson, Disney's vice president in charge of studio operations, says, "I guess Walt is the only man in Hollywood to whom you don't tell a dirty joke. When you do, somehow it doesn't come out funny."

For all his outward simplicity, however, Disney actually is an extremely complicated man. One critic described him as having "nineteenth-century emotions in conflict with a twenty-first-century brain." His prissiness sometimes seems to be studied—like the smiling, grandfatherly face he presents to the TV camera—as part of a shrewd campaign to retain his hold on the so-called "family audience." There's a somewhat calculated air, too, about the homespun stories he tells, such as the one about how "Pa was of the generation that didn't believe in borrowing money, and he offered to help me out with two hundred dollars when I was eight *million* dollars in the hole trying to build my studio."

Disney thinks nothing of flitting from project to project in his company's private jet, but he wastes a lot of his time checking burned-out electric-light bulbs and dirty washrooms. He'll spend millions on electronic innovations, but he's known as Hollywood's most tight-fisted man with a dollar when it comes to dealing with actors, writers and employees. The history of his studio has been marked with long and bitter labor strife over unionization and wage demands. Practically all of his competitors in the cartoon field are former Disney men who left the fold because of some such dispute. His fees to actors and writers are much lower than the industry average, and his contracts for the purchase of books from authors are unique in Hollywood. Not only does Disney sew up a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You stand a little taller when you see ahead with Southland Life

When you provide for your employees' welfare through sound insurance planning, you gain a solid feel of satisfaction and security. Morale goes up, good employees stay, skilled executive talent is attracted to a company that protects employees' health and lives . . . provides for retirement . . . takes care of key people through deferred compensation plans. A Southland Life representative can help you custom-tailor a business insurance plan to fit your exact needs. He offers expert advice and professional counsel to guide you wisely and well. Why not call him in for a conference today?

Face your future with confidence

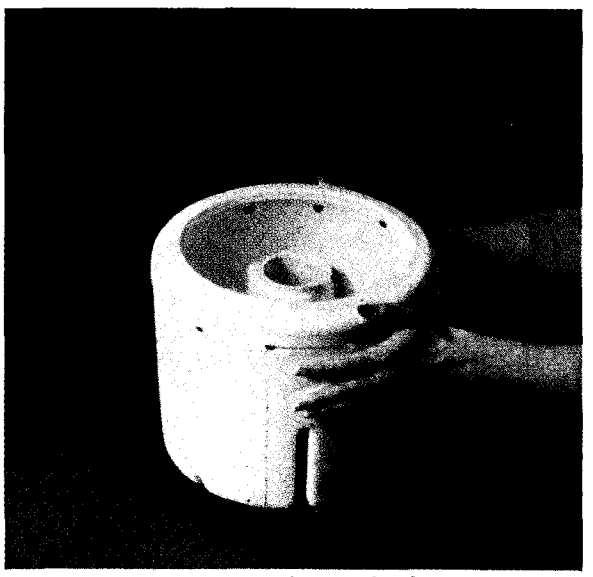
Southland Life

INSURANCE SL COMPANY

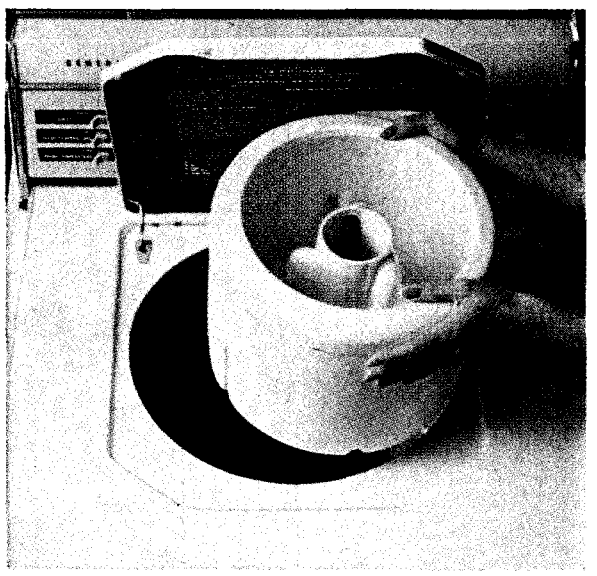
HOME OFFICE • SOUTHLAND CENTER • DALLAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

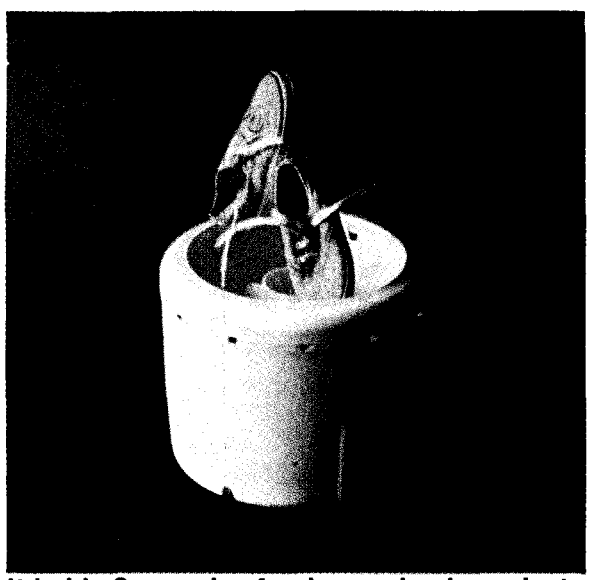
This new General Electric Washer does giant family-size loads and . . . costs much less than you think.



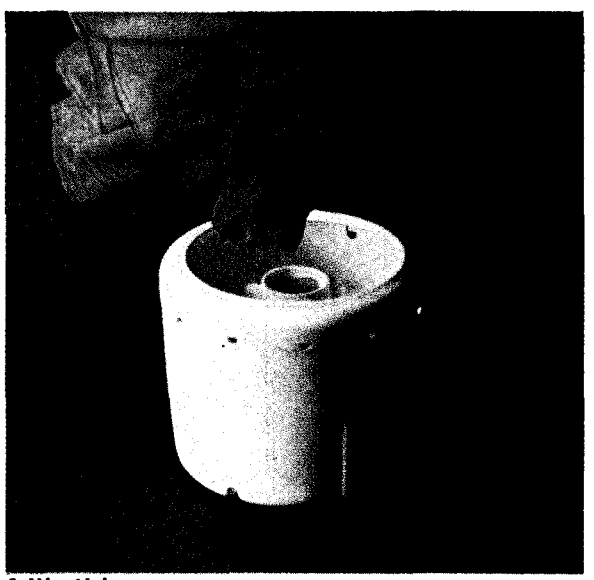
It has MINI-BASKET®, the exclusive new extra that does washables you never dared machine-wash before!



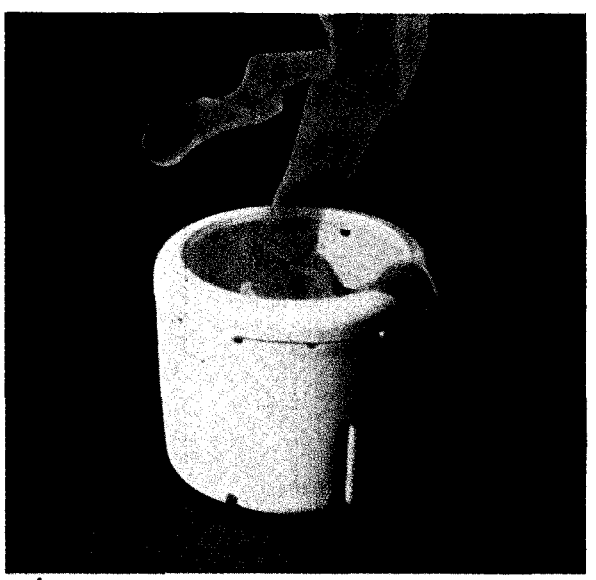
It fits right over the activator.



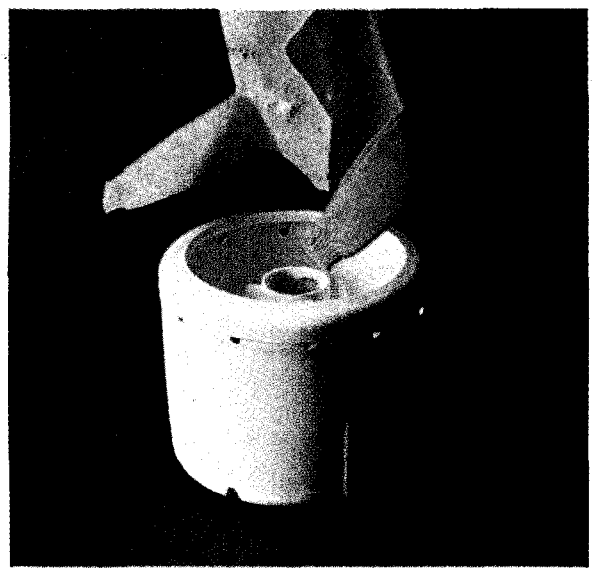
It holds 2 pounds of nuisance loads . . . last-minute leftovers . . .



frilly things . . .

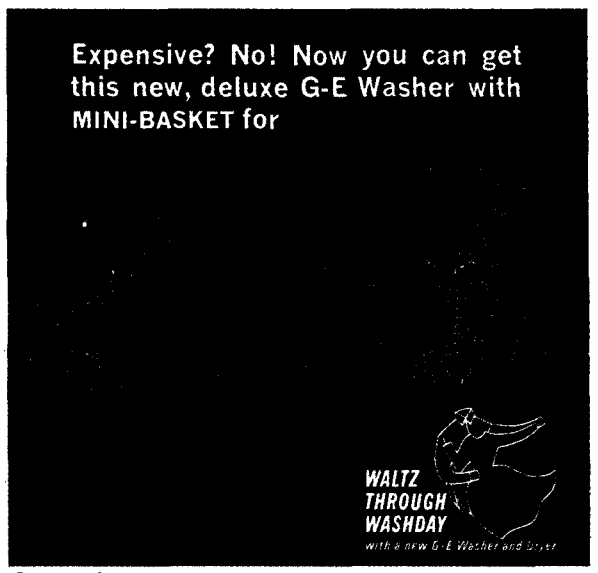


nylons . . .



dainty woolens . . .

things you NEVER DARED MACHINE-WASH BEFORE!



Other G-E Washers without MINI-BASKET and other deluxe features, about $169.95. Matching G-E Dryers available.

Wonderful? And there's more!
G-E Washers are built to tough and rugged commercial washer specifications.

It's the dependable one you've wanted . . . and does *all* your washables.

This washer's giant basket not only does big family-size loads—it gets them truly *clean.* The exclusive extra is MINI-BASKET—does small loads up to 2 pounds. Delicates, synthetics, leftovers. "Emergency" needs.

MINI-BASKET saves you money. It is controlled by special MINI-WASH® settings. You can set gentle cycles to do delicate loads gently; or normal action to do regular washables. Either way, MINI-BASKET uses only about one-third the amount of water you'd use in the big tub. Less detergent needed, too.

General Electric's Filter-Flo® washing system traps lint fuzz in both the MINI-BASKET and the big washer.

Your General Electric dealer has this new washer ready for you to see. See him now.

*Price Optional with Dealer. Subject to Fair Trade where Applicable.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sequences like this watery plunge by Mickey Mouse are a specialty of creative animator Bill Justice, who has been with Disney for more than 27 years.

book (usually at cut-rate prices) for every possible use, including games, comics and puzzles based on the author's characters, but a letter accompanies the contract with waivers to be signed "by the author's wife and each of his children" so that not even the writer's death can thwart Disney's continuing control over the material.

Disney's inconsistency has drawn the fire of critics in that he constantly crusades against theaters running horror films and sadistic melodramas on the same bill with his pictures, and yet plenty of horror and sadism creeps into his own movies. A leopard killing an antelope calf in *The African Lion*, Mickey Mouse belting an adversary with a sledgehammer, Goofy being tripped so that he crashes into a wall, are examples that have been cited. Indeed, the witch in *Snow White* probably has caused more children's nightmares than Frankenstein's monster and Godzilla combined. Disney admits receiving hundreds of letters to this effect from irate parents, but he has a simple answer. He says, "I showed *Snow White* to my own two daughters when they were small, and when they came to me later and said they wanted to play witch, I figured it was all right to let other kids see the witch."

Disney has been criticized, too, for gathering a tremendous number of talented people into his organization, making use of their creativity, and then putting the whole thing out under the fanfare, "Walt Disney presents. . . ." He used to be an artist, but he doesn't draw anymore. Neither does he write. He explains, however: "I'm like a bee that flits from flower to flower, taking a little pollen here, a little pollen there, and I build up the honey in the honeycomb."

As unfeeling as this sometimes is to the flowers that make the pollen, it is one of the reasons Disney is considered an authentic genius of our time. He is a human catalyst, a man with a miraculously compartmented mind, who can go to a meeting about Disneyland, then to a meeting about a television show, then to a meeting about a movie—and in each instance remember what was said by the same people a month before, sop up their newest information, and then move on.

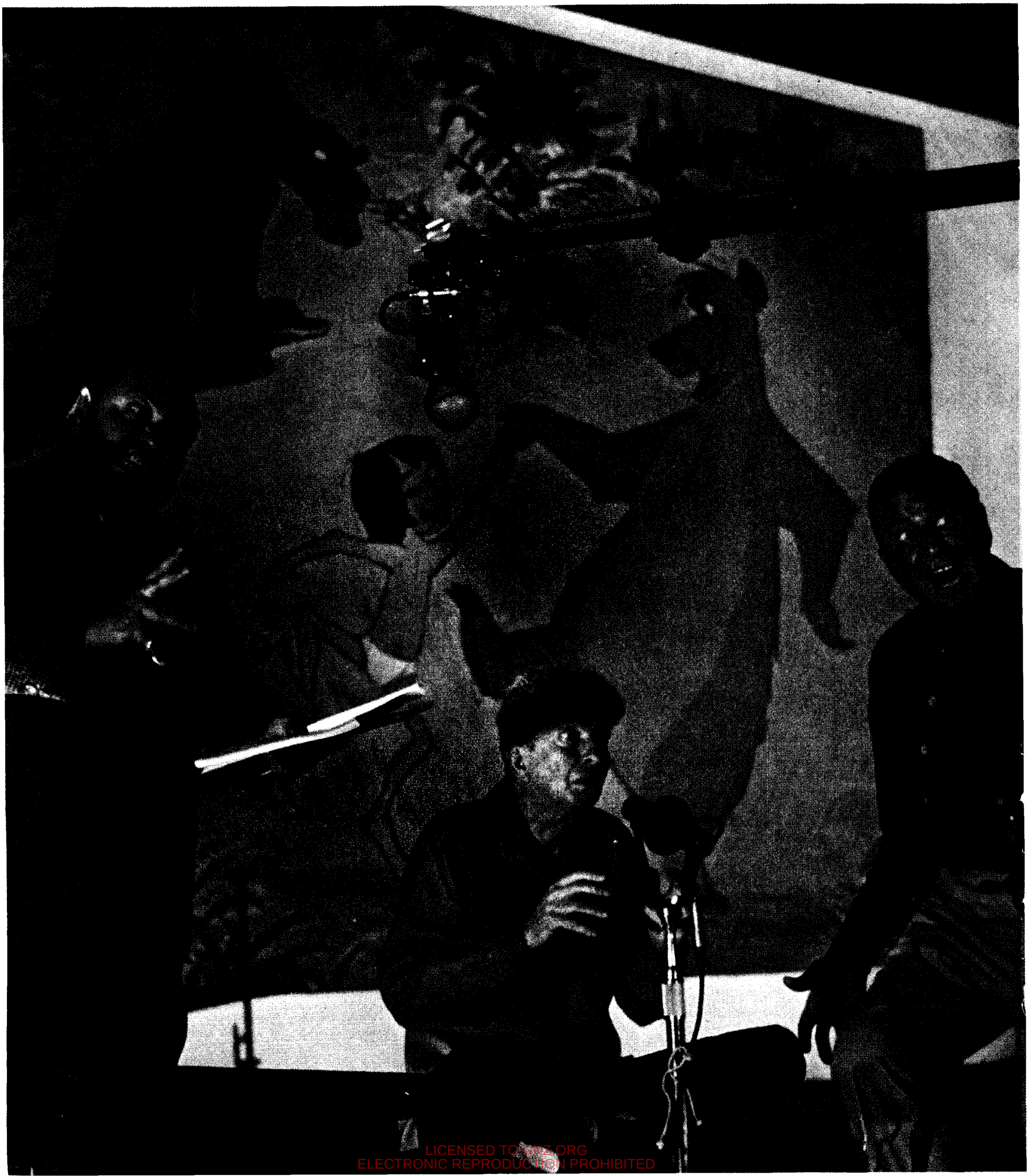
As the late Jerry Wald once said, "Like Thomas Alva Edison, Disney has eyes that see what no other man sees." He can look at a bird's awkward mating dance and choreograph it into a comic ballet in one of his nature films; he can stare at a doorknob and, by adding a mouth here and ears there, can convert it into one of the most engaging characters in his cartoon feature, *Alice in Wonderland*. He is, in effect, a modern-day wizard, imparting human characteristics—which he alone sees—to mice, owls, otters, seals, crickets, to sugar bowls and a host of other inanimate objects, transmuting commonplace materials into artistic gold.

Charles Levy, a Disney executive who has been with him for many years, has a theory of his own about Disney's talent. Levy says, "Walt restlessly prowls the earth like a walking electronic computer storing up data. You never know when he's going to press a button, and some idea, maybe from as far back as 1910, will come tumbling out of his brain." All of Disney's World's Fair exhibits, for example, are applications of the new science of audio-animatronics, in which amazingly lifelike plastic figures move, walk, speak or roar (according to the species) with uncanny fidelity to the real models. Signals are fed from electronic tape to a transistorized "brain" in the figure, which, in turn, activates little motors that operate legs, arms, lips, etc. Sound, too, is fed from the tape to coincide with the lip movements. Thus, when Disney's Abraham Lincoln rises from his chair in the Illinois Pavilion and makes a speech on patriotism to the audience, he winks, blinks and frowns, and is almost indistinguishable from a live actor.

"And yet," says Levy, "this is an idea that has been stored away in Walt's brain since 1945. I remember seeing him at the studio then, and he was all wrapped up in something mysterious he was doing with Buddy Ebsen, who, in those days, was a fine dancer. He had Buddy do a dance number, and there were men in the room punching holes in what seemed to be a mechanical piano roll. Then I saw Walt playing with little Buddy Ebsen dolls, which were attached by electric wires to a huge console-type machine. The men would feed the piano rolls into the console like a continuous I.B.M. card, and the little Buddy Ebsen dolls would repeat the dance steps I had seen Ebsen himself do. It didn't work because those were the days before transistors and the equipment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My mother used to go on a construction job and hammer and saw



LICENSED TO UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the men."

A cameraman checks his focus as Disney waits to film the first part of a forthcoming two-part television series on the West.

was too cumbersome, so Walt put the whole thing aside. But now it's nineteen years later, and I go to the World's Fair and I see Walt's Lincoln and fighting dinosaurs and dancing children. It's been refined by electronics but it's the Buddy Ebsen idea all over again. He carried it around with him all those years until finally he was able to make it work."

Similarly, Disney recalls that years ago, when he first read A. A. Milne's classic, *Winnie-the-Pooh*, he came to the part where Winnie, a bear, got his rear end stuck in a rabbit hole. Young Walt, then 15, spent hours wondering about something that isn't in the book: What was it like for the rabbit suddenly to have a bear's rear end as a more or less permanent part of the decor of his home? Forty-seven years later, exactly such a scene has been added to Disney's feature cartoon version of *Winnie-the-Pooh*, which is now in production. As Disney explains it, "The rabbit tries to disguise the rear end with a moose head. Then he puts it in a picture frame with a rural scene painted on it. Eventually, he drapes a sheet around it and it looks like a chair. I think it might be my funniest scene in the picture."

As for Disney's fierce drive, it probably stems from recurrent bouts with adversity from his earliest to his middle years. Disney's father, Elias, a French-Irish-Canadian, and his mother, Flora, a German-American, had an uncommonly difficult time raising their family, first going bankrupt trying to grow oranges in Florida and later struggling along with a carpenter shop in Chicago, where Walt was born on December 5, 1901. "My mother," Walt says, "used to go out on a construction job and hammer and saw planks with the men." When the carpentry business failed, Disney's father made a stab at running a meager little farm in Marceline, Mo. Young Walt was the fourth of five children. He has one younger sister and three older brothers, two of whom couldn't take the hard life on the farm and ran off to make their own way. They ended up as a post-office clerk and an insurance salesman, respectively. One of Walt's older brothers, Roy, remained behind and the two have been inseparable ever since. Roy now is president and general finance wizard of all the Disney enterprises.

When young Walt couldn't make enough money to support himself as a newspaper delivery boy in Kansas City, Mo. (where his family moved when he was nine), he became a candy butcher on a Kansas City-to-Chicago train. At the age of 16 he tried to join both the Army and the Navy during World War I, was rebuffed because of his age, and then went overseas as a Red Cross ambulance driver. When he returned, an 18-year-old, he found high-school work boring, switched to Chicago's Academy of Fine Arts at night and tried to become an artist. Unable to make a living as an artist and cartoonist for Kansas City advertising agencies, he moved to California with $40 in his pocket to try to crack the brand-new field of movie cartoons. He got a job drawing a cartoon called *Alice in Cartoonland*, took his $2,500 fee and set up his own company with his brother Roy. He created and sold a new movie cartoon character named Oswald the Rabbit. When Disney's New York distributors claimed Oswald for their own and assigned other artists to draw him, Walt and his charming young wife Lillian thought of a tame mouse that used to poke around Walt's drawing board in Kansas City. They hocked everything, and Mickey Mouse was born.

Even during the fantastically successful years which followed the advent of Mickey, Disney had periods of adversity from which he always recovered more strongly than ever. He nearly went broke making his first full-length feature, *Snow White*, in 1937, but his $1.5 million investment has returned more than $20 million to him over the years. Just before World War II he refused to recognize a union formed by his employees, and a long, bitter strike at his studio nearly put him out of business again. But once more he recouped with his profits from *Pinocchio* and *Fantasia*. As recently as 1955 he had to borrow on his insurance to open Disneyland. Out of all the setbacks, however, came a whole world of fantasy which has permanently added to the culture of the world—Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, Dopey, Bambi, Jiminy Cricket, José Carioca, et al. They pop up in educational films, as emblems on atomic submarines and supersonic bombers, and even in such remote places as the Royal Palace of Thailand, whose King Bhumiphol is one of the world's most enthusiastic collectors of Disneyana. There also is a cast of live actors and actresses discovered or rediscovered by Disney—Hayley Mills, James Mason, Fred MacMurray, Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk, Maureen O'Hara, Jane Wyman and Pola Negri, among others.

Perhaps his greatest casting feat is his latest. Julie Andrews had starred in *My Fair Lady* and *Camelot* on Broadway, but one studio after another had turned her down because her strong-jawed, freshly scrubbed face conflicted with the conventional idea of what a movie star was supposed to look like. The moment Disney acquired the Mary Poppins books, he rushed to New York, visited backstage at *Camelot* and asked Miss Andrews to sign for the title role. He had to wait for her to have a baby, but once the movie was made, every other studio wanted her. By casting her in *Mary Poppins*, Disney made both himself and Miss Andrews front-runners for 1964 Academy Awards.

Haunted by a rabbit

The struggle ended some time ago for Disney, but, say the associates who know him, Walt continues to act as if the struggle were still there. A Disney executive explains it this way: "Everything Walt does today is conditioned by his past problems. When he makes one of his tough deals, he negotiates like he's afraid someone might take another *Oswald the Rabbit* away from him."

Disney, unlike his smiling TV personality, is a moody, introspective man who arrives at his studio at about 8:30 every morning and reads himself to sleep with scripts every night. His only title now is executive producer. He gave up the offices of president, and chairman of the board of Walt Disney Productions, saying, "I wasted too much time signing papers," but this has not lessened his work load. Even on the days when he does not have his usual quota of meetings, he indulges in what he calls "prowling." This means that at any given moment a sign painter, a gardener, an artist, a writer, might have Disney's lugubrious face, with the strange expressionless eyes, peering over his shoulder.

Disney has practically no social life, and he rarely shows up at the standard Hollywood functions. He and his wife, Lillian, live in a comfortable five-bedroom home in the exclusive Holmby Hills section of Los Angeles, overlooking the towers of U.C.L.A. They weekend at their 1,000-acre Smoke Tree Ranch in the desert near Palm Springs. Mrs. Disney is a small, shy woman who rarely allows herself to be photographed, even by Disney. She has devoted herself to making her husband's home life as restful as possible. Knowing that Disney is sensitive to color, she has decorated both the Holmby Hills house and the desert ranch retreat in the quiet pastel shades that are most soothing to him. The city residence is furnished with the eighteenth-century antiques he likes; at the ranch she has created an everblooming garden of multicolored flowers at which he sometimes stares in wonder for hours.

Lillian, in her unobtrusive way, has always helped Disney with his work, and she without a doubt is the only person in the world who can induce him to buy something he doesn't want to buy. Recently, Disney grumbled, "Last year Lillian told me she had read an exciting novel about a jewel robbery called *The Moon-Spinners* and that I ought to make a picture out of it. I read it and told her it wouldn't work dramatically, but she said, 'Yes, it would,' and I bought it. I had a devil of a time getting a script, and finally we had to change the plot, add new characters, and so on. When the picture finally was finished, I showed it to Lillian and she said triumphantly, 'See? It's just like the book.'"

When their daughters, Diane and Sharon, were youngsters, Disney used to

Sebastian Cabot, Sterling Holloway, Phil Harris (left to right) as Disney voices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My formula—people always like to root for Cinderella and the Prince."

After touch-up and repair in Disneyland paint shop, heads for cartoon-character costumes are taken to Fantasyland by truck.

In Tomorrowland section of Disneyland, the newest thrill is the Flying Saucer, which skims four or five inches above the ground.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

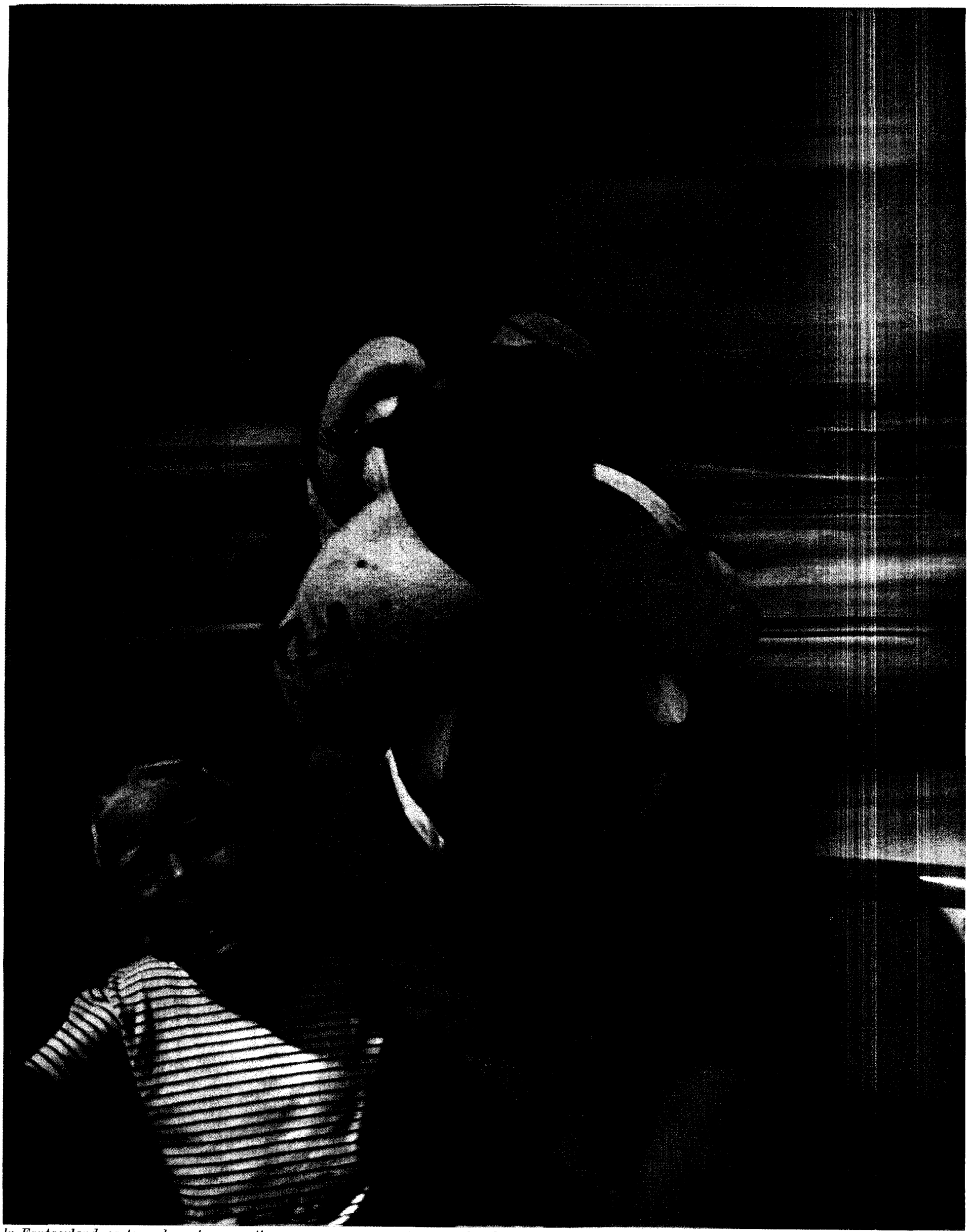
try out his new cartoon characters on them, but they weren't impressed, he says, "until they saw one of my sex-education pictures in school." Today he similarly uses his six grandchildren, mostly for their reactions to proposed innovations at Disneyland. The grandchildren provide Disney, a traditional doter, with one of his two main sources of relaxation, and it is not unusual for him to be seen tooling along a Los Angeles expressway in his convertible with huge cutouts of Donald Duck or Ludwig Von Drake propped up in the back seat for personal delivery to young Jennifer or Walter Elias Disney Miller.

Disney's other form of relaxation is the ancient game of bowling on the green. He used to be an active polo player, but he gave that up. He also was quite a machine-shop hobbyist, and he built a small-scale railroad, complete with steam locomotive and tracks, around his Holmby Hills estate. "It was a lot of fun," says Disney, "but it got so that everyone else was riding around in the train, enjoying themselves, while I was wearing myself out stoking coal all day. I finally packed the thing up and shipped it off to Disneyland." He is occasionally tempted to bring the railroad back for his grandchildren, but on reflection he always decides it's easier to give them tickets for the amusement park.

There is no question that Disney's attitude toward his own family has contributed to his current status in Hollywood as the phenomenon of the age. Both his feature-length cartoons, now produced at the rate of one every two years, and his live-action features bear the same stamp of acceptability to children as well as adults. Disney makes what he calls "pictures that children are not embarrassed to take their parents to," and nobody else seems to be making them successfully.

Why? Disney says, "There's no magic to my formula. Maybe it's because I don't have to account to a lot of other guys, like bankers and boards of directors. Maybe it's because I just make what *I* like—good human stories where you can get with people and which prove that the better things of life can be as interesting as the sordid things. It's the old fairy-tale formula with the happy ending. People like to root for Cinderella and the Prince. If there *is* a secret to what I do—and where maybe my competitors make their mistake—I guess it's that I never make the pictures too childish, and so they do not become strictly children's films. I always try to get in a little satire about human foibles, like when I kidded academic pomposity in *The Absent-Minded Professor*."

And yet, as he said this, Disney's eyes darkened and he pointed to a series of identical plaques in the trophy-jammed anteroom of his office. The plaques all read, "For the Best Children's Picture." For an instant the old frustrations seemed to return as he spluttered, "They persist in giving me that blasted award every year. *I* don't make children's pictures. Why *do* they do it?" THE END



In Fantasyland, cartoon characters sometimes accompany youngsters on rides; here an enchanted customer rides the Revolving Teacup with Goofy.

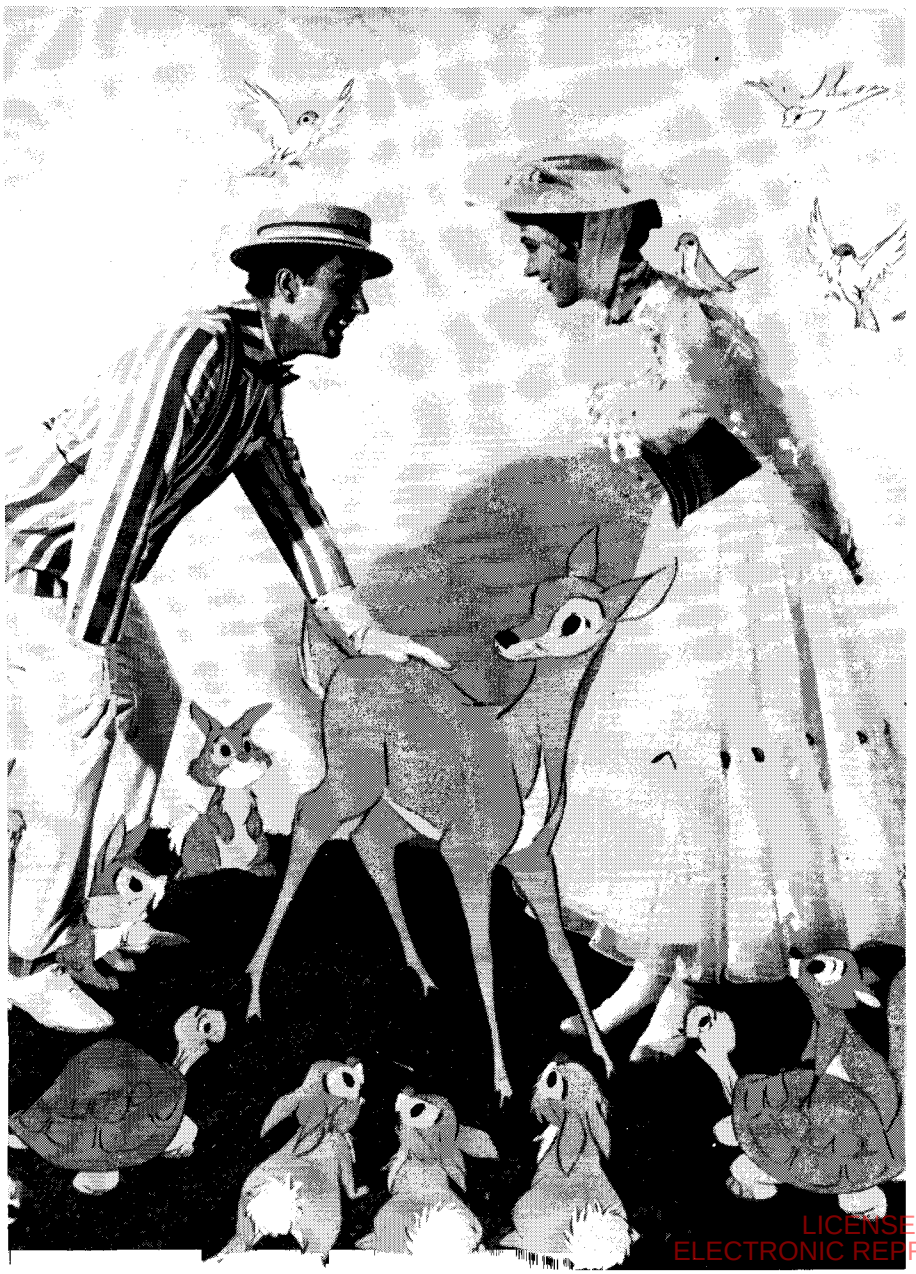
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By P. L. TRAVERS

P. L. Travers delights children with her stories. "Mary Poppins," says the English author, "is the story of my life."

WHERE DID SHE COME FROM? WHY DID SHE GO?

The creator of the beloved Mary Poppins, the children's-book character who is now the heroine of a Walt Disney movie, tells how that crusty English nanny slid up a banister and dropped into her life.



Dick Van Dyke, who plays three roles, and Julie Andrews, who stars as Mary Poppins, cavort in the Disney fantasy.

These are the questions that have been flung at me thousands of times and from every point of the compass ever since Mary Poppins first appeared in book form. Children put them to me in large round writing, elaborating their queries with bursts of enthusiasm and, occasionally, reproach. When Mary Poppins flew away again for the third time, a boy wrote to me mournfully, "You should not have done that, Madum, you have made the children cry!" It was so grave and beautiful a protest—like an elegy—that I kept the letter as a treasure. "I am not surprised," I said in reply. "I cried myself when I wrote it down."

"But how did you get the idea?" From the first that question seemed to haunt me, like a constant, recurring ghost. Nobody had ever asked me where I got an idea for a poem—perhaps poems are taken for granted—and I could never think of a reply that seemed suitable, factual and adequate. It was the late Hendrik Willem van Loon who set me on the track of a possible answer. I was eating a lamb cutlet and watching him draw a dancing elephant on the back of the menu and telling him my problem. "It doesn't interest *me!*" he said.

"What interests me is how Mary Poppins came to think of *you!*"

So that was how it was. Suddenly I was released from responsibility. This was not a thing I myself had done, of my own intention and invention—it had simply happened to me. From that time I had something to go on—not an answer, merely a hint. Somewhere, it seemed, for others as for me, Mary Poppins was real, with a life of her own as definite as that of any character in a fairy tale—Rumpelstiltskin or Faithful John. And from some country, east of the sun and west of the moon, she made forays now and again into our familiar world.

I was happy, at last, to have a clue, but at the same time determined not to let it interfere with the writing of the books. Stories are like poems: They disclose but do not explain themselves, nor reveal their inner workings. If I peeked and pried, found out the exact proportions of elements to be mixed, or the proper button to push, it might become mechanical. Things must be allowed to happen, as wind blows and Topsy grew. All I had to do was to write them down.

Then, too, in this matter of origins, I owe a huge debt to children. I constantly learn new truths from them about the events in the books. "Oh, it was shocking!" a boy of 10 told me once. "When she slid up the banisters, I jumped right out of my skin. At the same time I felt I had known it all before."

I was a little shocked at "shocking," until I realized that he meant it had given him a shock. And I appreciated his assumption that one's skin is a sort of receptacle out of which one can leap in moments of excitement. But what struck me was that he had known it before—as though for him, as for me, that ascent was natural and necessary to the situation.

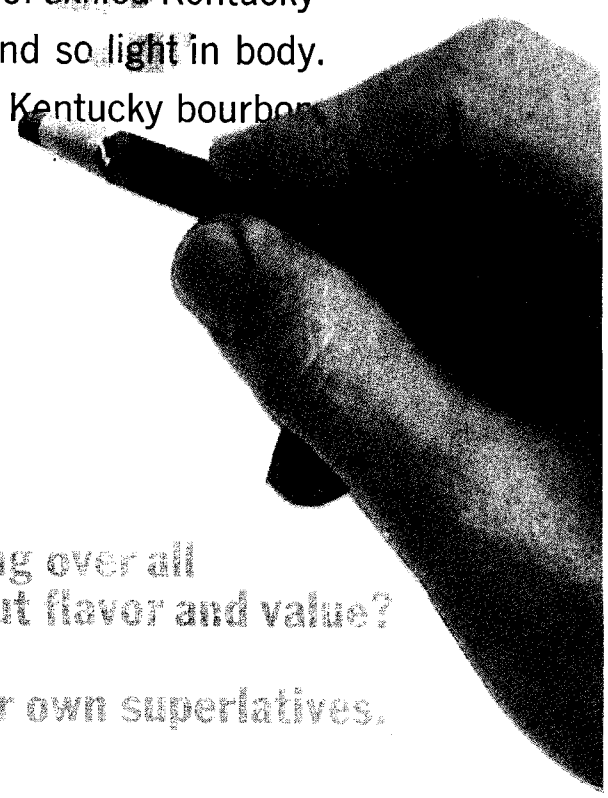
Again, not long ago, a young man in the throes of his adolescence took the books from my shelf and called to me, "Never be clever, promise me! These stories are written by somebody silly, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kentucky's Most Likeable Bourbon

Enjoy the magnificent flavor of this superb bourbon! One delicious sip and you'll appreciate how fabulous it tastes. Bourbon DeLuxe is acclaimed as the greatest bourbon in history. Every drop is carefully made...the supreme achievement of skilled Kentucky craftsmen. Never before has bourbon been so smooth, so rich and so light in body. One look at the sensible price tells you it's the greatest value in Kentucky bourbon.

The Bourbon De Luxe Distillery Company, Louisville, Kentucky • Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskies 80 and 86 Proof



Why sit there poring over all
the adjectives about flavor and value?
Just try one sip.
You'll burst up your own superlatives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'THE ABILITY TO KNOW THINGS FOR CERTAIN IS WHAT I MOST LOVE IN CHILDREN.'

Mary Poppins

very good at listening." I promised. It is easy to promise not to be something you could never aspire to anyway. I was grateful, though, for the tail of his remark. For listening is the operative word in any kind of writing. You sit, as it were, inside yourself, very quiet, with your ear to the ground. When it, whatever it is, is right, you put the words down. Sometimes you are surprised at what you see, sometimes you laugh. Often I have found myself giggling and wondering with amazement, "How did she think of that?" Asking myself the very question I've never been able to answer!

"But, after all," you may say, "you wrote it." "Yes," I reply, "but it isn't *mine*."

There is a poem of Rupert Brooke's that describes this writing process well. He says:

But there is wisdom in women, of more than they have known
And thoughts go blowing through them are wiser than their own.

I think that the idea of Mary Poppins has been blowing in and out of me, like a curtain at a window, all my life. My sister assures me that I told her stories of Mary Poppins when we were very small children. In *my* memory, however, the chief character in those stories was a magical white horse; and the monsoon rain (my childhood was spent in subtropical Australia) was his hoofs thundering on the broad tin roof of the house. On the other hand, in *The Three Little Foxes*, which I have had since I was seven, I recently found, scrawled inside the hard cover, the bold, strong name, "M. Poppins." How it got there I do not know. Was it, perhaps, her book, not mine? When I tell children about this, they have no doubts whatever. "It belonged to Mary Poppins, of course. She left it for you when she went away."

This ability to know things for certain is what I most love in children; and one of the underlying assumptions in *Mary Poppins* is that the young know more than grown-ups do. Think of the Park Keeper, for instance, and the way he greets each unusual fact with his puzzled, despairing cry—"I never heard of such a thing, not even when I was a boy." The word "even" tells us much—that children live wide open to wonder, a wonder that fades away as they grow.

Then, too, all children understand in the same way no matter how different their heredity. When a boy from the rice fields of Japan and a girl from the coconut palms of Trinidad ask the same questions as children ask in Ohio or London, one cannot but feel that the young everywhere are just one large fraternity.

Well, but how does one create books for this huge like-minded family? What is the secret of writing for children? Here is another popular question, and for this, thank goodness, I have an answer. The secret is *not* to write for children. If you aim at a particular audience you are sure to be lost at the start. For whom, then? Well, Beatrix Potter put it in a Squirrel Nutkin nutshell. "I write," she said, "to please myself." And so does everyone else. Was *Pooh really* written for Christopher Robin? Or *Wonderland* for Alice Liddell or *Pinocchio* for the village children in Collodi? Of course not. Such names are for dedication pages. The one and only begetter is always the author; or the child hidden within him, perhaps, or the memories of his own youth, which are never far away. For me there is no such thing as a book for children. If it is true, it is true for everyone. In fact, it is simply a book. What child enjoys being written down to?

On the other hand, children with very strong convictions can complicate life for an author. I made the mistake of mentioning two books in the *Mary Poppins* series. And now when I say that *The Silver Fairy Book* never existed—no child can ever believe me. There are constant requests for *Everything a Lady Should Know*, as though it were assumed that there were hundreds of copies on my shelf. As far as I know, there was only one. Bought from a tinker at the door, it became my mother's oracle. It told her What To Do for Toothache, How to Handle a Fractious Child, Why Bees' Stings Cure Rheumatism, Which Fork to Use for Fish. Can you wonder that I remembered this compendium and gave it to Mary Poppins? If, indeed, I did give it. Maybe she simply purloined it. Or perhaps it was hers to begin with.

Other elements in the books, however—those, in fact, not connected with the heroine—are quite clear in my mind. Most of the animals are true. Andrew belonged to my great-aunt who, like Miss Lark, pampered him and made him a nincompoop. Pompey, the dachshund, owned by Admiral Boom in the books, sits by me as I write, and Princess Crocus, the tortoiseshell cat in "Lucky Thursday" has just had her 50th kitten. "The Cat that Looked at a King," in the chapter of that name, stares down at me now from the mantelpiece with his wild green china eyes. Mrs. Corry, too, really existed. She and those great sad daughters kept the general store in our country town. It was frightening as well as exciting to go inside the little dark shop, for one never knew what her mood would be. All went well if she was cheerful. If not, a request for chocolate could easily produce licorice or even a bar of soap.

"You're shy eight."

Memories and experiences, once so large a part of me, are now part of the books. "The Park in the Park." for instance, was mine before it was Jane's. I had a passion for making these miniature clearings, no more than a foot square, all over our garden. Each was, I do not now know why, a park for poor people, where everyone who was hard up could refresh himself. (It sounds more pious than it was!) Then a grown-up foot would go smashing through it, and I, with reproaches and lamentation, would start to build another. As for the big park near Cherry Tree Lane, I thought I had invented it till letters came from various countries, all saying the same thing: "When did you visit our city? You have described our park exactly." It is chastening for an author to remember not only that there is nothing new under the sun but how much he owes to his readers!

I found Mr. Twigley, in later years, on Hampstead Heath where Keats wrote *Ode to a Nightingale*. An old man came hurrying toward me with a question in his eyes. "My heart aches . . . my heart aches . . . my heart aches . . ." he moaned. I glanced wildly around for help. Then something—was it Mary Poppins?—told me what he needed.

. . . and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk. . . .

I told him, completing the first lines of the ode. His face cleared. "Enough!" he cried. "I know the rest." And strode off, reciting. Suddenly he turned and came back. "You helped me, so I'll tell you a secret. Remember," he whispered the words into my ear, "the world is made of music." And off he hurried again. Mad? Perhaps. Had he been sane and sensible, he would never have found himself cheek by jowl with a relative called Mary Poppins in "Mr. Twigley's Wishes."

As you see, every story has something out of my own experience. Several record my dreary childhood penance of "going for a walk." But against that is set the blissful, forgiving moment at bedtime when I suddenly felt so very good. Or the glimpse, when the fire was lit and the lamp glowed, of the nursery reflected upon the garden. I remember that moment of mystery, the enchantment of the double picture and the feeling of being both here and there. It did not seem to me incongruous that Mary Poppins for her last exit should choose to depart through that reflection and out by a door that wasn't there.

There are worlds beyond worlds and time beyond times, all of them true, all of them real and all of them, as children know, penetrating each other. The difference is in degree, not kind—degree of density. Some you can touch and know with your senses, others only by inference, with the help of imagination.

"What do you see when you close your eyes?" I ask the children who press me with "Why and Where and How?"

"Nothing!" they protest, at first.

"No, no, look again!" I say.

And then they begin to understand. Behind that fringed curtain of eyelid, the view is limitless. Anything you can imagine is there. The North Pole and the equator, which teachers tell us are figures of speech, are there as solid as marble. What you long for and fear are there. If you happen, perhaps, upon a dragon, you only have to think another thought to see St. George come running. And there, too, is Mary Poppins, sliding up the banisters or taking all those useful things out of an empty carpetbag. It is mysterious, I grant you. And one must let it be like that. Confronted with a mystery, the only attitude is acceptance—and, perhaps, humility. The heart of every matter is hidden, and nobody has the key. All I know is that without a word of explanation, a character with a familiar name came in search of an author. And the one she picked on, for whatever incomprehensible reason, was glad, surprised and grateful. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From breakfast to bedtime

extension phones work hard for you day and night, save steps and time, give comfort, privacy and protection. You can choose yours in decorator colors; just call the Business Office or ask your telephone man.

Bell System

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Windfall of Values on SQUIBB quality products

SQUIBB and your pharmacist now offer you these exciting values to acquaint you with SQUIBB finest quality products!

VIGRAN® CHEWABLES BY SQUIBB

Makes taking vitamins fun for children—adults like them too. One delicious, fruit flavored multi-vitamin tablet supplies at least 125% of Minimum Daily Requirements of vitamins A, C, D, B_1, B_2, niacinamide, plus other vitamins. Contains no sugar.

FREE 30 days supply when you buy 90 for 3.29

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

45 Quality Control Tests are made to assure the dependability of Squibb Aspirin. Scientifically processed to dissolve quickly in your stomach... not in your mouth. Reg. 98c per 200 tablet bottle. Special—Two 200 tablet bottles, that's *400* tablets.

Reg. 1.96 value, for only 1.39!

SAVE 57c

SQUIBB "1600" ANGLE TOOTHBRUSHES

Bent like a dentist's mirror, to reach in where cavities begin. 1600 super-fine nylon bristles to help sweep your teeth clean. Available in firm or gentle. Won't scratch tooth surfaces or irritate gums.

Reg. 69c each. Special—2 for 98c

SAVE 40c

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL

Refined from special heavy California oils. A gentle, effective intestinal lubricant. World's largest selling brand. Now available in easy-to-handle, one quart jug at no extra cost. Reusable for water, milk, juice, etc.

SPECIAL—one quart handy jug 1.29

VIGRAN® MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES BY SQUIBB

One capsule supplies at least 125% Minimum Daily Requirements of vitamins A, C, D, B_1, B_2 and niacinamide for adults and children, plus other vitamins. Each capsule gives you a full measure of potency.

FREE 30 days supply when you buy 100 for 2.98

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Helps neutralize harmful mouth acids. Contains specially selected Calcium Carbonate for efficient polishing. New, refreshing mint flavor. Satisfies the whole family.

Reg. 69c each. Special—2 for 98c

SAVE 40c

See your druggist now. Get important savings on Squibb quality health aids your family uses every day. Better hurry to enjoy these special "get acquainted" prices!

SQUIBB LABORATORIES
SQUIBB DIVISION Olin

Your drugstore is also featuring these other Squibb quality values:

- Milk of Magnesia 12 oz.—63c
- Milk of Magnesia Tablets 80s—63c
- Sweeta® Concentrated Sweetener 24 cc. plastic squeeze-a-drop bottle—69c
- Sweeta® Tablets, 100s—69c
- *Glycerin Suppositories 12s—53c*
- Zinc Oxide Ointment 1 oz.—39c
- Toilet Lanolin 2 oz.—75c
- Spectrocin-T® Troches 10s—1.00

All prices shown reflect suggested price or Fair Trade Minimum where law applies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO KHRUSHCHEV?

Revolt in the Kremlin can be a bloody business. How did the wily old tyrant's enemies depose him—and what does it mean for us?

By STEWART ALSOP and EDMUND STEVENS

Onion-shaped domes of St. Basil's rise through mist as three Russian soldiers, bayonets fixed, march across Moscow's nearly deserted Red Square.

MOSCOW "I'm turning the telephone over to Anastas Mikoyan. He keeps trying to grab it out of my hands." Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, in high good spirits, was talking by radiotelephone to the crew of the orbiting Soviet spaceship *Voskhod* on October 12.

It was the last public utterance of the jolly, fat, ruthless old man who for more than a decade has fascinated, frightened and amused the world. In a way, the words make an appropriate political epitaph, for they tell something about the man and also something about the Soviet system over which he has, until only three weeks ago, ruled supreme.

The three men in the spaceship certainly did not sense the irony of Khrushchev's words. Nor did the Russian millions who watched their leader on television that day, nor did Khrushchev himself. But the man at his elbow, Anastas Mikoyan, who has a sense of humor, undoubtedly smiled inwardly. For Mikoyan, president of the U.S.S.R. and until that day Khrushchev's best friend, already knew that Khrushchev was soon to become a political unperson.

There are many Slavic jokes about Mikoyan. In his youth, the Russians say, the British shot 26 Bolshevik commissars in Baku—and Anastas just happened to be the 27th. But the downfall of Khrushchev, in which the infinitely survivable Mikoyan played a key role, is no joke. It could mean—in the long run it almost certainly will mean—basic changes in Soviet policy, both at home and abroad. Those changes could be as surprising, as previously unimaginable, as the changes ushered in by Nikita Khrushchev, whose foreign and domestic policies in his last years were almost totally different from the policies of Joseph Stalin. On the nature of the changes, the peace of the world may hang; yet no one outside the Kremlin can more than guess at their significance.

Only one thing is sure. No man was more surprised by his downfall than Nikita Khrushchev himself.

He must have had his first suspicion of trouble on October 13, the day after he chatted with the cosmonauts, with Mikoyan at his elbow. He was relaxing happily at his favorite seaside villa in the Caucasus, and he had invited Gaston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Khrushchev was both party secretary and premier.

Leonid I. Brezhnev, new Communist Party first secretary.

Aleksei Kosygin succeeded to post of premier of Soviet Union.

Flayed for faults of personality and policy
by former friends in the Presidium, Khrushchev ranted that he would have his accusers arrested. Then he suffered a heart seizure and fainted.

New Soviet leaders welcome crew of the spacecraft "Voskhod" on October 19: Premier Aleksei Kosygin, cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov, Nikolai Podgorny

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palewski, French minister of atomic research, to lunch. But suddenly Palewski was informed that the appointment had been shifted to the morning, because Khrushchev had to fly to Moscow on urgent business. Palewski later recalled that Khrushchev seemed in good health but uncharacteristically depressed and nervous. No wonder.

Khrushchev had been summoned to Moscow to appear that afternoon at a meeting of the 16-man Presidium of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party. The scene around the green-baize-covered table in the oak-paneled room where the Presidium meets, in a yellow-walled office building in the Kremlin, must have been a dramatic one. Around the table were Khrushchev himself; Khrushchev's protégé, Leonid Brezhnev, dourly handsome, his thick eyebrows meeting above his nose; Aleksei Kosygin, thin, sandy-haired, his manner reserved and even a trifle shy; Mikoyan, with his slyly intelligent Armenian face; Mikhail Suslov, elderly, professorial, the born ideologue and theorist; and 11 other members and candidate members of the all-powerful Presidium. Every man there owed his presence at least in part to Nikita Khrushchev, yet every man there now began to attack him with the blunt savagery traditional in the Bolshevik movement from its origins. The spearhead of the attack—the chief prosecutor, as it were—was Mikhail Suslov.

One by one, Suslov ticked off the charges against the aging leader, while the others added evidence and elaborated on the charges. The substance of the charges has since become well known, through the briefing of party leaders and publication in the Soviet press. It is interesting to put the charges in the context of an American political campaign: If Khrushchev had been running for President, the opposition would have had plenty of very juicy issues to develop.

In part, the charges were personal—very personal. Khrushchev, his colleagues and former protégés informed him, was rude, coarse in his manners and language, addicted to profanity, and intolerably high-handed. He would overrule his colleagues without even consulting them, and in his constant travels about the country he expected to be greeted with banquets and flattering oratory, and even welcomed with the ceremonial offering of bread and salt, like a czar. Senator Goldwater, in the campaign now ended, has charged that Lyndon Johnson is "power mad," an "arm-twister" and "wheeler-dealer," and much the same charges were leveled against Franklin Roosevelt a generation ago. In developing their personal charges against Khrushchev, his opponents had rich material with which to work. Much, for example, was made of the fact that Khrushchev had bestowed the title of Hero of the Soviet Union on Egypt's President Gamal Nasser, while in Egypt for the inauguration of the Aswan Dam last May. He did so entirely on his own, without consulting other Presidium members. Why, he was asked, did a man who jailed Communists and sheltered Nazi war criminals deserve the Soviet Union's highest award?

Khrushchev was also charged with nepotism—son-in-law Aleksei Adzhubei, subsequently dismissed as editor of *Izvestia*, was the prime example (shades of Elliott Roosevelt's captaincy). He was even accused of using the Soviet space program to his political advantage, just as Goldwater accused the Democrats of using foreign crises for election purposes. The *Voskhod*, it was said, had been rushed into orbit prematurely, to cover up Khrushchev's failures.

But Khrushchev was also attacked for specific failures of policy at home and abroad. He was charged with what would be called, in American political oratory, "the mess in Moscow"—senseless bureaucratic duplication, with two separate chains of command at every level; "the mess in agriculture"; and "waste and extravagance," with foreign-exchange reserves squandered on expensive imported equipment and on foreign grain to make up for the failure of the harvest.

The charges against Khrushchev on the foreign front will have for Americans a particularly familiar ring. There was the "humiliation in Cuba," with Khrushchev's critics denouncing his disastrous attempt to put nuclear-tipped missiles in Cuba, just as Republican orators have used our own disaster in the Bay of Pigs. And just as Senator Goldwater has accused the "Kennedy-Johnson Administration" of alienating America's allies and destroying NATO, Khrushchev was accused of permitting the authority of Moscow in the world Communist movement to be undermined. Now, it was pointed out, there was growing insubordination in the satellite countries, and even the Italian and French Communist parties were openly critical of the "center" in Moscow.

But the most serious of all the accusations against Khrushchev might be summed up in a question once very familiar on the American political scene—"Who lost China?" Khrushchev, it was charged, had allowed his emotions to stand in the way of the national interest, so that the ideological dispute with China had been allowed to degenerate into a personal quarrel. Thus the two most powerful Communist countries, China and the Soviet Union, had been brought to the brink of open rupture, and the whole world Communist movement had been split and weakened.

Such, in substance, was the indictment that Khrushchev heard. At first he reacted in character. He turned purple with rage, and lapsed into the jargon of his coal-mining youth. His accusers, he shouted, were trying to frame him, and he threatened to have the whole lot arrested. His outburst ended suddenly. He had some sort of heart seizure and fainted. When he revived, he was strangely calm and listless, as though the fight had gone out of him.

This was not the first time that his enemies had tried to topple Khrushchev. In June, 1957, the "anti-party group"—Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich and company—had tried to get rid of him, and they had actually voted him out of office in the Presidium. But Khrushchev turned the tables on them by appealing to the party's 175-man Central Committee, which had been elected the year before at the Khrushchev-dominated 20th Party Congress. Now, however, the Presidium adjourned without formally ousting Khrushchev. It referred the decision to the Central Committee, before which Suslov reiterated the charges against Khrushchev on October 14. Khrushchev defended himself at length, but without the angry histrionics he had displayed before the Presidium. He had made mistakes, he admitted, his manner subdued. But he saw no point in making a spectacle of public self-criticism, which could only discredit the regime. The motion to oust Khrushchev was duly put, and it carried by a substantial majority. Thereafter, as in an American political convention, the vote was made unanimous—with even Khrushchev voting for his own dismissal.

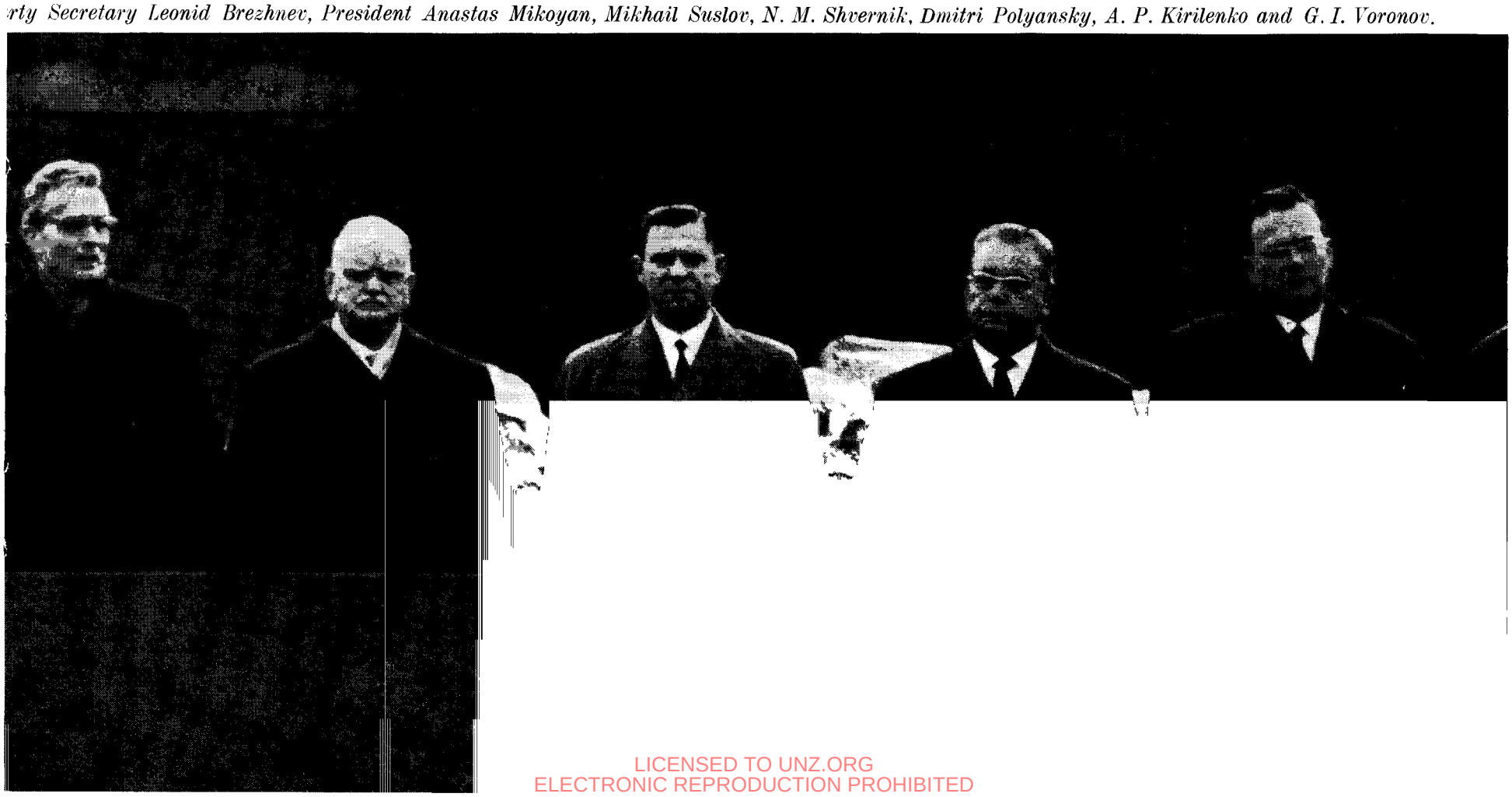
What had happened? How had the shrewd and wily and ruthless old man, who had skirted so many terrible dangers, outliving the Stalinist purges and the many subsequent threats to his power, so suddenly lost control of his own situation? How was it possible that the Central Committee and the Presidium, consisting of men who owed their careers to Khrushchev, so suddenly consigned the old man to what he himself had once called "the dustheap of history"?

The answer lies in part in the mystery of the human personality. Khrushchev grew old. As he aged, the crotchets of an already crotchety personality became more pronounced, and his protégés and underlings boiled inwardly as the old man overruled and insulted them.

Moreover, Khrushchev himself, like just about every Kremlinologist in the Western world, undoubtedly thought that he had an unshakable grip on power. Was not Mikoyan his oldest friend, the last survivor still in power from the bad old Stalinist days? Were not the new men—Brezhnev included—his men? Was not the Central Committee his committee, as it had been at the 1957 showdown? What did he have to worry about?

The answer was: a lot. Any man who wields great power makes enemies, and

rty Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, President Anastas Mikoyan, Mikhail Suslov, N. M. Shvernik, Dmitri Polyansky, A. P. Kirilenko and G. I. Voronov.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The power struggle in the Kremlin could presage Russia's adoption of the bellicose Chinese ideology.

What Really Happened?

Nikita Khrushchev made more than his share. There were the old, residual, unreconstructed Stalinists, appalled by the lengths to which Khrushchev went in his campaigning of "de-Stalinization." There were the artists and writers, whom Khrushchev castigated a year ago as ideological pederasts. There were the military, who resented his cavalier dismissal of Marshal Georgi Zhukov and other officers, and who had been alarmed by Khrushchev's threats to cut further into military spending. There were the managers of heavy industry, traditionally the favored segment of Soviet industry, equally alarmed by Khrushchev's promises to favor the consumer industries. There were the convinced Communist ideologues, who feared that Khrushchev, in his fury at the Chinese, might destroy the world Communist movement, and who suspected him (again in American terms) of softness on capitalism.

And—far in the background—there were, no doubt, many of the people. Anyone who has come back to Moscow after an absence of some years can hardly fail to note that it is a far more cheerful place than it once was. The people are well fed and adequately dressed. But the shortages and the queues continue, and the Khrushchevian promises of the good life for all have fallen far short of performance. Khrushchev some time ago told Averell Harriman, among others, that he meant to retire soon and give way to younger men. Had he done so—for example, at the end of the Khrushchev-dominated 22nd Party Congress in 1961—he would no doubt have been permitted to retire in a blaze of glory, to live out his days as an honored elder statesman.

But to yield power is difficult for all men, and impossible for some. As the years passed, his dispute with Mao Tse-tung became an obsession with Khrushchev, and also, no doubt, an excuse in his own mind for hanging on to power. Meanwhile, increasingly, he left the actual running of the country to men like Brezhnev and Kosygin, while he relaxed in the sun, or gallivanted about the Soviet provinces and foreign lands. Thus, at some unknown point his colleagues on the Presidium decided that, since Khrushchev clearly had no intention of going gracefully, he must be made to go.

The operation was brilliantly managed. Tight security was maintained. Neither Khrushchev nor those in his immediate circle, like Adzhubei, had the slightest inkling of what was in store. An elaborate nose count of the Central Committee must have been made well in advance, to make certain of an anti-Khrushchev majority, and machinery for a special plenary meeting must have been set in motion without Khrushchev's knowledge, for some members had to come to Moscow from far away.

The key role of keeping the old man from suspecting anything must have been assigned to his friend Mikoyan, who sat at Khrushchev's elbow that day when he talked to the cosmonauts and, in a spirit of horseplay, kept trying to grab the telephone out of his hand. On this occasion, as so many times in the past, Mikoyan vacationed next door to Khrushchev, traded jokes with him, and passed the time of day. As so often in Soviet history, one is reminded of the Orwellian line, "Under the greenwood tree, I sold you and you sold me." And yet it is important to note that in some ways the manner of Khrushchev's going was decidedly un-Orwellian. Soviet legality was strictly observed. Khrushchev was voted out of office by a parliamentary majority, much as a British prime minister might be ousted on a vote of no confidence. At least in a crude way, the anti-Khrushchev majority represented a democratic consensus, a majority of the forces and interests who opposed Khrushchev and his policies.

As one Washington Kremlinologist remarked, "It must have been tough for the Central Committeemen whose names began with A." Yet the fact remains that the deed was done by a majority vote, not by a bullet in the back of the neck. This fact in itself symbolizes the great and basic changes which have taken place in the Soviet system since Stalin's death 11 years ago, changes for which Nikita Khrushchev himself, in all fairness, can take much of the credit.

Now Khrushchev's day is done. The process of de-Khrushchevization has been far more rapid than the process of de-Stalinization. His pictures have vanished overnight from the walls of offices and waiting rooms, and it is impossible to buy a book by the man who only a few weeks ago could expect paragraphs of praiseful references in every edition of every paper. All of a sudden Nikita Khrushchev is an unperson.

What of the future?

The immediate future clearly belongs to two men—Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin, respectively first secretary of the Communist Party, and premier of the union. Both—like all the top Soviet command—are extremely able men. Under the Soviet system, which is in its way more savagely competitive than the American system, it is impossible for a man without ability to scramble to the top of the heap. Both are also, it should be borne in mind, dedicated ideological Communists, and as such, our adversaries. They are formidable adversaries. But like Nikita Khrushchev, they are also human beings.

Brezhnev, for example, is a darkly handsome man who has a human liking for smart clothes, and an even more human love for his pretty 20-year-old daughter, Galina, whose stage ambitions are unlikely to be retarded by her father's new eminence. Diplomats and other foreigners who have talked to Brezhnev have liked him. He is easy to talk to, though more reserved than his ebullient predecessor, cautious in his opinions, careful in his choice of words, and wholly lacking in Khrushchev's shoe-banging and wisecracking impulsiveness. He has none of Khrushchev's earthy sense of humor, and unlike Khrushchev, his syntax is almost academically impeccable.

Brezhnev was born in the Ukraine in 1906 and his career is typical of the modern generation of successful Communist careerists. He has worked as an engineer and manager of a steel plant, as a political commissar during the war, and since the war as a politician. With an assist from his predecessor, he rose fast in the party ranks. In 1960 he became president of the Supreme Soviet Presidium, the No. 1 front job in Russia, and in July of this year he moved into a position of real power as No. 2 to Khrushchev in the party apparatus.

Brezhnev, clearly, is less colorful than Khrushchev, and Aleksei Kosygin is less colorful still. He, too, has climbed the hard, long ladder to party and government power. By general consensus, Kosygin knows more about how the Soviet economy really works than any other member of the top party echelon—in this sense he is the indispensable man. People who know him describe him as a man of competence, intelligence and considerable personal charm. He is also surprisingly modest—almost self-effacing.

Brezhnev is nearly 58 (just Khrushchev's age when he took over as party secretary in 1953) and Kosygin is 60. Both men thus belong to a generation between Khrushchev and a highly able and ambitious group of younger party leaders, now in their 40's and early 50's. While elder statesman Suslov, 62, delivered the attack on Khrushchev, it was in all probability the vigorous support of these younger men that carried the day. Among the likeliest comers is Dmitri Polyansky, 47, youngest full member of the party Presidium. Polyansky knows the party structure from bottom to top—he has been a party politician throughout his career. Early in 1960 he led a mission to the United States—a country which neither Brezhnev nor Kosygin has visited—and got along famously. He is a good mixer, with a gift of gab like Khrushchev's, but without Khrushchev's sometimes endearing and sometimes repellent earthiness.

Lots of other talent

Another man to watch is Yuri Antropov, who played an important part in crushing the Hungarian uprisings when he was ambassador to Budapest. Antropov is now chairman of the foreign-relations committee of the Supreme Soviet, and as such, he is likely to have a good deal to say about Soviet foreign policy. There is plenty of other talent in and around the top, like Gennadi Voronov, 54, another former Khrushchev protégé; former Komsomol leader Alexander Shelepin, 46; Pyotr Demichev, also 46; and last but by no means least, Vladimir Semichastny, head of state security, who has just turned 40. Obviously it is at least possible that the game of musical chairs that started after Lenin's death and again after Stalin's will now be renewed, and that the Brezhnev-Kosygin regime will prove to be purely an interim regime.

But for the United States, and for the world at large, the names of the men who head the Soviet government are not particularly important. What is important is suggested by the remark of a woman who said, when she heard of Khrushchev's dismissal, "I don't care what czar reigns, as long as there's no war."

In October, 1962, when Khrushchev was still at the height of his power, the world came closer to nuclear war than it has at any time since World War II ended. Yet in the two years since that time of crisis the world has seemed to move further away from the danger of war. One reason was that Khrushchev, who was nothing if not a realist, recognized and publicly proclaimed the simple fact that nuclear war would destroy Communists and capitalists alike. Another reason was the ideological battle between Communist China and the Soviet Union over Khrushchev's doctrine of "peaceful coexistence," and Khrushchev's rejection of the Chinese doctrine that global war was a way station in the march of Communism to world triumph.

Already the press attacks on Communist China have ceased, and Soviet papers have prominently displayed the extremely warm congratulations from the Peking rulers to the new Soviet leadership. For the first time in years the local Chinese colony has been publicly exultant. The evening the news of Khrushchev's downfall spread, the Chinese embassy was ablaze with light, and the celebration lasted until morning. On the other hand, the Peking Restaurant, which had been the most fashionable in town for the Party cognoscenti until the split with China, is still largely deserted. In this strange city such small signs and portents are studied with care.

No doubt the new Soviet leadership will try to heal the breach with Communist China. But on what terms? If unity is achieved on Chinese terms, the progress toward a tacit no-war understanding with the United States and the West will be halted, for Chinese ideology bars a no-war policy. It seems unlikely, as of this writing, that the breach will be halted on Chinese terms. The man who led the attack on Khrushchev, Mikhail Suslov, was also the man who wrote the major Soviet party documents attacking the Chinese, and the man who headed the Soviet delegation at the abortive Sino-Soviet talks in Moscow in July, 1963. He is a tough ideologist, and the other Soviet leaders are just as tough—and in no mood to kowtow to Mao Tse-tung.

But the future is unknowable, and nowhere more so than in this vast, strange land. A healing of the breach with China, and a reversion to something like the old "hard line" of Soviet policy, is certainly possible. But so is what Khrushchev liked to call a "relaxation of tensions"—even, perhaps, an increased measure of relaxation, as the new rulers of Russia come increasingly to realize that war, cold or hot, is, quite simply, not in the Soviet national interest. For the time being, at least, it seems reasonable to suppose, there is likely to be no great change. It will be some time before the new leaders can approach the prestige and even popularity which Khrushchev had gained in much of the western world, or achieve the sort of personal rapport he had with many western leaders.

Meanwhile, for all his faults, and for all the dangers to which he exposed the world at the time of the Berlin crisis or the Cuban confrontation, it is hard not to feel a bit of regret about Nikita Khrushchev, now on history's dustheap. When the three members of the *Voskhod* team finally made their triumphal appearance in Moscow, Khrushchev was no longer there to embrace them, with the familiar crooked grin on the plump peasant face. This time, at last, the power for which he fought so long and so dangerously, and which he so loved, has been snatched from his hands. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As crowds jammed Red Square to honor cosmonauts, placards of Khrushchev were notably absent from group headed by Mikoyan, Lenin, Brezhnev.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After Khrushchev

The disappearance of Nikita Khrushchev from his position of power in Moscow will leave a curious feeling of emptiness among many Americans. Coarse and heavy-handed though he was, Khrushchev had come to see America, and many Americans had watched with fascination as he rubbernecked his way from coast to coast like a boisterous tourist, eating hot dogs and ice-cream cones, and crying, "Hokay!" Many an American businessman, seeing him close up, got the odd feeling that if Khrushchev had been born over here, he might well have made millions—in oil, say, or steel. When he began telling his peasant fables, many a politician got the uneasy feeling that Khrushchev could have beaten them in their native bailiwicks. Now he has lost his own.

Of course, it was this same grinning, bear-hugging Khrushchev who presided over the crushing of Hungary and who sneaked nuclear missiles into secret Cuban bases. Still, he did finally ease up on Hungary, and he did remove the missiles when it came to a nuclear showdown, and he did inaugurate a period of East-West truce by signing a nuclear-test-ban treaty. Since he was so clearly aware of the frightful dangers of thermonuclear war, it is disturbing to have him deposed just as the Red Chinese—whom he openly accused of seeking to provoke such a war—achieved a nuclear weapon of their own.

Mao Tse-tung, of course, is elated over Khrushchev's downfall. He had warned Khrushchev, when he announced a world congress of Communist parties for December 15, "The day you call your so-called summit, you will step into your grave." Khrushchev had called it, and had indeed stepped into his political grave. Even before, Khrushchev had lost face by the fact that only 15 of the 26 parties invited had accepted. His removal will now permit his successors to save face, as they likely will, by canceling it. It remains to be seen whether they will cancel, as well, the scheduled meetings with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and the trend toward greater friendliness with West Germany; whether they will reverse Khrushchev's announced policy of giving the long-denied Soviet consumer a bigger break by reducing the traditional emphasis on heavy industry; whether they will achieve the increases in food production that Khrushchev long tried and failed to achieve.

The change of command will ease the verbal bitterness of the Sino-Soviet struggle. It cannot change its underlying causes, which are far older than Communist parties. What China seeks and has openly demanded is Russian territory—thousands of square miles of it, including Russia's sole Pacific outlet, Vladivostok—and such contentions among huge nations cannot be settled by mere words. Similarly, the new leaders may attack Russia's economic difficulties with an outburst of new ideas and new energy, but the problems that tormented Khrushchev are still there to torment his successors.

New Premier Aleksei Kosygin is regarded as moderate and relatively "liberal" by many Western businessmen who have met him previously and been favorably impressed. Leonid Brezhnev, the new first secretary of the Communist Party, also has supported—and reaffirmed—Khrushchev's relaxation of tensions. But peering over their shoulders is the gaunt face of that Stalinist ideologue, Mikhail Suslov, who fits perfectly Churchill's famous metaphor of "that gang of bloody-minded professors in the Kremlin." His lean and hungry look will scarcely let the new B.&K. sleep secure of nights.

The upheaval in the Communist world may provide great openings for imaginative American diplomacy, particularly toward Eastern Europe, but for the present the United States can only adopt a policy of watchful waiting, remaining ready, as President Johnson put it, "to talk to anyone when it would help the cause of peace." Even talking may not be easy—when President Johnson offered restrained praise for the fallen Khrushchev, Soviet censors scissored out his words.

It remains the shame of the Soviet system that every fallen leader is denied any credit for accomplishing any good. All men must share the feeling of a Hungarian Communist who said, "We do not praise a man to the skies one day and then trample him into the earth the next. That is against our moral sense." By performing exactly that violation of our moral sense, the Soviets have once again convicted themselves of a lack of elemental humanity and decency.

Yet there has been a change. *Pravda*'s accusations against Khrushchev are different in kind from the charges of "treason" and "sabotage" that would have meant the show-trial and ritual execution of any leader who fell from power during the Stalin era. In Eastern Europe, too, where satellite puppets once had to toe the Moscow line or face the Moscow executioner, Communist leaders openly protested Khrushchev's overthrow, for under him they had won a measure of national independence, and they are not prepared to surrender it. Indeed, Khrushchev himself was duly voted out of office, not seized in the dark of night, and in that difference may lie the most important and beneficial change the pudgy Ukrainian wrought on his nation.

Herbert Hoover (1874–1964): An uncommon man

Ten years ago Herbert Hoover visited his Quaker birthplace at West Branch, Iowa, to celebrate his 80th birthday. Now he is dead, and on a knoll overlooking the house in which he was born is the final resting place for his body. On that joyous birthday a decade ago, this humble man of enormous ability and gentle good humor spoke of the greatness of some Uncommon Men of history. We believe he would have been pleased, and deservedly so, to have such an epitaph:

"The greatest strides of human progress have come from Uncommon Men and Women. You have perhaps heard of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln or Thomas Edison. They were humble in origin, but that was not their greatness.

"The humor of it is that when we get sick, we want an uncommon doctor. When we go to war, we yearn for an uncommon general or admiral. When we choose the president of a university we want an uncommon educator.

"The imperative need of this Nation at all times is the leadership of the Uncommon Men and Women. We need men and women who cannot be intimidated, who are not concerned with applause meters, not those who sell tomorrow for cheers today."

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED